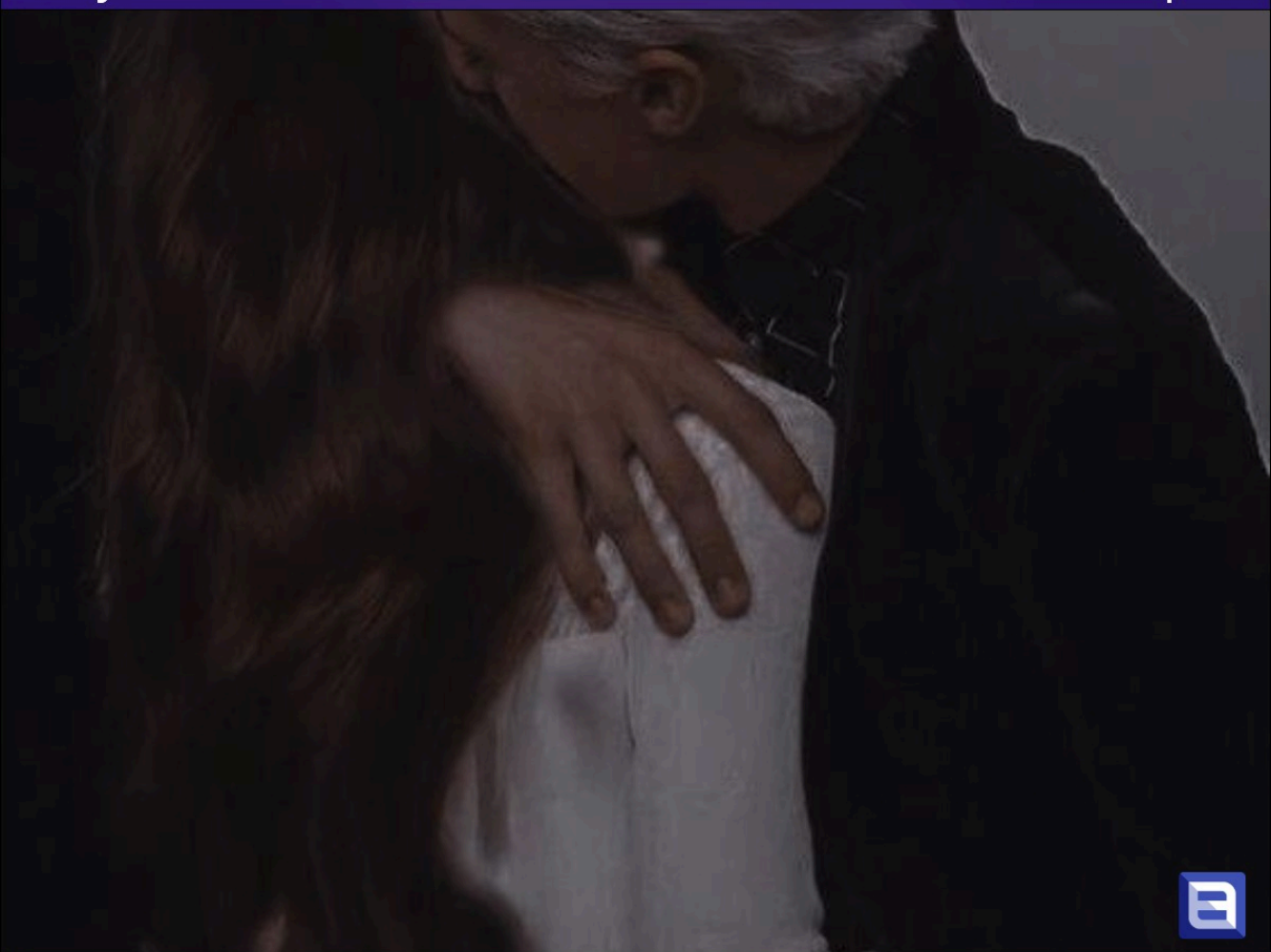


Hogwarts Maelstrom

Reirei666

Harry Potter

Complete



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Hogwarts Maelstrom

Reirei666

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Summary

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Description:

AU STORY Voldemort won. Potter is dead and Hogwarts attendance is mandatory. Pure-bloods own Muggleborns and blood traitors as personal slaves. The remaining DA plan an escape but is there hope in this cruel new world? Hermione/Draco, Completed. Mature **

Hogwarts Malestrom

Winter break, Hogwarts, After the war.

Warnings: Not HP DH Compliant. Graphic Material.

Hermione could remember when Harry Potter died. It felt like a sick joke at first. They expected him to rise up. They expected some great magic to reveal itself.

She could hear a roaring in her ears and the sound of weeping around her. The roaring was Voldemort as he gathered his troops and stormed Hogwarts. The carnage was unlike any they have ever seen before. Children were dying left and right. Teachers fell before their eyes. Everyone involved lost their innocence that day.

Hermione escaped with Ginny and Neville. Bellatrix killed her boyfriend Ron, and moved on to finally finished off Ginny's mother. Hermione still remembered the look in his brilliant eyes before he fell to the ground dead. Hermione tried to kill Bellatrix by casting an Unforgivable. Hermione was successful.

Hermione still remembered the crazed look of surprise and rapture before the light faded from her mocking eyes. Hermione felt the coldness of that dark magic move deep into her bones now. Hatred and rage seemed to go hand in hand with breathing now.

After fleeing the school, Hermione had nowhere to go. Neville separated from them and tried to find his grandmother. Neville vowed to meet them in two days at the edge of the Forest. Ginny was hurt and barely breathing from a particular nasty hex. Hermione was carrying her across the Forest at night, and they slept by day. Soon they could not wait for Neville any longer. Hermione Side-Apparated to a nearby city and took a Muggle tram to London.

Hermione eventually fled to Luxemburg, determined to put distance between her and Voldemort's followers. Ginny healed slowly and Hermione kept her fed and took care of her by staying in abandoned Muggle houses.

Both girls were hoping against hope that someone would find the final Horocrux and Voldemort would fall. Nagini had escaped with Snape's body during the final battle. Without Nagini dead, Harry had failed. Rumor has it that even Voldemort did not know where the Snake was.

Three weeks was all it took for the Ministry to fall to Voldemort. All hope was lost for the Wizarding World. It was just after Christmas when Ginny noticed something was wrong.

"Hermione. Something is happening to me." Ginny's frantic voice reached her from the other end of the house.

Hermione ran in from the kitchen where she had been scourging the oven. Hermione stared at Ginny in horror. Ginny looked splinched.

“Oh Gods, what did you do?” Hermione brought out her wand and waved it over Ginny as more of her started to disappear.

“Ginny!” Hermione screamed frantically trying to grab onto her hand, but Hermione had similarly started to fade and she was unable.

Hermione blinked and her heart began to pound steadily. Hermione objectively noticed that it felt a great deal like Apparating, except that she was not making it happen, so it was bloody terrifying.

Hermione closed her eyes and felt the familiar forcible tug as it jerked her from Luxemburg towards her unknown destination.

The first thing Hermione noticed was the portraits on the walls. So many empty portraits, frames with scenery like a backdrop but nothing inside. No life. Hermione winced as a bright light shone from overhead and she tried to shield her eyes with her hands.

Voldemort’s image was superimposed over the back of the chair. Oh Merlin, that was the Headmasters chair. Alecto Carrow grinned sinisterly down at her.

Hermione turned right and left, and saw about fourteen or so of her former classmates lined up, looking frozen with fear. Mostly Gryffindor students, with a few Puffs, and Claws, were what made up the selection. Even Neville Longbottom had been summoned here.

“You children are the remaining balance of students that failed to show up for orientation after the New Year. Since Hogwarts, schooling is now mandatory and no longer optional you have all been summoned to complete the years required of you. However, due to your disobedience and flagrant disrespect of the law that was passed, your free time will be limited and restricted by your Head Boy, Draco Malfoy and your Head Girl Pansy Parkinson. Your room assignments listed outside the hall is non-negotiable. Mudbloods and Blood Traitors will be dealt with according to their stations and will directly report to Head Boy Malfoy for additional... ‘Conditioning’ necessary to garner your cooperation.”

Headmaster Carrow stared hard at Ginny and Hermione with the last words. Ginny’s face flushed with anger and Hermione touched her hand to calm her.

Headmaster Carrow smirked at their clutched hands and then looked back at their faces.

“On second thought, blood traitors will be dealt with by Head Girl, Parkinson.”

Carrow grabbed Ginny and pushed her at Pansy who was standing at the end of the line of students.

Pansy kicked her foot out as Ginny stumbled forward. Ginny tripped and fell to her knees in front of Pansy. Ginny looked up enraged and about to leap on Pansy. Pansy smirked and waved her wand warningly. Ginny froze.

“Stay... Good weasel. This is right where you belong, isn’t it? At my feet.” Pansy simpered.

Hermione broke from the line and rounded on Pansy, whipping out her wand with a fierce look of hatred etched into her face.

Headmaster Carrow flicked her wand before Hermione could speak. “Expelliarmus!”

Draco strode forward from behind her and caught her wand in his hand. Hermione turned on him with a look of repulsion.

“Ferret.... You slimy git.” spat Hermione.

Draco caught her arm as she moved to punch him and he smirked slowly taking in her flushed cheeks and rage-filled expression.

“Come on Mudblood, we both know you kind of like it when I take charge.” Draco whispered quietly as Carrow smirked knowingly.

Hermione felt herself pale suddenly as he words brought back a memory from fifth year. Draco had cornered her and she had let him. Shelving the self-disgust that it brought to mind, she yanked her arm from his grip staring at him with loathing.

Carrow nodded slowly. “Remove yourselves to your rooms. You have one day until session begins. I suggest you use that day to adjust yourself to your surroundings.” The tone was deliberately malicious.

Draco prodded her with his wand. “Let’s go, mudblood.”

Hermione shrugged him off but continued to walk in front of him.

Hermione shot Ginny a look of worry before Draco grabbed her upper arm, pushing her past the other students.

“I don’t have all bloody day Granger.” Draco steered her towards the staircase and pulled her down some twists and turns towards the Dungeon.

“You were remarkably easy to find you know. Carrow barely had to lift a finger. Loosing your touch?” Draco glanced to the cold expression on Hermione’s face and smirked.

Granger would not stay quiet for long when she saw the room Carrow arranged.

“Where’s my room, Malfoy.” Her tone was flat and quite convincing.

Draco pushed open a door leading to the Head Boy’s room. The room was opulent and colored in dark Slytherin green colors with a silver trim. A mahogany king bed with an antique desk took up most of the room. A door leading to what Hermione assumed was a bathroom was to the right and beyond the bed was a bookcase filled to the brim with books, A private library for the Head’s of House.

Hermione felt something sad seep into her. She would have been in a room similar to this if things were different. Now, Malfoy was here, ruining it.

“It is surprisingly nice for a Mudblood.” Hermione sneered, crossing her arms as she took in Draco’s appearance, as he seemed to be checking the bookcase for something.

Over the summer, the war had changed him. Long blond hair hung to his shoulder blades, his features carved perfectly by some deviant angel, long thick lashes that had no right being on a boy, coupled with the icy eyes that held no warmth.

Draco had filled out and was actually a foot taller then her now. Broad shoulders and a lean muscular build, probably sent dozens of Slytherin sluts his way. In short, he looked like a big sleek predator more then ever.

Hermione felt a cold shiver pass through her as she realized how much space he took up in the too small room. Suddenly, Hermione realized how much she had underestimated him in the war. She had always held a small hope that he would turn to the light. Malfoy never did.

“Well you can go now.” Hermione raised her chin slightly.

The sudden urge to pound his pretty face in, gripped her as she thought of Harry. How unfair it was that he was dead, and Draco was alive.

Draco turned to face her with a look of sadistic amusement. “Go? This is my room. I’m not going anywhere.”

Hermione stepped back, looked at the bed, and then back at him. “No.”

Draco filled the space between them and grabbed her upper arm squeezing it painfully.

“You don’t have a choice Granger. It is Parkinson or I. The Carrow’s are more likely to kill you then set you free. Believe me, you do not want Parkinson. Her tastes run towards humiliating little Mudbloods like you for kicks.”

Hermione struggled to pull from his grasp. “I don’t care... Anyone is better then you. You disgust me! You filthy ferret.”

Draco dropped her arms and a ghost of a smile played on his lips. “You might care, if you’re not into nonconsensual sex with a woman.”

Granger looked at him disgusted. “She wouldn’t...”

Draco merely stared at her unblinkingly.

Hermione gasped. “Oh Gods, Ginny...”

Draco shrugged slightly. “The Weasel may even be receptive to it. She always struck me as slightly odd. Your welcome to trade her places, martyr.”

Draco’s silvery gaze dropped onto her mouth. “You might find it... educational.”

Hermione’s gaze turned black with rage “Your sick Malfoy.”

Malfoy shrugged and turned back to the bookcase. “Guess you’ll just have to grin and bear it then, eh Mudblood?”

Hermione slumped onto the bed. Somehow, she would get out of this. She was not sure how, but she would find a way.

((Event’s are very AU Obviously, Please read and review. Thank you.))

Chapter 2

Disclaimer: I do not own anything. JK ROWLING OWNS EVERYTHING. I make no money off of this writing, its just for fun.

Warnings: Not HP DH Compliant.

Graphic Material. MATURE CONTENT. Sex, profanity and everything else.

Draco stared at Granger as his words sunk in.

Hermione looked tired, plain and simple. Her hair was a frizzy rat-ball's nest and dark circles outlined her dull eyes, set in a pale face. She did not look like she had eaten in a month. Painfully thin, she even lost the breasts that Draco knew for a fact that she had.

That particular knowledge was gained through a titillating experience during his fifth year while Umbridge was around.

Granger had been keeping secrets and Draco blackmailed her into letting him cop a feel in exchange he would keep the Room of Requirement secret for a little while. Eventually it had not mattered anymore anyway.

Still, the look of rage on her face when he made her let him touch her was worth it.

The war had killed any kind of fun mischievous pranks at the school. The Carrow's were a pair of sick puppies and having those people teaching students was a joke. Although Hermione would never believe him, he actually was doing her a favor.

Draco smiled slowly as Hermione trembled in thought. God, she was so obvious. Her every heartbeat focused on her planning an escape.

Draco picked up a copy of 'Moste Potente Potions' and thumbed through it. Classes began tomorrow, not that it really mattered anymore, but his mother had insisted he still go. Draco tossed the book down on the bed and pulled off his shirt.

Hermione turned to see what fell on the bed and she locked her gaze with Draco's chest. His chest was muscular and lean, and it made her eyes glaze over slightly.

"What are you doing Malfoy?" Hermione sputtered slightly. "Put your shirt back on."

"Why Granger? Cant breath at the sight of me?" Draco sneers and flops on the bed.

Hermione blinks at the soft pale hair that makes a trail down his belly leading into the waist of his silk pants.

Draco flipped the pillow to rest behind him and he opened the book.

Hermione felt strangely domestic in this weird situation. Draco looked completely unperturbed to have her in his bedroom, while his shirt was off and he studied.

Hermione cleared her throat. "Where am I supposed to sleep, Malfoy?"

Draco lowered the book and gaze heatedly at her, his smile growing slyly. "Where do you think you sleep?"

Hermione swallowed hard as her imagination took over. "With you?"

Draco said nothing but lowered his eyelashes to her in contemplation. He reached a hand out and patted the other side of the bed.

Hermione looked pointedly at him. "I have no clothes. Nobody let us bring our things."

Draco shrugged. "You can wear one of my shirts, until your clothing arrives."

Hermione's jaw dropped. "But they couldn't possibly know where my things are!"

"Actually, Mudblood's will be supplied a set of robes, ordained by the school. That is all. They will be delivered tomorrow." Draco thumbed over another page in the book, no longer looking at her.

Hermione looked like her rage was strangling her. Her face reddened and she gasped. "I'm not sleeping with you and especially not in your bloody shirt!"

"I can't tell you how glad I am to hear that." Roldolphus Lestrangle's smooth voice rippled from behind her.

Standing in the open door it was obvious that Azkaban had ravaged the Death Eater a bit. Lestrangle was once a good-looking man whose allegiance to the Dark Lord had changed him into a cruel looking dark wizard that rivaled Severus Snape on a bad day.

A flash of white teeth reminded her of the Muggle stories of the Wolf. Hermione stumbled back and sat on the bed next to Draco, staring hard at Rodolphus.

Lestrangle had almost succeeded in killing her once.

Hermione still remembered the immense pain he had given to her and plus, she had killed his wife. He seemed almost too jovial considering what she had done to him.

Lestrangle moved closer into the room and Draco glared at him. "Knock did ya? Strange, I didn't hear it."

"Come now Draco, no need to get testy. I just wanted to see for myself the little Mudblood that so captivated Voldemort's attention. I couldn't help overhearing that the princess does not like her castle too much..." Lestrangle grabbed the chair by the desk and flipped it, straddling it and staring at her with gleaming dark eyes.

"You know, you could be with the other Mudbloods. I can arrange that for you. Would you like that?" Lestrangle offered cordially.

Hermione nodded cautiously. Why be here with Draco when she could be starting a rebellion with the other captives.

Draco cursed under his breath at Lestrangle's offer. Hermione was going to fall for this crap; she was naive enough to think it was a good idea. She did not know what the other Mudbloods were being used for.

Draco scowled at Rodolphus and slid off the bed, closing his book. "Trust me; this one is too skinny for your purposes. She is all hair and no curves." Lestrangle's eyes glittered as he stared down at Hermione on the bed.

Hermione suddenly felt very far away from herself. Draco cupped one of her breasts nonchalantly as she froze. Draco seemed to weigh it in his hands.

"The mudblood needs to gain weight. She is too skinny. She had huge jugs before." Draco's tone was dispassionate, as if he was discussing an object.

Hermione suddenly felt grateful for that coldness, at least in the face of the leering that Lestrangle did that made her want to crawl inside herself and die. Hermione resisted the urge to slap Draco's face as she felt his hand slide down to her belly and rest there.

Draco stared icily at Lestrangle. "She is all skin and bones."

Lestrangle growled slightly. "If she wants to go, she can."

Hermione stared at the two darkly contrasted men. One man was obvious, with his ruthlessly cruel demeanor, his dark looks and deranged features. The other man was more subtle, a golden fallen angel with a cold, sadistic streak.

Rudolphus grabbed Hermione by the arm and pulled her to her feet. "Come Mudblood. I will help you, even if you are skinny and unappealing."

Hermione yelped as Lestrangle grabbed the back of her neck and shoved her towards the door. Draco watched with cold, indifferent eyes as she was led from his room.

Draco sighed and pulled on his robes hurriedly, around his bare chest. Granger always got into trouble at school, so this was genuinely of little surprise to him.

Lestrangle was hurting her arm as he dragged her further into the dungeon, after a few minutes they reached a large bolted door.

Lestrangle's eyes glowed and he waved his wand for a moment. Unwarding the door, it clicked open. Lestrangle released her arm. "Well, Mudblood. Sleep here tonight. You got your wish."

Hermione noted that it was quiet and dark. Something felt swishy inside her stomach as she contemplated the door in front of her. A noise alerted her to Draco's presence behind her.

Hermione darted a quick look at his eyes but they revealed nothing to her. Empty like windowpanes on a gray foggy day.

Hermione hesitantly pushed open the door and walked through. Hermione could hear a 'Pop' sound as suddenly noises were deafening. Screams, moans, crying, smacking, wet slapping, and groans filled her ears and words whispered across the wet rock floor beneath her feet. Hermione closed herself off and felt herself float above the noises. Her sense of smell was burning from the varying degrees of musk, metallic, burning smells that were in that moment, her very definition of evil. Hermione forced her eyes open and saw things that burned into her retinas.

Amycus Carrow has one of the Muggleborn, sixth years pushed forward onto her knees, her face pushed into Alecto's legs. The poor girl's mouth was open as she sloppily cried in

between Alecto's wet center. With every fresh sob, Alecto shrieked with pleasure.

Hermione felt the vomit come up before she could help herself. Falling to her knees she dry vomited harshly.

The ground felt slick with blood and something chunkier, wet and she realized that she was not the first one to lose her lunch here.

"Yes, you filthy little Mudblood, you know the only thing you will be learning here today is to please your masters. By the end of the year, once you are sterilized, you will become the perfect mistress for any Death Eater. First, you must learn to please a Mistress as well. So continue!"

Alecto pressed harder on the girls face and buried her between her legs. Hermione frantically tried to recall the girls name. Mariah something.

Amycus grinned sadistically watching as his sister forced the poor child deeper between her legs, smothering her almost.

"When is it my turn, sister? She does have a perfectly round rump, a bit of a poke would hardly hurt the child." He giggled and he ran his finger over the crack of her buttocks slowly.

Mariah cried out and struggled to rise, but Amycus forced her body back down as he explored her from behind with his pudgy fingers.

"No, no that wouldn't do." Amycus slid his finger into her tightly puckered hole without any fan fare.

Mariah screamed from the sudden intrusion, bucking wildly from the pain. Alecto getting the brunt of her screams and bucking, pushed the girls face into her pussy, suddenly arched her back as she slammed the girls face back down.

"Yes! Yes, oh good Gods brother. You always did have the best timing." Alecto panted as her hands suddenly rubbed the girls face, all over her flowing juices from her orgasm.

Mariah sobbed as she tried to breath from the cum dripping between her legs. The pain searing her from behind, added with the humiliation of drinking the entire Headmistress's cum, caused her to suddenly black out.

The girl fell limp between Alecto's legs and she pushed her body off her with a look of disgust. "Bloody great. She didn't finish cleaning me off."

Alecto slowly rose to her feet staring at the now comatose girl at her feet.

"I think I can handle it." Lestrage strode forward grasping Hermione by the upper arm. "The Mudblood refused the Malfoy suite. Said that she wished she was with her other Mudblood friends."

Alecto narrowed her eyes slightly and stared down at Hermione. Hermione was plainly in shock.

"This is one of the Golden Trio. She is strong and rebellious. The Dark Lord was very clear; he wanted Malfoy to handle her. Still, since she is here. Imperius!"

Hermione could feel the effect of it before she could react, and her legs propelled her forward reluctantly. Hermione could feel tears spilling down her cheeks, as she dropped to her knees before Alecto. Lestrangle and his cronies suddenly

Hermione could smell the scent of sex and musky earthiness dripping off Alecto's sweaty thighs. Hermione felt the compulsion and she leaned forward, extending her tongue to touch the wetness seeping down from her wet slippery folds.

Humiliation burned into her cheeks, as she was forced to bury her nose into her slit first. Compelled still, she gently began to lap at the wet sopping folds. Hermione gagged on the sour taste of sweat and woman but she compulsively swallowed.

"Enough!" Draco pushed through the crowd of Death Eaters heading for Alecto.

Draco looked furious and Hermione continued her ministrations since Alecto did not lift the spell as of yet. Hermione felt disgusted with herself for not being able to prevent the Imperius command and her eyes filled with self-loathing as she continued to swallow the refuse.

Draco jerked Hermione back from Alecto and inserted himself in between them. Hermione clawed at the back of his legs as she tried to get back to Alecto, still suffering from the curse.

"Drop it..." Draco's quiet voice held a warning that Alecto recognized. Alecto shrugged and released Hermione from the Imperius.

Hermione fell to the floor sobbing at Draco's feet. Draco merely stared down at her before turning to Alecto. "You know the Dark Lord's instructions Carrow. He would be displeased to hear you ignored them." Draco murmured icily.

Lestrangle laughed behind him as Hermione tried to pull herself into a fetal position, huddling behind Draco for protection. "Yes, Malfoy. His decree specifically entailed giving the Muddblood what she wanted, within reason."

"And we did... She asked to come here." Lestrangle salivated slightly. "Besides, from the looks of it, I just did you a huge favor."

Hermione whimpered as she tried to block Lestrangle's words out, her hands pressed tightly to her ears. Draco looked at him in disgust and he leaned down and picked her up.

Hermione just shuddered as she felt his hands on her, but she did not protest the sudden warmth. She felt so cold. Hermione's face sought the warmth of his neck as Draco held her. Pressing her wet face to his skin, Hermione sobbed harder, closing her eyes.

Alecto smirked slightly. "What's the big deal? This is nothing compared to what we do to the others."

Draco shrugged slightly with indifference, shifting Hermione's weight a bit in his arms. "I just follow orders. You would be wise to do the same."

Draco heard a guttural noise behind him and Fenrir stepped out to the side of him. "Who died and made you head boss."

The werewolf's teeth jutted out sharply, his rangy build covered by hair and the sudden scent of blood, sex and death trickled into Draco's nostrils. Draco breathed deeply before

turning to face him.

Draco's eyes reflected a bit of the cold rage that gripped him right now. The eyes of the damned soul that he was began to seep through and even Fenrir took an involuntary step back.

"Severus Snape, oh... and my Father, the weak sod." Draco murmured with a quiet tone that belied the maliciousness of his words.

All of the Death Eaters remembered what happened when Draco had destroyed his father for Voldemort. He had tortured him to death. The screams were heard throughout the Mansion it was said.

Voldemort had been so impressed with the depth of his hatred and determination; he had replaced Malfoy as his right-hand-man after Snape died. The only reason he was still in school was to serve one purpose. Granger. The Dark Lord had plans for the last member of the Trio. His trophy. Hermione Granger.

Grudgingly Fenrir moved out of the way, and Malfoy carried the girl from the chamber.

Draco turned over the images of Granger and Alecko in his head. He had never felt such rage before in his life. Something in seeing Granger broken that way infuriated him. He felt sick and he wanted to break every bone in that old cunt's face.

Draco purposefully made his way back to his room and kicked the door shut. Granger was still making small snuffling noises as she tried to burrow her way into his neck. He had tried to warn her but since when does Granger ever listen to him. Bloody know-it-all.

A moment had happened in that dungeon that caused him to pause. Granger had gone to him for protection. She had huddled at his feet like a supplicating cat. Draco had felt a surge of lust at that. Hermione was begging him for help, on her knees. It almost made up for some of the things that the Trio had done over the years.

Draco set her down on the bed. He lowered himself to stare into her eyes. "Granger... Mudblood." He snapped his fingers in her face but she did not blink.

Draco felt something twist inside him at her lack of responsiveness. He did not know what possessed him to do it. Perhaps some sadistic side of him wanted the angst that would follow his action. But, Draco just could not help himself.

Suddenly Draco leaned forward and brushed her mouth with his lips, softly. Pulling back, he looked for a reaction; he did not have to wait long.

"You sick, foul, loathsome..." Granger snapped to life and she wailed her hands, trying to slap at him.

Hermione felt herself move again. This feeling felt familiar, this hatred and disgust with Malfoy. Strangely, it felt normal and she reveled in it. Hermione hissed as she tried to connect with his face and Draco easily evaded her slap.

"How could you?" Hermione suddenly ran out of anger and Draco felt his heart stop at her broken tone.

"I always hoped for you to change you know." Her words sounded dull to him and he dropped her hands as if they were dragon fire. Draco rose and turned to face the bookcase, not facing her.

"Somehow, I never gave up hoping you would join our side." Hermione said flatly.

Draco stared across at her but did not meet her eyes. "Then you are a fool."

Hermione nodded hollowly. "Yes, I was."

Draco dismissed the urge to throw all the books to the floor in a fit of anger. Hermione sounded so numb, so dead. He did not know why it bothered him but it did.

Seeing Granger there with tears stains on her face on his bed, should have been the highlight to a terrible year. Instead, he felt odd.

Draco slammed his fist into the wall.

"Well, we better get on with it." Draco whispered grimly.

Hermione stared across at him uncomprehending his meaning.

Draco cursed under his breath and walked slowly towards her.

"You didn't really think that you would sit in my room, eat my food, wear my clothes and do nothing at all for me, did you?"

Hermione tilted her head as the cobwebs began to clear in her befuddled brain.

"Take off your clothes, Granger. I want to fuck you now." Draco's blunt words shocked her.

Hermione looked suspiciously at him. Draco did not look like someone who wanted to have sex; he looked like someone who wanted to punch a hole in the wall.

Maybe she was that hole, Hermione thought grimly.

Draco walked closer and dropped his robes as he moved. He was wearing the silk drawstring pants from earlier still. Hermione stared across at him with undisguised confusion.

"But why? I'm not attractive, you said so yourself." Hermione shifted on the bed and scooted back until her back was touching the wall.

Draco looked annoyed. His silvery gaze was slowly heating up, as some of her original annoying personality started to peek through. This perversely caused a leap of lust in him and he could feel himself hardening.

Draco Malfoy suddenly knew he was in deep, deep trouble.

Draco crossed the room to where Hermione had huddled up on the bed. His expression was grim as he slowly pushed the hair back that had fallen in her face.

Draco spoke quietly, matter-of-factly. "Hermione, you aren't very attractive right now, that is true. However, that does not matter to the other Death Eaters. Surely you see that?"

Hermione's eyes drifted to the edge of the bed and she stared purposefully at the floor. Draco smirked slightly at her little show of defiance.

“You said my name.” Hermione said after a moment.

Draco looked at her startled. “Granger. I said, Granger.”

Hermione had felt herself go soft inside when Draco had said her name like that.

“Hermione... You said my name.” She stared suspiciously at him.

Draco glared at her. “I think I will stick to Mudblood.”

Hermione bristled slightly and shrugged. “Do what you like, I don’t have a say so either way, Ferret.”

Draco sneered coldly at her use of his hated nickname. “This isn’t a bloody joke Mudblood. They could kill you or worse...”

“Who’s laughing?” Hermione whispered, and she felt something give at his words, and suddenly she dropped her face against her drawn up knees.

“Do... whatever you want.” Hermione mumbled into her knees.

Draco stared hard at her for a long moment frustrated. “I can only protect you so long if you aren’t willing to help me, Granger.”

“Why! Why are you bloody protecting me you little rodent. You make me sick!” Hermione suddenly hissed quite clearly.

“Strange, just a short while ago I couldn’t get you to stop clinging to me for protection and now we are back to the insults.” Draco murmured mildly. “I must be bloody insane for asking for you.”

“You did what?” Hermione looked up shock now and she unfolded her legs, stalking towards him.

Draco was a full-grown dark wizard but this petite Amazon jabbing her finger his way, was making him nervous with her barrage of questions. “You never struck me as hard of hearing, Mudblood.”

Hermione impatiently waved away his mild insult, and advanced on him further. “If my ears do not deceive me, you never said why.”

Draco wet his lips and began to stalk towards her. “Isn’t it obvious to a know-it-all like you?” Draco leered at her and Hermione shuddered slowly, wrapping her arms about herself.

“You’re being deliberately vague.” Hermione stared at him.

“And you are being infuriatingly ungrateful, annoying and provocative.” Draco retorted closing the gap between them. “Now, strip off your bloody clothes now. Do it slowly. I like to watch my girls pull it off.”

Hermione stared at him in rage and misery but strangely, she felt quite warm from his commanding words. Draco was staring intently at her, his silver eyes molten from latent heat. Hermione took a moment to stare critically at him from under her lashes.

Draco’s hair was shining and soft, fierce eyes and perfect-chiseled features, elegant neck that led to his upper torso, which seemed sculpted from Quidditch. He looked angelic, like a

statue she saw in a Muggle Museum, every part, simply perfect.

Hermione felt her mouth grow dry and she tried to remember all the reasons she hated him. Harry's death, Dumbledore's betrayal, the blackmail, her teeth, the mudblood comments and every single day since she met him had something to offer as to why she should hate everything about him.

Hermione tried to summon some disgust in her, but all she felt was strange warmth coming from between her legs and a tingling sensation throughout her body. Draco stared into her eyes and saw all her doubts flashing as obvious as a neon sign.

Draco narrowed his gaze as she struggled with her inner demons and he finally snapped at her. "Now, Mudblood!"

Draco had a feeling this was not going to be enjoyable, but if he did not do it, someone else would. Why he cared? Well obviously, he has invested the most time in making Granger miserable over the years. He deserved this. Clearly.

Hermione stood up slowly from the bed and she nervously dropped her hands to her shirt. Numb fingers began to fiddle with the buttons as she pushed them through the loopholes. Hermione did not dare look up, her face infused red with embarrassment. After she unbuttoned the last button, the shirt fell open revealing a lace white bra.

Draco felt a shaft of heat to his groin at the sight of Granger's pink nipples through the lace bra. Her ribs showed and in contrast, her breasts seemed obscenely plump next to her narrow waist. Draco had lied to Lestrage. Gods, she was still as big as he remembered. Draco remembered that about Granger, she had soft, pillowy, beautiful tits.

Draco remembered telling Blaise it was the Gods joke on Slytherin everywhere, giving Granger the best rack in the school.

It use to infuriate him how Granger had the best body in school but she was not only plain in the face, but an insufferable know-it-all. Draco remembered deliberately starting fights with her in school before just so she would get mad. Her nipples hardened when she got angry. It had been magnificent to witness.

Draco schooled his features to reflect nothing of his thoughts. His body had other plans and his cock swelled just from seeing those hard pebbles. Hermione was staring at the ground forcibly.

"You're not done." Draco said quietly.

Hermione clutched her back and unhooked the bra, letting the full weight of her breasts out. They positively quivered when they were set free. The pink nipples were paler then he recalled and Draco nearly swallowed his tongue when she swiftly stepped out of her skirt and unrolled her panties.

Suddenly she was naked in front of him and Draco's mind temporarily went on vacation.

Granger of the impossibly long legs, pert ass, full tits and the most curvaceous body in Hogwarts, was looking a little skinny. However, her breasts more than made up for it. Soft brown curls lay at the apex between her legs and Draco could see a dampness there that startled him.

Draco felt dumbfounded.

He aroused Granger.

Draco Malfoy was making her wet.

Granger crossed her arms over her breasts and stared at him defiantly. "What now?"

"Come here." Draco managed.

Hermione slowly moved forward towards him. Each step caused her big tits to bounce and Draco suddenly felt like something was strangling his cock.

"Merlin, your body should be illegal." Draco growled as she walked forward.

Hermione blinked at his tense words and she wet her lips at the look of hunger on Draco's face. "What do you want me to do?"

Draco considered her for a moment and then nodded to the floor.

"I want you on your knees."

Draco's soft voice nearly undid her as his words sunk in. He wanted her submissive to him. With a soft shudder she fell to her knees at his feet. Draco groaned and ran his hands through her mass of rioting curls and guided her mouth to his erection that showed through his pants.

Hermione blinked up at him with a mixture of confusion, desire and disgust on her face. Draco nodded to his pants.

Hermione's trembling fingers slide to the top button, she opened it, and then his pants fell at a pool about his waist. Draco was clearly not wearing anything underneath. Like the rest of him, his cock was big, smooth, perfect and throbbing hard.

Draco almost came from Hermione staring at him. Fixated on his cock, her eyes were level with it and her mouth was so close, he could feel hot spurts of breath as she raggedly struggled to breathe.

Draco nudged closer, the tip of his cock brushed against her soft, open mouth, and she gasped. Draco groaned and shoved it inside, encasing it in her mouth.

Hermione choked on the unexpected move but slowly she began to relax her throat more. Her tongue lapped at the bottom of his cock and he slowly pulled it out with a pant. "Gods... Her... Granger... Suck it."

Hermione tasted him tentatively and found it to intoxicating to be causing this reaction with her tongue. She felt his hand gently curl around her hair and he shoved in deeper inside, groaning with each thrust.

Hermione felt her mouth getting swollen from his thick length gliding in and out and she finally gagged from the weight of it. Falling backwards, she wiped her mouth slowly, watching as Draco tried for some semblance of control.

"Gods Granger, I had no idea you were so good at sucking." Draco whispered harshly as he tried to keep himself from coming.

Hermione felt tears form irrationally at this inanely cruel insult. There were so many things that she was good at, not that Draco would ever admit it. To have this be the first compliment he paid her, was a cold slap in the face.

Draco opened his eyes and stumbled onto the bed and he pulled her with him. Hermione fell against his broad chest and she could feel his erection between her legs, pressing insistently. Draco stared into her overly bright tear filled eyes and he felt a nugget of remorse, deep inside of him that he blatantly ignored.

“Now, climb on top of me. I’m going to use your beautiful little body until you can’t walk for a week.” Hermione suddenly felt the urge to smack his beautiful face, but she remembered the alternative to this and grudgingly she crawled on top of him.

She was definitely aroused and Draco could feel that wetness calling to his cock, like a siren. “Gods your so wet Granger. I bet your wet all the time like this. So easy, such a hot little witch.” Draco murmured as Hermione lowered herself onto his cock. Hermione stiffened as she felt the first part of the invasion.

Draco shifted from the sudden wet heat about to encase him. Damn, Granger was tight. It must have been a while for her. Draco was about to explode on top of Granger, not in her, if she didn’t hurry up.

“Damn it Granger, let me in.” Draco growled and Hermione felt a shudder come from deep inside as he grabbed her waist. Draco pulled her down on top of him and she howled from the sudden sharp pain as he split her in half. Hermione’s eyes were wild as she tensed. Her body felt like it was on fire and raw as his cock finally was inside her.

“Oh, Draco it hurts so bad.” Hermione whimpered suddenly.

Her words reached him finally and Draco felt another piece of his soul shatter. Finally, he got her to say his damned name, while he was raping and stealing her virginity. That was what it took.

Draco felt sweat pouring down his back, as he tried to ease some of her weight off his cock. Hermione moaned in pain as he shifted her suddenly. “Please Draco, it really hurts.” Her soft pained words ripped into him and he suddenly flipped her to be lying under him. Hermione flinched and Draco’s muscles bulged as he supported all his own weight and he bore down into her. He made his eyes carefully cold and blank so she would not see the panic behind them.

Hermione’s face was flushed with tears as she stared up at him. His hair falling to brush her face as he moved slowly and deeply and soon the pain subsiding and was replaced with something deeper. Draco seemed to be muttering under his breath as he pumped in and out of her and Hermione felt a strange bubbling ecstasy, gathering in her center with every single driving thrust.

Draco’s eyes seemed heated as she began to thrust to meet him, soft moans falling from her hot, wet mouth. Draco gathered her closer to him, as he felt her body shudder and break, as her orgasm found her and unleashed on her. Draco felt her cunt clench and he let go, emptying himself inside of her.

They both were sweating and Draco could feel the tears still sliding out of her eyes. Hermione turned her head away as she felt awash in shame and self-disgust at her reaction to him. Draco stared hard at her and pulled out. Glancing down, Draco could see the blood on his member. He cursed and walked to the bathroom, cleaning himself.

Hermione still trembling from the aftershocks could only close her legs and roll over to her side. Draco came out of the bathroom and walked to her. He opened her legs slowly and she screamed in frustration. "Gods Malfoy, can't you just leave me alone, you sodding pig!"

Hermione heard the sound of a wet slap as something hit the floor and a crash as Draco threw on his robe and slammed out the door.

Hermione opened her swollen wet eyes and saw the washcloth on the floor, seeping into the rug. Hermione felt her heart constrict as she realized what he had been about to do. She could still feel the mixture of blood and semen between her legs. She gingerly leaned down and captured the cloth, wiping herself clean.

Afterwards, Hermione curled up in a ball at the far end of the bed and cried herself to sleep.

Draco Malfoy was about to explode.

He was so angry with himself and her.

Why the bloody hell hadn't she said she was a virgin?

Idly, he wondered if it would have changed anything.

Draco decided that he would have. He would have been slower, certainly, not used that position. Everything could have been easier. Not so shocking for him.

Yes, this was *definitely* her fault.

Draco stalked down the hall to Pansy's room and knocked sharply. After a muffled noise, Pansy opened the door a crack. Seeing Draco, she opened it wide with a small brittle smile.

"Come in Draco." Her tone was sultry and she leaned against the door when she opened it. Pansy's rail thin frame was covered by a leather bustier and matching skirt. She looked flushed slightly with excitement and Draco saw Ginny Weasley tied up in the corner of the room, naked.

Draco sighed slightly and pushed past her, heading for a leather club chair that sat in one corner of the room. He sprawled out in the chair.

Pansy clucked her tongue. "Mudblood giving you a hard time?"

Ginny's eyes darted to Draco's face in rage but she did not move or struggle from her position on the bed. Draco rubbed his neck wearily and ignored the Weasley.

"Can you get me a drink, Pansy love?"

Pansy nodded and went to her bar, pulling a bottle of fire-whiskey from below the counter she dropped a generous amount into a crystal goblet and held it out to him.

Draco clutched the double and tossed it back. He hissed as he felt the liquid burn a hole into his gut. "Damn, I needed that."

Pansy stared at him and then walked back over to Ginny. She fondled her breasts, tugging at the nipples while she spoke. "I told you before Granger was too much trouble. You should have given her to LeStrange."

"And when Voldemort saw the dead body and all his plans went to waste?" Draco murmured sarcastically.

Pansy shrugged.

"You know I am the only one with the self control to handle that little know-it-all." Draco poured himself another glass.

Ginny gasped suddenly as Pansy viciously pinched her clit. Ginny arched her back in pain; she growled and slammed herself against the leather ties binding her, trying to break free. Pansy laughed.

"No, not yet Ginger." Pansy slapped her thigh. Draco looked away with a mixture of pity and annoyance.

"Pansy, are you even listening to me?" Draco snarled as Pansy continued to torment the girl.

Pansy tossed her head. "Well what did you expect? You may have already deflowered your little Mudblood but I haven't even started with my toy."

Pansy glared angrily at him and stalked to the bar. Grabbing the bottle of whiskey in her hands, she thrusts it at him impatiently. "Take the damned thing."

Draco narrowed his eyes. "You knew she was a virgin? You lied to me; you said she slept with Weasel and Potter."

Pansy smirked maliciously. "Oh, I hope you didn't hurt her. The first time is oh, so, tender on a naïve young girl."

"You bloody slag!" Draco shouted before he could help himself. His fists curled around the bottle.

Pansy raised a cool eyebrow. "What do you care?"

Draco's face grew curiously blank and he stuffed his rage deep down inside himself. He stared at the liquor and then Pansy darkly.

"I happened to like those sheets, Pansy. I did not want some filthy, Mudblood's blood staining them. However, I will take your acceptable method of repayment."

He raised the bottle of Firewhiskey, before bowing mockingly to Ginny.

Draco walked out of the room, ignoring the burning accusation in Ginny's blazing eyes.

The room was dark and Draco could not make out a sound other than soft breathing. Hermione must be asleep. Draco looked down at the desk and saw a folded green robe and the silver chain that accompanied it.

Stripping off his robes he climbed onto the bed. Hermione had curled up at the foot of the bed.

Draco wordlessly picked her and laid her next to him on the huge bed. He wrapped an arm about her waist, pulling her up against him. He could smell the faint scent of his shampoo as he buried his face in her bushy and surprisingly soft hair. He would have thought it too be coarse, not soft, wild curls. Draco snorted as realized how stupid he sounded.

Soft, wild curls indeed.

He was loosing his mind.

With that thought, he drifted off to sleep slowly.

Chapter 3

Disclaimer: I do not own anything. JK ROWLING OWNS EVERYTHING. I make no money off of this writing, its just for fun.

Warnings: Not HP DH Compliant.

Graphic Material. MATURE CONTENT.

Draco woke up to an incredibly loud noise. Hermione had found her clothes.

“You can’t be bloody serious!” Hermione shrieked and stared hard at Draco. He looked befuddled and unbelievably cute with his damned hair sticking up and his shirt off.

“Who died?” Draco mumbled confusedly. He rubbed his eyes and looked for the source of the noise.

Hermione thrust a green cloth under his nose. “This! This is my school uniform. I look like a common slag!”

Draco took the green cloth and let it fall open in his lap. It was incredibly short robes and it had a matching green corset and bottoms. The robe tied at the throat with a ribbon and was very revealing. Once Hermione was wearing it, everything she had would be visible.

“HOW, is this conducive to learning exactly?” Hermione demanded icily.

Draco laughed. “Learning... That is a good one. Wake up, Hermione. You are an ornament. Voldemort does not intend to teach you anything. You are a symbol of his control. Nothing else. Any wizards that consider a revolt will think twice, seeing Granger and Weasley as controlled as House Elves. Used for only what is good between your legs. This is purposeful.”

Hermione felt cold inside. Draco’s words held a ring of unmistakable truth. Hermione dropped onto the bed, putting a distance between them.

Tears formed in her eyes as she stared at her hands. She felt helpless and lost. Her worst enemy was sitting besides her and she was his slave. Voldemort was God now.

Hermione stiffly picked up the clothes and walked to the bathroom. Draco watched her with narrowed eyes. After a few minutes, Hermione came out of the bathroom.

The robe fell to just past her thighs. A dark green silk that tied at her throat, it opened to reveal the body beneath. The pale green corset had darker green stays that laced up tightly, showing her immense cleavage and her tiny waist. A matching pair of dark green silk panties cut high on her hips and emphasized her long legs. Black witch boots completed the outfit, and it pushed her buttocks up, in short, Hermione looked like a walking sex ad.

Her plain features accentuated by dark kohl and blood red lipstick. Her hair fell in a wild, curly mass to her middle back. Draco was stunned shortly and he blinked as Hermione walked towards him.

Draco sounded confused. "You... are wearing make-up. You didn't have to do that."

"If I am supposed to be your whore, why shouldn't I keep up the act?" Hermione's eyes were carefully blank, but Draco could see the anger lurking there.

Hermione did not question her desire to put on make-up, it felt like armor. As if by changing whom she was to something so unrecognizable, then maybe it was not really she then.

Hermione had sobbed in the bathroom for a moment before she felt true rage fill her. She remembered the power she had over Draco last night and she felt a surge of vengeance seep through her. Her hands were applying the makeup before she even realized what was happening.

Draco looked gobsmacked. He was aroused by her appearance. Good. She would need that small amount of control.

Hermione wet her lips nervously. "Aren't you going to get ready for school, Master Malfoy?"

Draco fell off the bed. "What did you say Granger?"

Hermione bent low in a bow, and Draco could see clear through to her nipples. Draco felt himself harden painfully fast.

"I said, Are you not going to get ready for your classes for the day, Master Malfoy?" Hermione responded quietly and she got a clean robe and set it out on the bed.

Draco stood up from the floor and shook her. "What are you playing at?"

Hermione frowned. "Have I displeased you Master?" Hermione looked puzzled.

Draco felt unreasonably irritated at her lack of communication. Draco walked to the bathroom door and slammed it behind him.

Hermione sunk onto the bed, her heart beating wildly. Draco seemed confused by her compliance. All of this was good.

Hermione suddenly prayed she would be able to continue the charade long enough to get Ginny and escape, even if it meant having to kill their captors to do it. Hermione wondered if she was overdoing it with the Master line.

Draco stormed out naked and wet from the shower. He towed down and grabbed the robes she set out. His expression was unmistakably grim and she suddenly wondered if he actually enjoyed his new role with the Dark Lord.

Draco grabbed her and motioned for her to stand still. He opened a drawer and pulled out a velvet box. Setting it on the desk, it opened and she saw a beautiful green collar with diamonds and emeralds studded in it. Draco pulled it out and clasped it about her neck. With a flick of his wand, the necklace glowed bright blue and sealed.

Hermione looked curiously at Draco for a moment.

“It’s a magic dampening shield. The clasp is spell encrypted, and this is required of all Mudbloods in the castle. You won’t be able to steal anyone’s wand this way.”

Draco smirked slightly at her forlorn expression. Draco knew that something had been suspicious with the way she was acting earlier. Draco slid a hand under her robes and caressed her side.

“Not that you would want to leave your Master, anyway, right?” Draco smirking tone depressed Hermione and she closed her eyes.

“Come on Mudblood. We do not want to be late to class. The Carrow’s are very strict.” Draco grabbed her wrist and tugged her along with him out of the room.

Hermione picked up his books and followed him. Hermione knew she had to survive this if she wanted to stay alive and kill Voldemort’s Horocrux. She could only hope that Draco wouldn’t figure out what she was doing.

Hermione had a feeling this was going to be rather difficult.

Very difficult.

Somewhere else, in a holding cell in the Dark Lords dungeons.

Neville Longbottom was in a bad place. The stench alone indicated it. The smell of rotting flesh, disease and filth was ripe and it threatened to choke him. Neville remembered when he interrupted Voldemort’s speech that day.

Neville had felt a surge of strength of purpose that day that had not fled. All of the courage he had sought his whole life triumphed and arose for that particular occasion. Neville stared down at his dirty chained wrists and sighed deeply inside of himself.

It did not seem as though a path out of this hellhole was going to be forthcoming any time soon.

A thin yellow light started to grow as a large metal door slammed open and Neville felt a body being flung towards him. The weight of it threw him back against the wall.

“Oomph!” The body groaned and tried to sit up. Neville leaned his shoulder into the person and heaved to right him.

“Down right cordial they are...” A sarcastic voice echoed from the darkness.

The familiar voice startled Neville and he blinked into the pitch darkness. “George? George Weasley? What are you doing at the school?”

“Your kidding, Longbottom isn’t it? Hogwarts? After all that time, I spent trying to get out of school. I wasn’t at the school. I was at the Malfoy Mansion. Voldemort was using it for the Death Eaters Meetings, last I heard. Tried to get to Nagini. I was sure that thing was stashed

there but all I saw was... Well, I'm not sure what I saw. It was like a dream, it was. Thought I saw Harry Potter and a girl locked up in one of the rooms... Never seen her before." George's teeth were beginning to chatter from the cold.

Neville felt shocked. "Harry Potter? But he died! How could he be at Malfoy mansion?"

George shrugged. "I just know that I saw his scar. I swear I did... Then Dolohov and something other cronies grabbed me. I tried to escape but there was too many of them."

Neville was thinking very quickly, and he turned to George. "You cant tell ANYONE, what you just told me George. Do they know what you saw?"

"Not sure, I was in another room when they caught up with me."

Neville rose up holding his wrists and he walked slowly to the door. "Oy! I want to speak to Voldemort. I've thought about his offer! Get me out of here." Neville hollered through the door.

George looked over at Neville standing in the thin yellow light by the door. "Thought about what?"

Neville smirked and George felt very, very strange seeing that look on Neville's round cheerful face. It just looked wrong. "About becoming a Death Eater."

George tried to leap on him. "You bloody bastard! I thought you were my friend!" Neville fell through the door when it opened and a Death Eater pulled George off him by punching him in the face. George fell back and began to curse Neville loudly.

"To your feet, Longbottom. Voldemort will see ya." The Deatheater grinned at him maliciously.

Neville ignored George's screaming as the door shut him back inside the cell. Neville Longbottom had a plan. He just hoped it did not involve him dying painfully.

Back at Hogwarts...

Hermione stepped nervously into the hallway. Her outfit was so revealing it made her feel self conscious. Hermione ran after Draco with his books and then began to walk a few feet behind him. Casting a quick look around at the other students, she noticed a few had girls like her and some had boys. This was not necessarily opposite sex assignments. It was random pairings.

Draco turned and snapped at Hermione. "Hurry up, Mudblood!"

Finally they reached an auditorium with a dueling stage and no chairs. Alecko Carrow stood at the front of the podium and she was speaking already. Hermione strained to hear her words.

"Now, those of you who have brought your Mudbloods to class, take them to the opposite side of the room. We will be using them in a similar form of Familiars. Transfiguration Classes will be starting tomorrow. The use of Mudbloods is mandatory for all classes. If you

are missing a Mudblood, we shall supply one, accordingly. The school has a ready supply available and only Heads of House and Prefects are directly responsible for their own."

Hermione felt herself shaking with fear suddenly. The many accidents over the years involving poorly studious students resulted in MANY mishaps and dangerous results. Experimenting on the children was going to end in a few deaths to be sure. Lucky for her Draco was one of the smartest here.

Hermione searched out the room and saw Luna Lovegood standing huddled with a few of the other girls that she had seen in that horror show of a room yesterday. Oh Gods, Luna. She searched out Ginny and saw her wearing a similar outfit to her own, standing next to Pansy.

Ginny looked defeated and tired. Hermione tried to catch her eyes but Ginny stared down at the floor the whole time. Hermione felt a fresh wave of anger. Hermione fisted her hands and tried to stay still. Draco turned to stare hard at her. "Don't.." He murmured shooting his head up as someone walked in the back.

Another bloody Death Eater. The tall man wore robes that swept around his lanky form. He walked with a smooth purposefully gate that reminded her of Severus Snape back in the day. Hermione shuddered as he passed her and walked to Alecto Carrow. He handed her a parchment and watched coolly as she unrolled it.

A peal of laughter spilled from her lips as she rolled it back up. "Well, well, true blood never disappoints, does it? This is a surprise. Lovegood, you say?" Alecto sneered at the Death Eater with a look of challenge. "You can handle a blood traitor like her? Be my guest."

The Death Eater strode towards Luna and grabbed her by the arm, staring coldly through the mask. Luna whimpered and struggled silently with him as he dragged her over to the side of the students. With a gentle shove he pushed her on to her knees besides him.

Luna Lovegood was not a stupid girl. She was not crazy, just eccentric. Her father had prevented her from making any real friends with his odd behavior and thus she began to make her own friends, the makebelieve creatures that she so dearly loved.

Luna created a world to fill the lonely gaps of friendless childhood, until they were so much a part of her sunny life that somehow real life always failed to meet her expectations. Like now, With the death of her good friends and the influx of evil, Luna had escaped the horrors of the past few days, living through her creative mind.

However, it was hard to retreat, when thrown at the feet of a new threat, especially a Death Eater. Luna glanced with fear up at the Death Eater who had not removed his mask, but clearly was a student. Luna shuddered as his hand came to rest on the top of her head, as she kneeled besides him. Long tapered fingers stroked the top of her silky blond hair and she felt her heart beating faster at the gentle touch.

"Remove your mask boy; I have a class to teach." Alecto called out sharply.

The Death Eater slowly lowered his hood, revealing dark hair that was slightly wild and a hard-planed face. The collective room gasped as they stared into the hardened hazel eyes of Neville Longbottom.

The summer had forced Longbottom to grow into his lanky build, he thinned out and grown taller. His expression was cold and flat and he looked supremely unconcerned to be

here.

In short... Neville was probably under the Imperius.

Ginny reacted the strongest and the quickest. She screamed across the room with a blaze of hatred in her eyes. "Traitor! You bloody coward!"

Ginny launched herself at him, and Pansy flicked the leash and Ginny stopped mid flight and fell to the ground choking on the necklace that seemed to be constricting her.

Alecto looked at Pansy in approval. "Very good Parkinson."

Hermione was horrified and she turned to stifle a sob against Draco's shoulder. Draco stared hard at Neville with an unreadable expression. Draco resisted the peculiar urge to wrap his arm around Hermione and drag her closer to him.

Luna stared hope painfully shining up at Neville as she looked at her long time friend. One of her closest friends.

Luna felt a blossom of hope suddenly. "Neville..."

Neville could feel everyone staring at him and he almost swallowed his tongue. Draco had his hands on Hermione and poor Ginny was choking on the floor.

Aware of the people staring hard at him, Neville looked down at Luna. "You call me Master, blood traitor..."

His cold tone seemed to stick in his throat, but Luna was convinced and she flinched away from him. Neville caressed her cheek slowly, with intent and then he nodded with contentment.

"Go join the other Mudbloods on the other side of the room. NOW." His quiet tone reached her as his fingers caressed the top of her head.

Luna scrambled to her feet and grabbed Hermione's hand as she started to make her way over towards the other children in the firing line. Neville stared across at Alecto Carrow and forced a smirk to his face.

Carrow nodded and proceeded with the lesson. Hermione felt like it was the longest lesson of her life. Running and dodging hexes were not necessarily her specialty. She was more of a thinker than a doer. Hermione pushed some of the younger girls out of the way and ended up a lot more hurt than the others, but some of the girls were only twelve years old. No way were she or Luna letting those bastards hex them.

Finally, after what seemed like hours, she tried to sidestep another Crucio leveled at Ginny from Pansy, and she caught it full on. Hermione fell to the ground screaming as the Crucio ripped through her.

It felt like every part of her bones were slowly melting and on fire. Tears streamed down her face as Pansy gleefully continued for another second or to before, the teacher halted it.

Hermione shuddered and Draco came forward to pick her up to her feet.

"Get up Granger." His voice sounded odd, as if he was having trouble speaking evenly.

Hermione stumbled to her feet and gave him a look of hatred, before she fell unconscious from the pain. Draco felt his heart skip a beat.

Draco had been dying inside watching Hermione jumping around, and taking hexes for the other kids. It was making him crazy, watching her put her life in danger repeatedly. She was his Mudblood, not a damned Bertie's Bean. Finally, she had given him a reason to remove her.

"Professor Carrow. His instructions were clear." Draco said simply as he looped an arm under Hermione's legs and scooped her up.

"If Granger can't walk, then that definitely violates his orders." Draco reminded Carrow, sarcasm dripping from his icy tone. Draco looked furious.

Carrow turned pale and looked at Parkinson. "For your knowing disobedience to our Dark Lord's directive, you shall lose your Mudblood for a week. Next time, be more careful with your curses Parkinson." Ginny was dragged unceremoniously to her feet by Crabbe and Goyle.

"Send the other blood traitor to Longbottom. Let him handle them both, if he fails, the Dark Lord will punish him."

Crabbe and Goyle were grateful that they did not have to be responsible for the hellcat and they threw her down at Longbottom's feet. Draco watched this dubiously before walking out with Granger's unconscious body.

Carrow smirked. "Longbottom you have until the end of lunch, to modify the blood traitors' demeanor. Otherwise, all three of you will end up at the bottom of the lake. You're still on probation."

Ginny snarled at Carrow and went to throw herself at Neville's face. Neville quirked an eyebrow and waved his wand. Ginny froze in place. Longbottom had stupefied Ginny.

"Now I am even with your idiot brother, and your dead boyfriend." With a garbled laugh, he levitated Ginny behind him, dragging Luna by the arm as he headed for his rooms.

Luna felt despair roil through as Neville dragged her away.

Dreams were fine, but this was reality.

And the reality was that Luna was pretty sure they were all going to die soon.

Draco carried Hermione back to his chambers, he kicked open the door and strode to the bed, placing her down. "Damn blundering idiots..." Draco muttered as he stared at Hermione's features relaxed in unconsciousness.

Her hair fell haphazardly about her shoulders and she was jerking softly in response to residual pain. Draco felt an acute pain in his stomach watching her soft, beautiful body flinching uncontrollably.

Draco went into the bathroom and paced slowly. Finally he stopped to look in the mirror. Objectively his smooth pureblood features were perfect but as he thought of Hermione, they distorted in his mind, into something ugly and dark.

"I didn't do it to her." Draco screamed and smashed both fists into his leering features.

Draco felt the pain in his knuckles but his expression remained neutral. Father said, never let them see you cry. This kind of took everything to a whole new level. Draco stared down at the broken glass before opening the cabinets and pulling a healing potion from its depths.

Draco walked back into the bedroom and knelt next to Hermione on the bed. He pulled the dropper out and touched the liquid to her tongue, letting it slide back into her throat. Draco resealed the bottle and watched as her shakes subsided. At least the pain was gone. Voldemort needed her to break. He needed her to pledge allegiance. His triumph would be complete.

Draco ran a hand through her silky curls and he frowned. Hermione opened her eyes at his soft touch and she blinked.

“Your bleeding.” She whispered, staring at his knuckles.

Draco gave a twist of a smile. “Still the know-it-all.” Draco smoothed her hair back and kissed her forehead gently.

Hermione looked suspiciously at him. “Why are you being nice to me?”

Draco laughs. “You think, getting Crucio’ed is nice? Your mental.”

Hermione winces as she slides herself up to a sitting position. “No, I mean the...” She waves indicating the kiss on the forehead.

Draco smirks. “Maybe I was testing your temperature.”

Hermione leaned over and pressed a kiss to his forehead. Draco’s mouth dropped open as she pressed her lips against his cool skin.

“Maybe I was testing to see if you’re really Draco Malfoy, and not a figment of my imagination.” Hermione whispered across at him.

Draco eyed her suspiciously and pushed her back down. “You’re going to be out of classes for a few sessions to recover.”

Hermione stubbornly sat back up. “Are you going to use the other Muggleborn then?”

Draco glared. “So what if I am? Its required Granger.”

Hermione glared back at him. “Then I am going back to class. I am not letting those monsters do this to those other kids... I saw Colin Creevy’s little brother with that blimp, Millicent Bulstrode! He’s terrified.”

Draco growled and pushed her back down, this time covering her frame. “You will not! You can’t help them, Granger! Just shut up and do as your told. You may just survive this.”

Hermione became aware of Draco’s erection since he was pressed up against her with practically no clothes on. Hermione blushed slightly and Draco shifted slightly. “Actually, I think we should both stay here.”

Hermione closed her eyes as Draco began to explore the top of her corset with his slender insistent fingers. His fingers felt strangely good, both warm and tender. The corset was binding her ribs and felt suffocating, especially when she had been running earlier. It had rubbed her under arm raw from her own sweat. Two spot of pink appeared on her cheeks as Draco popped the corset stays loose.

“Draco please.” She pushed her hands down to his face as he buried his face between her breasts. “Not again...”

Draco snarled at her words and stood up leaving her there on the bed. “I save you from being Crucio’ed to death and you have the nerve to deny *me*? What is wrong with me? What makes you so sick to your stomach that you can’t have *me* touching you, Granger?”

Hermione choked back a sob as she stared at Draco across from her. She pulled up her legs and backed into the wall protectively.

Draco looked enraged with blood soaking his knuckles and the Death Eater mask hanging on the back of his neck. He scared her and he made her heart jump a little. His words sounded almost hurt.

Draco’s voice started out deadly quiet and then it grew to a deafening level.

“Do I disgust you so much? I made you cum, I felt it when you let go. You would prefer someone else to me then?! I cant promise they will treat you as well as I do, but maybe that’s what you like. Someone to put you down, someone to rape you...?! You dare turn me away? I saved your life!” Draco’s eyes turned smoke with rage and he raised his hand to her wildly.

“No, please Draco... I’m sorry.” Hermione whimpered, and her breath caught at the thought of Draco hitting her.

Something broke loose inside her. He was right; he had never really hurt her. The betrayal of Neville had struck her to the bone. It made her realize that anyone of them could turn on her, at any time.

The only safety she had in this crazy, demented, new world was in the arms of Draco, a selfish boy who just wanted her because... Well, she was not sure, but the fact was that she was rejecting the only safe thing she had.

Hermione grabbed Draco about the waist and pressed her face into his stomach. She flinched hoping that his hand would not connect with her. She prayed that he would control that hatred and rage inside him just long enough to realize she was not fighting back.

Draco breathed heavily feeling lost in his caught sight of his hand coming down to connect with Hermione’s face, and he froze suddenly.

Within that pause, Hermione had launched herself at his midsection. Draco tensed, waiting for her to painfully connect. Draco felt shock instead since Hermione had hugged his middle, begging him to not hurt her. Trustingly throwing herself in his path and at his mercy.

Draco stumbled on the edge of the bed.

Hermione continued to sob against him and he could feel her tears soaking through his robes. Gingerly, he lowered his hand to his side. He was going to strike Hermione. He was just like his bastard Father. How many times had he seen his father strike his mother?

Draco felt sick suddenly and he pushed Hermione off him and ran to the bathroom.

Draco hurled into the loo, collapsing next to it. Draco could feel beads of sweat breaking out over his forehead and he considered how out of control he had just gotten. He looked up

at a noise and saw Hermione standing in the doorway. Her bright eyes spilling tears as she hugged herself.

Wordlessly, she ran a washcloth under the sink and handed it to him. Draco grimly wiped his mouth and wobbly he rose up to lean on the sink. Running water, he brushed his teeth and scourgified the sink and toilet. Draco moved with mechanical slowness before he turned to the pair of curious, tearful eyes that stared back at him.

“You’re special. I am doing this for Voldemort. You are not allowed to be hurt. This doesn’t mean anything.” Draco said woodenly, his expression solemn as he regarded her.

“I still want to touch you. Would you allow me too?” Draco stared intently at her, and Hermione saw a flash of fear in his eyes that faded as if it had never been there. Hermione realized that the beautiful tormentor in front of her was worried she would not want him. Voldemort had plans for her. Hermione felt a small measure of control along with mind-numbing fear.

Hermione nodded slowly at Draco.

Draco could see all her thoughts on her face as usual. Stupid Gryffindor, stop being so honest and good! Draco was not a fool. He knew that Hermione had liked him in school, even though she said she hadn’t.

Unfortunately Voldemort knew it too.

Draco was supposed to bring her over to his side by playing Hero against the mean Death Eaters. It was working perfectly. It was working so perfectly that he was beginning to think he actually was supposed to protect her, cherish her, and save her.

Really, he was just setting up the proverbial sacrificial lamb and more idiot that he was, he began to believe his own lies.

Draco’s hand trembled as he reached a finger up to her face. “Please... I promise I won’t hurt you.”

Easy lies fell from Draco’s lips as he gently persuaded her to trust him.

Hermione stilled as his fingers gently caressed her face. Draco pushed her out of the bathroom and towards the bed.

“No one has to know. I’m giving you control, Hermione.” He murmured as he kissed her earlobe. Hermione felt the kiss deep into her toes and she shivered as he said her name.

Hermione suddenly kissed Draco back and the world fell away as she did. His arms wrapped around her and pulled her in tighter.

Hermione could not help feeling as though she was damned.

Read and review, if you please.

Thank you!

Chapter 4

Disclaimer: I do not own anything. JK ROWLING OWNS EVERYTHING. I make no money off of this writing, its just for fun.

Warnings: Not HP DH Compliant.

Graphic Material. MATURE CONTENT.

In another room in the castle, a less then tender scene played out.

Luna stared across at Neville as he lowered Ginny onto the bed. Ginny was still stupefied and he entangled her in ropes and a gag before the other spell wore off. With a flick of his wand, Neville warded the door and muffled it. A standard spell that Harry had taught them. Ironically, an enemy was now using it.

Except Luna could not look at Neville as an enemy. Neville had so long been the quiet and shy boy from Gryffindor who made Luna's heart race. Now, he was being controlled by the Death Eaters. Luna gave a small sob and pressed her face into her hands.

Neville turned to face Luna. His normally cheerful face was harsh and closed off. Luna found herself putting more space between them as she scooted back to the corner of the room.

Neville saw Luna move away from him and he grimaced slightly. He was *actually* pulling this off, if his friends believed him. It was amazing what rage and coldness he could summon when his friends lives were on the line.

Neville sat on the bed and pulled off the Deatheater Robes with concealed disgust. The meeting with Voldemort had gone well; he was not dead at least.

He knew this was a test. This was probably Lestrage's idea, giving him Ginny and Luna to watch over. The minute the girls suspected he was on their side, the Death Eaters would know.

Ginny was going to be hard.

Mostly he would have to keep her unconscious.

Luna, Gods Luna... With her sweet demeanor and gentle heart, Luna would become the victim in this very quickly. He did not have to make it horrible.

Neville could feel his heart pounding in his throat. The prospect of abusing Luna Lovegood was scarier then Professor Snape.

Neville cast a furtive glance at Luna. She had dragged herself into a corner and was watching him with round betrayed eyes. Neville sighed and with a swish of his wand, he lifted Ginny and put her in the bathroom, tied up. Locking it from the outside, Neville turned to face Luna. Neville schooled his features to reflect nothing.

Luna shivered and pulled her knees closer to her. "N... Neville?" Luna's voice wavered slightly.

Neville closed his eyes and concentrated. "You do not call me Neville, Blood Traitor. You call me Master." Neville tried to put as much sneer in his voice as possible.

Luna flinched at his cold tone. Neville felt wildly out of character. He tried to draw on a reliable source. Draco Malfoy.

"I have already told you before, the next time you forget. I will give you to Lestranger for instruction. Would you like that Loony?" Neville forced a laugh.

Luna hated that name.

Normally she had defenses to prevent her from reacting but everything was too much and she felt a burning in her gut at the cruelty of his words. Coming from Neville just made it worse. Unbearable. Luna felt weak tears leaking down the sides of her face before she realized that it was happening.

Neville felt his resolve melting under those tears.

Finding it difficult to breathe suddenly, Neville crossed the room and knelt in front of Luna.

"Come now Loony, surely you knew I would ask for you? Perhaps you hoped as well?" Neville swallowed hard as he gripped her wrists and pulled her to her feet.

"As comfortable as the floor is, I prefer the bed." Neville steered her to the four poster bed in the middle of the room. Luna sat in the middle as he instructed.

"Luna... take off your shirt." Neville said as calmly as possible. Gods, he wished the circumstances were different.

Luna was brave, Neville knew that but he was still caught off guard at her defiant gesture.

Luna grabbed the shirt and tugged it over her head.

Merlin, she was perfect.

Soft, white and lean with small perfect breasts, nipples of the palest pink color that jutted out from the cold air. The skirt that was hanging about her waist was riding up her thighs and Neville felt all the air suck out of his chest at the picture she made.

"Gods Luna..." Neville exhaled and Luna looked up at him sharply.

The rapturous look on Neville's face expanded a feeling of warmth in her chest. He looked like Neville at that moment. Her Neville. She could feel herself responding to it. She felt moistness between her legs and she squirmed slightly.

Luna stared at him as Neville sat next to her on the bed. Neville's hand was gentle as he cupped one of her breasts.

"I want to taste you." Neville spoke in a rush.

Luna flushed from the contact. How many times had she dreamed of him saying this to her? This was not the situation she had wanted, but at this moment, he was her Neville. Almost.

Luna gasped as Neville brought his mouth to her nipple and suckled gently at it. Luna felt herself responding and her nipple swelled in his mouth.

“Beautiful... So soft...” Neville leaned over her and cupped her other breast while he suckled at her breasts. Luna could feel a heat rising to her face and she arched her back. Neville groaned as he felt himself harden.

Neville had been having difficulty getting aroused before, and now he thought he might explode if Luna spoke a word.

Luna felt her eyes widen as she felt him getting aroused against her. Neville opened his eyes and looked tentatively across at Luna. She looked flushed and aroused.

Neville rose up and pulled her on top of him. Luna fell across his lap and Neville pressed his mouth against hers. His tongue darting inside as his hands stroked her tender nipples.

Luna made a low moan of pleasure at the contact. Tears still falling from her eyes. Neville kissed the corners of her eyes, wiping her tears. Luna was about to speak when Neville growled capturing her mouth before she could question his gentleness. Neville slowly pushed her skirt up and pulled down her panties.

Luna let him and she laid back on the bed.

Her thoughts drifted a million miles away. Neville obviously wanted her as much as she wanted him. Luna felt the cool air hit her legs and then the sensation of Neville’s tongue diving in between her legs, caused her to gasp in shock and pleasure.

“Oh Ne... Master... Please, it feels soooooo good.” Luna numbly corrected herself.

Neville felt like he was in hell *right* now.

Tasting Luna’s sweetness as he licked at her soft wet folds was seriously undoing him. He felt like picking her up over his shoulder and running for the hills.

Luna arched on the bed in unconscious sensuality as Neville stroked her with his fingers.

“You’re a good little girl, aren’t you Luna..?” Neville tried to sound menacing and nearly pulled it off. He was having a very hard time not exploding in his pants. When Luna almost said his name, he thought he was going to die.

“Since you are such a good girl, you may call me by my first name,” hissed Neville, his face taunt with his arousal. Neville groaned as Luna nearly soaked his fingers when his tongue lapped at her.

Luna needed no further invitation and she gasped. “Neville, please...”

Luna’s words were mindless, pleading for the unknown.

Luna just wanted the satisfaction that her body was demanding. Neville stood up and stared down as she squirmed on the bed, arching and begging him to finish. He choked slightly as he realized that his years of fantasizing about doing this to her, were coming true.

Neville unbuttoned his pants and felt himself harden. He was thick and swollen with desire.

A sudden knock on the door sounded off and Neville felt his blood run cold. Neville tucked himself back and walked to the door.

“Sod off, I’m busy.” Neville said through the door.

Neville opened the door a crack and saw Goyle standing there. Goyle thrust a rolled up parchment at Neville with a leer.

Neville unrolled the parchment and blanched.

He knew it was a test but it still made him feel sick.

He had no choice.

Neville nodded numbly, and Goyle slid in between the open crack in the door. Luna writhed on the bed, her nubile young body, flushed rosy with pleasure as she whimpered for Neville to finish the job.

Goyle leered across at Luna. “Who knew that Looney had such a sweet body? I bet she will be a right good tup.”

Looney righted herself as Goyle suddenly appeared in front of her. Neville had pulled on his Deatheater Mask and he sat down on a chair turned to the bed.

“You don’t mind if I watch do you? After all, I did do all the work,” snarled Neville from behind the mask. Neville voice came out disjointed and Goyle shrugged before turning back to Luna on the bed.

“Spread your legs.” Goyle reached for Luna and she screamed.

Goyle lifted his robes and produced his cock, bulging and jutting out. He was on the small side but very thick. Luna clawed the bed as she tried to get away from him. Goyle quickly climbed on her and pressed his erection between her legs.

Goyle sneered slightly. “Nice and moist for me too. Thanks Longbottom.”

Neville sat in the chair, his robes covering his hands that were making moon crescent shapes in his palms. He did not register the pain from the grip. Neville watched Luna instead, his heart breaking as Goyle forced her legs apart.

Luna’s face was wet with tears as Goyle shoved himself inside her. Luna arched and cried out as Goyle gave a grunt of satisfaction. Luna’s body was rigid with pain as Goyle continued to ride her relentlessly, moving in and out of her with dogged earnest.

Suddenly, quickly Goyle came inside her and Luna had ceased moving at that point. Her mouth opening and closing in pain as Goyle bucked against her in the last throes of orgasm.

Neville could feel his face wet with tears under the Deatheater Mask. The urge to kill Goyle rolled through him and when Goyle finally came, Neville stared burningly ahead.

“Nice performance Goyle.” Neville said darkly. “Couldn’t last a bit longer?” Neville laughed hollowly.

Goyle pulled off Luna and pulled his robe back down. Goyle looked mildly embarrassed at the comment, but he then smirked at Neville.

“At least I got to break her in. Loony will always remember her first.” Goyle stared hard into Neville’s eyes as he revealed this latest horror.

Neville swallowed hard and then shrugged. “But how much will she remember? Two or three minutes of it?”

Goyle scowled and slammed out the front door.

Neville felt his legs grow weak and he leaned on the chair. Very few things in his life had ever filled him with dread more than this moment.

Neville walked determinedly to the bathroom. Ginny sat frozen and tied up. Neville lifted her, took her to the closet, and locked her in there.

Once the bathroom was clear, he waved his wand and the tub filled with hot water. Looking through the cabinets, he found some lavender, aloe and elderberry oils. Dropping them into the water, the scent of the soothing herbs filled the air.

Neville walked hesitantly towards Luna curled up on the bed, her face a grimace of shock and pain. Firstly, Neville scourgified her.

Then, Neville gently cradled her to his chest and carried her to the bathtub. He set her down on the edge of the tub. Checking the water temperature, he cooled it slightly. Neville darted a look to her face again and saw nothing. No response.

Luna blinked as Neville guided one foot to the water. Slowly he guided the rest of her and the hot water began to soak into her.

Luna’s teeth were chattering and she murmured. “So cold...”

Luna appeared terrified of the mask, so Neville removed it. Neville tried to make a cold expression but the effort was too great.

“Luna, I want you to relax. Just ..” Neville spoke softly and Luna turned to stare at him.

“I used to love you, you know.” Her blunt words cut into his heart. Shock clearly showed on his face.

“I used to fantasize that you would be the one that I... you know..” Luna watched him with surprisingly clear eyes. Guileless.

Neville felt his hands shaking as he wrung out a sponge and began to apply it to her shoulders, slowly and methodically. Neville tried to ignore her words but they were making him bleed.

“I wouldn’t have minded you. I wanted you. Even if you are a Death Eater now. Your still... that boy that I loved.” Luna started to cry.

“But I am not that girl anymore. Now, I am ruined. Goyle defiled me and you let him. I thought you were just pretending so you could rescue me. I wanted you so badly to be a liar.” Luna shook as Neville scrubbed her back slowly.

“But this is worse. You’re not a spy are you.” The words were not a question and Neville shook his head.

“Then I don’t care what happens to me. If the Neville Longbottoms of the world are now Deatheaters, we are all lost.” Luna sobbed openly as Neville dropped the sponge into the tub.

Neville rose abruptly and walked out of the bathroom.

Once the door closed, Neville flung himself against the wall and gasped as he struggled to breathe. He leaned on the outside of the door, his heart breaking into a million pieces.

The DA never prepared him for this.

He was dying inside and maybe he was doing the wrong thing.

Maybe he should be defending them, and saying things like, Triumph or die!

Never bend, or compromise.

Neville felt like a coward for trying this path.

No wonder Snape always was so miserable.

It was a terrible feeling. Neville heard a clunk in the bathroom and he opened the door.

Luna had collapsed forward in the bath; blood ran thickly and profusely from her wrists. A broken potion bottle lay nearby on the floor discarded, blood still dripping from it. The bathtub was red with blood. Neville rushed to Luna and cast a healing charm over the deep slashes moving vertically down her thin arms. He lifted her face up to his own and checked her pulse. It was there but weak.

“Please don’t die Luna. Please... Gods... I am so lost right now...” Neville gently pulled her out of the tub.

Neville quickly cast a blood-replenishing spell on her. Neville walked back to the bed, cradling her into his chest.

Neville wrapped her in a blanket and put her down on the bed.

Luna could feel her eyes fluttering open and she whispered. “Why didn’t you let me die Neville?”

Her words sounded broken and Neville felt immense self-hatred at that moment.

“Because of the Crumple-Horned Snorkacks.” Neville said in a rush. “The Snorkack is reputed to be a highly intelligent creature that can tell when it’s mate is very close. The Snorkack has the ability to shape change into different animals to trick its predators. You are the only person here who understand and can find them.”

Luna blinked.

A bright Ravenclaw who lives on faith rather than facts.

Neville stared down earnestly at her, his dark eyes anguished as he rattled off the nonsense. Luna closed her eyes and she tucked her face into Neville’s chest. Luna stopped asking questions and Neville relaxed slightly.

He caressed her soft blond hair in a comforting way.

Neville felt Luna's hands move up to touch his chest and he sighed in relief. She got the message.

Gods, he loved her.

He was going to *kill* Goyle.

That was no longer an idea, it was a purpose.

He was going to destroy Voldemort, and he could do it with Luna believing in him.

Now, to deal with Ginny.

At Malfoy Mansion...

Harry Potter drifted in and out of consciousness, feverish and delusional. Occasionally a kind hand would reach down and touch his face. Harry could feel the sensation of weightlessness once and a while, and dreams chased his every thought.

Voldemort had won.

Harry still remembered falling to the dirt floor in agony as Voldemort advanced on him. Harry remembered falling into a blackness and then nothingness.

This place was all he knew now.

Four dirty gray walls and a cement floor. A thin stream of air slipped through an overhead vent. A House Elf that refused to speak to him came in with food and water once a day. The smell of must and dirt was thick in the air and he had not showered in probably two months.

Harry itched all over and when he was conscious, he wished he were not. Smooth, cool hands ran over his brow and he heard an accented voice. He could not place where she was from but she was gentle as she touched his brow soothingly.

"Your fever is broken, but you need to eat." Those same insistent hands pushed something that looked distinctly like sludge in a chipped bowl towards him.

Harry groaned and rolled over, refusing it. A green light cast from overhead filtered down and Harry saw a pair of golden yellow eyes set in a thin face with dramatic brows and long black hair fell about her. She looked about his age but with witches, it was impossible to tell.

"Who are you?" Harry worked his jaw slowly speaking the words.

The girl touched her tongue to her upper lip nervously and then pushed the food back at him. "Eat, Harry Potter. It is important you eat. You are in grave danger." Her voice was soft and husky.

"Tell me something I don't know, will ya?" Harry slowly forced himself to sit up and he picked up the bowl she nudged towards him.

The girl looked surprised at his response and she blinked twice. "I will think of a way to get us out of here."

Now Harry actually listened to her. "How do you know where we are?" Harry slowly took a bite of the food and grimaced.

"I use to live here. We are at Malfoy Manor... The House Elf is familiar to me. Sadey. I think." The girl rubbed the bridge of her nose and then she moved closer to him. Her body moved with a rare fluidity and quickness.

Harry raised an eyebrow incredulous. "Are you Draco's sister?"

The girl gave a sharp laugh. "I am no Malfoy."

Harry pondered that for a moment. "What's your name?"

The girl looked scared for a moment and then she touched her tongue to her bottom lip thoughtfully. "Call me Nia."

"Were you a slave then?" Harry ate some more gruel before pushing it away in exhaustion.

"In a way," she replied softly. Nia watched Harry shiver from the damp coldness of the room.

Harry felt full from the weight of the food in his empty stomach and his eyes slowly began to close. Nia moved closer to him.

"Just sleep Harry Potter. I will look out for you," soothed Nia. Hervoise combined with her body heat slowly lulled him back to sleep.

Nia licked her lips nervously watching the young boy huddled against her. Voldemort was looking for her. Narcissa Malfoy was either very brave or very foolish to thwart him at this stage. However, Nia could not help but be grateful for that small mercy.

Nia remembered seeing Harry in the wreckage before escaping. When Narcissa found her outside, she had offered her safety in exchange for Nia's help rescuing Draco from the school.

When Voldemort brought Potter to the Mansion, Nia had hid from him. Upon seeing Harry, she knew she had the key to her freedom here at the Mansion. Nia stayed with him and nursed him back to health without Voldemort's awareness.

Voldemort was an arrogant fool who looked down on his most loyal servants. He would regret treating Nia like an object.

Voldemort will pay for his mistreatment of her.

They all would.

Even if Nia had to use Harry Potter to do it.

Chapter 5

Disclaimer: I do not own anything. JK ROWLING OWNS EVERYTHING. I make no money off of this writing, its just for fun.

Warnings: Not HP DH Compliant.

Graphic Material. MATURE CONTENT. Sex, profanity and everything else.

Back at school....

Hermione awoke to the sensation of being watched.

Draco had his silky, blond hair fanned out over her neck and his face buried in her hair. Draco's arm curled about her waist and she fit snugly against his smooth, warm body. Darting her gaze upwards and to the left she saw nothing.

Draco murmured and drew her closer to him and she could feel his hot breath trickling down the back of her neck.

Last night he had been mind-blowingly tender and Hermione had submitted to him with an ease that frightened her. Draco had done things to her body that made her sore but well satisfied.

Hermione felt terribly confused and like a traitor that Draco was the one that did this to her. Not Ron. Ron had never made her feeling like this.

It was Draco's silver eyes which made her feel like she was melting whenever he stared at her.

Draco who *was* coincidentally a Deatheater.

Hermione felt an unbearable sadness at the comfort of his arms safely about her. He was holding her, as if she was his lifeline. In truth, he was hers. Hermione could feel his hand slide down to cup her bottom and she almost jumped.

"Do you know what time it is Granger?" Draco murmured sleepily.

"Around six am...?" Hermione ventured and she shifted around to face him. Her expressive eyes were solemn as she regarded him.

"Go back to sleep." Draco did not want to wake up yet. He did not want to deal with another day of watching stupid kids getting tortured while Hermione tried to protect them.

Hermione's hair was everywhere and Draco saw a puzzled frown settle on her face. Draco leaned down and kissed her mouth softly, biting her bottom lip before speaking lazily.

"Unless you want to do something else?" Draco's hands traveled over her body for a moment before Hermione froze.

“Someone else is in here.” Hermione whispered insistently.

Draco’s hands froze at her waist and he sat up reluctantly. “Lumos!” Draco waved his wand and the room lit up with a bright light.

“Morning.” Blaise Zabini unfurled from the big armchair where he had been watching them. “Don’t stop on my account, Malfoy.” Blaise gave a humorless smile.

Hermione blushed and Draco rose up from the bed, unashamedly naked and he crossed the room to throw on a robe.

Draco turned to embrace Blaise in good humor.

“Zabini...” Draco grinned slightly.

“Very touching scene, Parkinson was sure she was ripping your throat out by now. I guess your powers of persuasion were underestimated. What a tame little cat you have.” Blaise murmured with a sadistic appreciation.

Draco snorted. “Parkinson always did underestimate me. I prefer to call it nearsighted jealousy but still the little pug has her uses. When did you get back from Milan?”

Blaise smirked. “This morning. I must confess I was hoping for a quick chat before class but I can see you are busy. So, its *true*, The Dark Lord is giving away Mudbloods and Traitors as pets. I love my life.”

Draco smiled slightly and nodded at Hermione. “Unfortunately for you, most of the good ones are taken.”

Blaise rubbed his hands together and grinned. “Not all of them. I talked to Lestrage. Weasley was still available; Longbottom is just keeping her for me. I think the Dark Lord wants one for each wizard. Lucky for me Pansy screwed up. Oh, and what the devil is up with Longbottom?”

Draco shrugged but he had the same dubious expression. “Pureblood and supposedly Voldemort saw him kill Dolohov. Voldemort wants defects, besides he is being watched for betrayal. I heard they sent in Goyle to mess with Lovegood in front of him. If he’s a traitor, then seeing Lovegood being raped would surely cause him to break character, especially when it comes to a weakling like that.”

Hermione gasped from her place on the bed. She hugged herself thinking of Luna being raped.

Blaise lifted his gaze to Hermione and saw her half-naked form on the bed. Blaise grinned appreciatively. “Perhaps we can share sometime.”

Draco narrowed his gaze coldly at Blaise.

“I don’t think so,” snarled Draco.

Blaise raised an eyebrow. “Never bothered you before. You been stuck up on Granger’s snatch since third year. She is just new to you. Once she gets old maybe then we could have some fun.”

"I think your going to have your hands full with the Weasel. She is wickedly hard to handle. I think Voldemort is going to have her killed if she doesn't relent." Draco smirked slightly and folded his arms. "You're probably her last chance."

"Well, we can't have that. A body that luscious dead somewhere? It is unheard of. No, the Weasel will just have to see my point of view." Blaise smiled but his eyes glowed with something else.

Draco felt drawn to him, as a scent came off Blaise and he shoved him. "Knock it out. You are freaking me out with your Veela crap. Save it for the Weasel."

Blaise shrugged with a smug smile. "I think I will. Ginger won't be able to resist."

Draco opened the door. "Out, Blaise."

Draco had to resist the urge to kiss him as Blaise walked out the door.

He was not into wizards but Blaise towed that line to often.

Sharing women was just a part of it. Blaise's natural weaponry at seduction was always apparent, but when he started to release the natural Veela pheromones, it made everyone around him horny regardless of sexual preferences.

Draco shut the door behind Blaise, and he looked across the room at Hermione's sad face.

He tried to think if he said anything to cause it and then remembered, that Loony was her friend.

Draco walked to the edge of the bed.

"You like him..." Hermione observed, quietly sniffing.

Draco looked uncomfortable for a moment. "Our mother's were friends. I've known him most my life."

"Do you think he will hurt Ginny?" Hermione asked grimly.

Draco tilted his head and his hair shadowed his facial expression. "I don't know. Blaise is not really into that cruel stuff. He is kind of lazy." Draco answered honestly.

Hermione flinched. "Luna..."

"Is not your business. Your only business is pleasing me and staying out of trouble. Remember that today." Draco tilted her sad face up to his own and he gently kissed her.

"You won't be going to class today. Stay here. Read... Take a bath... if you like?"

Draco felt like an idiot for being so helpful.

Hermione looked suspiciously at his behavior and she stared hard at him. "Malfoy.... What are you hiding from me?"

Draco snapped at her. "Nothing, I thought you might appreciate a day off from Hogwarts Hell, you've earned it."

Hermione felt his words like a slap. "Earned it?! What does that mean?"

Draco dropped his gaze in annoyance. "Just that you have been through a lot."

"Is this because I gave into you last night? You think I did that for favors?" Hermione started to grow angry as she gave the idea more thought.

Draco stared across at her, her words ringing too true for him. "No, but since you are so eager to prove yourself to me, beg me to go to class today." Draco stalked towards her aroused by her angry expression.

Hermione's liveliness was drawing him, as her complacent and frightened nature never could.

Blaise was right...

Draco had wanted her since she punched him in the face. He vowed that day to bed her and make her scream his name.

Hermione pushed at him as Draco grabbed her and pulled her up against him.

When Hermione spoke, her voice cracked. "I hate you. I hate the way you make me feel. Like I am betraying everyone by being here. By not suffering as they are."

Draco looked thunderstruck, at the rage and self-loathing written on her face. Her words were striking small blows to him and he could feel her fists ball up as she tried to push him off her.

Draco did the only thing that occurred to him, he kissed her.

Pulling her arms behind her back, Draco held her down with surprising strength and he kissed her slowly, opening her mouth and flicking his tongue out to lick the hot moistness of her mouth.

Hermione struggled against his grip but slowly the leisurely hypnotic movements of his tongue inflamed her and she began to vibrate from the pleasure that Draco was giving her.

Trembling, Hermione whispered as he broke the kiss. "Why do you hate me so much?"

Her puzzled words came from a raw place deep in her throat and Draco had to resist the urge to cover her mouth so she would not ask him that question again.

He had no answers for her.

He was as lost as she was here.

Draco released her arms and got dressed. Throwing his robes on, he glared down at her.

"Stay here! This is not negotiable Granger."

Draco grabbed his books and strode out of the room.

Hermione watched him go and her hand touched her swollen mouth in anguish. She was a slut to respond to Draco like this. Her most hated enemy and she is moaning in his mouth.

She made herself sick.

Hermione walked to the bookcase. She knew that she had to get out of here, somehow. First, she needed to break the compulsion spell to stay at school. In addition, she needed to

figure out a way to get Draco to release her from the necklace. Hermione had a lot to do and very little time.

If Hermione was not mistaken, soon Ginny would be under Blaise's lock and key and they would never get out of here.

Moreover, Hermione was beginning to wonder if she even wanted too.

Luna pressed closer to Neville, seeking out his warmth in the big bed. She had been sleeping for a while and Neville did not have the heart to wake her.

Not even to UN-stupefy Ginny.

He knew it was uncomfortable to stay in that position for a long time, he found out in his first year at Hogwarts.

Neville stroked Luna's soft hair thoughtfully. How to convince Ginny in a similar way to Luna? She was so unbending, so difficult to convince. She possessed very little subterfuge and a huge frightening temper.

A soft knock alerted Neville to the time.

The clock read 6:45am.

Neville pulled back from Luna slowly and walked to the door with dread. He cracked the door looking out sleepily.

A rather handsome young man stood in Slytherin robes on the other side. Neville narrowed his eyes at him. He was a member of the Slug Club once, Zab— something.

"What do you want?" Neville scowled slightly.

"Oh, it's nothing big. Just need to pick up my new pet. Ummm... Jenny Weasley?" Blaise inspected his nails.

'Ginny. "Neville supplied.

"Right. So that is that. Ginny. Where is she?" Blaise leaned on the doorframe, folding his arms with a lazy smile.

Neville glared across at Blaise. "The Dark Lord knows you're here?"

"Want to ring him up then?" Blaise smirked.

Neville shook his head and opened the door. "Just a minute."

Neville walked to the bathroom and flicked his wand, levitating the stupefied Ginny.

Blaise's eyes widened slightly. "Couldn't exactly handle her could you?"

"She's mental you know." Neville shrugged and closed the door.

Turning to lean back on the door Neville sighed.

He could not help feeling sickened slightly.

Ginny would compromise his mission, he was sure of it; still he would never have willingly given her to another person.

With a heavy heart Neville made his way back to the bed, curling up behind Luna, he tried to get some sleep before 9am.

Blaise watched the door shut in his face and stared down at Ginerva Weasley, now stupefied in the hallway.

Charming fellow.

Longbottom did not strike him as an '*abandon your friends in a hallway*' type; maybe he has become a Deatheater.

Blaise gave his wand a swish and carried Ginny towards his room assignment. Towards the beginning of the hallway, he unlocked the door and went inside with her.

The room was beautifully decorated, with dark green colors and opulent designs that reflected his lazy and indulgent nature.

Blaise released Ginny from being stupefied, and cast a silencing charm on the door. Turning to face the windows, he stripped off his coat and tossed it on the chair. He heard a sputtering sound behind him and a thump.

"Oh, you must have been stupefied for a while." Blaise gave her a long lingering look before walking towards the bar that he had previously set up. Pouring two fingers into the glass, he offered it to the furious girl whose legs failed to carry her towards him in a fit of rage.

Ginny had never felt so angry in her life.

It seemed like the last few days had been spent under one spell or another. Not to mention the purgatory of being whipped and raped by Pansy. Sick little pug.

Ginny stared up at the handsome boy offering her fire whiskey with such a relaxed, casual air and it startled her. Ginny took the glass he offered and she struggled to her feet.

Blaise shrugged lazily at a chair looking out the window to sit in. Ginny sat down, but said nothing yet.

Ginny took a moment to study her host.

Dark brown hair with streaks of honey blond in it, fell to dark rich brown eyes. He was physically fit and handsome.

He was... Blaise Zabini. From the Slug Club.

Ginny finally spoke. "You were in the Slug Club."

Blaise smiled brightly. "You remember me."

Ginny nodded and down the rest of the drink.

Blaise looked at Ginny closer. Being captive had not been pleasant for her. Pansy abused her and it was obvious. Telltale red marks from the whips burned into her shoulder blades and

her wrists were raw with scratches. She also was covered in dirt. Not unusual for a Weasley, but still it was unnecessary.

“Would you like a bath?” Blaise took a sip of the fire whiskey and his dark eyes gleamed for a moment in thought.

Ginny narrowed her eyes. “Why, so you can *watch* you sick bastard?”

Blaise looked surprised at her language. “Why would I peep on you in the loo? Do I strike you as some malevolent pervert who can’t land a woman without the sweet promise of clean water and soap?” He laughed and the sound was altogether too charming.

Ginny flushed slightly, feeling warm from the whiskey and something else, more unfamiliar. “No, but that seems to be all I am getting around here. Bloody Perverts.”

Blaise nodded solemnly. “I apologize for that. I should have been here earlier. I had some family business to take care of before.”

Ginny glared. “Who bloody cares where you were? It wouldn’t have made a difference.”

Blaise sifted the liquor staring at it in the glass for a moment. “I disagree. As my pet, you will find that many things will be different.”

Ginny rose up from the chair and threw the glass down shattering it.

Blaise raised an eyebrow.

“I am nobody’s pet, you get that Zabini?” Ginny’s voice was low and mean.

Blaise rose up and walked slowly towards her, his eyes glowing with an inner light. Ginny suddenly felt very warm, and she stared fixated towards Blaise’s mouth. Blaise did not say anything to her.

He flicked his wand at the shattered glass and muttered. “Reparo.” Blaise turned slightly to face Ginny who was standing next to him, enraged and breathing hard.

“Calm down Ginny. I am not going to hurt you. We are just going to have a bit of fun. Don’t you want a bit of fun in your life?”

Blaise stared into her eyes and watched idly as her breasts rose and fell with every angry breath. Ginny suddenly felt a strong urge to kiss his mouth and she fisted her hands, wild with anger at this charming young man who was playing with her.

Blaise tilted his head in amusement. Usually it did not take this long for his pheromones to work. The Weasel must really be resisting him. Blaise wet his lips and Ginny watched him with hooded eyes as he swallowed hard.

Ginny glared at him. “What are you doing? Did you drug me?”

“I don’t know what you mean, Ginny.” Blaise shrugged and leaned against the wall, watching her carefully.

“Why do I want to kiss you suddenly? You gave me a lust potion.” Ginny tried to summon rage but all she could feel now was a burning desire to be on top of this man.

“No. I think you are just attracted to me, Ginny. Just like, *I am attracted* to you. I love your soft curves and vibrant hair. Your creamy skin with soft delicate freckles pleases me. As does your fiery nature and temper. Kiss me Ginny.”

His words filtered into her lust-clogged brain, as his fingers reached out and caressed her bare shoulder. The corset top of the robes that she was wearing was suggestive and Blaise could feel the allure of having easy access to his pet at all times.

It was brilliant of the Dark Lord, really.

Who knew Voldemort was an expert of feminine undergarments?

Ginny huffed slightly, struggling to breathe with his fingers caressing her shoulders. An innocuous place in the big scheme of things but it was entirely too erotic to resist.

“I... want.... I need...” Ginny sounded strangled as her eyes became feverishly bright.

Blaise pushed aside a feeling of regret that she was only responding to his scent. If Red actually felt this way about him it would be extremely arousing.

Blaise looked at her with a slow wicked smile. “What my pet?”

“I need you...” Ginny said quietly, but her cheeks burned red at her admission.

Blaise gently unhooked the corset top and it fell to the floor. Her breasts were heavy and her pink nipples were large and aroused. She had nursing tits, big beautiful, healthy breasts that made a man weak in the knees.

Blaise being Italian fell in love at first sight. He captured one nipple in his mouth while his hand tugged on the other. Her hips were wide but her waist was narrow and her legs were short but shapely.

Ginny’s body was created for fucking. Her body was just as much an aphrodisiac as his own pheromone based scent and soon Blaise found himself pushing down the rest of her robes.

“My beautiful pet. You are exquisite.” Blaise murmured, as he suckled her other nipple. His hands slide down to cup her pussy. Pansy had shaved it from the looks, baby smooth, and glistening with her arousal. Blaise delved his fingers inside her slit and caressed her nub with expertise.

Ginny arched her back and cried out from his fingertips.

Ginny had never felt such eager wanting before, everything was soft and wet and needy. She spread her legs, moaning as he pushed her nether lips wide, a long elegant finger diving in repeatedly into her slick folds.

“You’re not a virgin.” Blaise made it a statement and Ginny panted. “No.”

“Good, I don’t want to be gentle with you.” Blaise growled and he pushed Ginny over to the bed.

Ginny fell forward on her knees and Blaise lazily dropped his robe off to the floor. Seeing Ginny’s beautiful rump in the air, her legs spread, showing her beautiful pink slit, glistening with wetness, made Blaise’s cock jump to life.

His cock was throbbing hard. His cock a perfect size and girth for anything. Blaise pumped himself once, rubbing the head of his cock against Ginny's tight pink slit.

"Come on pet. Lean back." Blaise commanded and Ginny arched her back, scooting until she could feel his cock sliding into her. Ginny moaned deep in her throat.

Ginny felt deliciously stuffed from the sensation of his cock spreading her wide. He was still and she moved slowly, with her controlling the speed and depth of it. Blaise was being remarkably easy on her. Giving her complete control. Ginny moved all the way until she felt him slide all the way in.

Blaise groaned from the tightening of her hot, wet cunt against his cock. Blaise ran a hand down her shapely ass and Ginny jumped from the sensation of him spreading her buttocks, while he speared her.

Blaise ran a hand down the crack of her ass and slowly circled her tight puckered little hole. "Ginny, are you still a virgin here?"

Ginny whimpered from pleasure as his finger teased her. She tried to loosen Blaise from her cunt but his cock held her firmly in place. "Yes, Blaise..."

"Call me master, little pet." Blaise smiled lazily, stroking the hot little hole and he pushed his cock deeper in, hitting her cervix. Ginny cried out in pleasure and she began to squirm from his slow ministrations.

Instinct rode over common sense and Ginny moaned. "Yes, Master."

Ginny felt so stuffed and still she ached for more of him inside her. A need that overrode her baser rebellious instincts. Blaise watched as Ginny struggled with her wanting.

Blaise was patient to the point of laziness. He was a very hedonistic wizard. He believed in execution over relief, sensation and satisfaction over power. He was a Veela after all.

Ginny began to squirm on his cock and small begging noises erupted from her throat, as Blaise refused to push any further inside her, content to stuff her and hold her like that while he played with her pretty little hole.

Blaise spit in his palm and rubbed his fingertips across her ass.

"Pet, I want you to let me fuck your pretty ass. I want *you* to beg me." Blaise murmured quietly, before teasing the circle again.

Ginny moaned and her face was red in humiliation. Ginny did not want to admit that she needed Blaise so bad right now, that she would let him do anything that he wanted.

Ginny spoke the words baldly. "Please fuck me."

Blaise looked at his nails and sighed. "Fuck you where?"

Ginny groaned and buried her face in the bed, her body clenching needy around his cock. "In my ass..." Her words were whispered but Blaise made them out and he was very pleased.

Blaise withdrew from her sopping wet folds of her pussy and then carefully rubbed the juices on her other hole. Ginny whimpered, slightly terrified of the pain but her need had built up so much that she thought might explode soon.

“This may hurt a bit Pet.” Blaise tested her by placing the head of his cock against her tightly puckered hole. “Easy, breathe out and relax, Ginger.” His tone was a strange combination of command and indulgence.

Blaise rose up and slide in slower and Ginny vibrated from the sensation of being stretched almost painfully hard.

“It hurts...” Ginny whimpered and tears sprung to her eyes. “Shhhhhhh....” Blaise murmured soothingly as he pushed harder inside.

Ginny gasped and struggled against him. Blaise stroked her buttocks, moving down to her clit and he began to circle it, her wetness soaking his hand. “Good....pet.”

Ginny had never felt so stuffed, her body was reacting strangely and she was soaked with her own arousal. Blaise began to touch her clit and she felt herself spread wider as he began to pump slowly inside of her, hot, close to unbearably tight hole.

Ginny gasped as she felt a mind-numbing orgasm break over her. Her pussy ached and wept from the loss of his cock and Ginny screamed from the pleasure of him pumping again and again into her ass, hitting a pleasure spot deep inside her that she didn’t realize she had.

“Oh gods Master, please...” Ginny choked as he began to earnestly pump aggressively in and out of her sweet hole.

Blaise began to sweat as he watched Ginny transform from a volatile, strong woman, into a weeping mass of desire and need. A change that he brought about in her. Blaise almost lost it right there. Blaise pulled out of her ass and scourgified them both.

Ginny panted from the sensation of loss as Blaise pulled out. Ginny crawled on the bed towards him. Her eyes filled with the hunger that was consuming her.

“Please Master...” Ginny growled and crawled on top of him. He could feel her wetness as she climbed on top of him, impaling herself on him. It was still a tight fit. Blaise felt her shudder as she rode him, her breasts bouncing in the movement.

Her apparent willingness to use him , just because she needed someone so bad broke him. He felt himself explode within her depths and Ginny bucked and screamed as she orgasmed repeatedly from the filling of her womb. Ginny collapsed down on him, rigid and bucking as she continued to orgasm. Blaise rolled her over and he bore down on her, making sure she was filled with every last drop.

Blaise grinned and panted as he enjoyed the sensation of this girl sweating against him. Ginny appeared to have an appetite that rivaled his own sexually.

Blaise had a feeling this was going to be the best year at Hogwarts yet.

Classes started late now due to the dubious activates in the nighttime.

Very few mandatory classes occurred any longer.

School study time was little more then the Carrow’s indulgent activities that perused debauchery, torture and pursuit of the Dark Arts.

The younger students found that their behavior was rarely modified or rebuked. The nastiest of deeds became occasions of praise. This behavior created a rather nasty and volatile atmosphere where the marked children were constantly under attack and abuse.

Zabini was frequently seen in the company of the Carrow's and soon the behavior of the marked children suddenly began to change.

Something was noticeably different.

Previously rebellious students settled into a complacent and relaxed state and were more open to the assignments given.

Whether in Transfiguration or tasks that are more dangerous, the students rose to the occasion with dogged persistence.

Ginny Weasley and Blaise Zabini were the most noticeable.

The shock of witnessing their obvious relationship even turned most of the fourth years red with embarrassment and strangely aroused.

Draco noticed that Blaise constantly used his pheromones to keep Ginny in line. Draco would have found it more amusing, if Hermione and he were not likewise affected, if they spent time in Blaise's vicinity.

Neville and Luna had been secreted in his room most of the time except in class. Luna appeared to be defeated and completely devoted to her Master and Neville was considered champion for the swift turn of his pet.

Draco suspected foul play but Hermione kept him too distracted to care.

Hermione slowly recovered and Draco found himself spending more and more time with her. It was becoming hard to remember what his ultimate goals were.

Soon Voldemort would expect results.

Not to mention Lestrage was constantly harassing him to get his hands on Hermione.

That would *only* happen over Draco's dead body.

Draco knew that thought did not concern Lestrage overly much.

A shock came from an announcement a week later.

Voldemort had looked at the number of purebloods left and had gone with his influence in the Ministry of Magic to solve this pressing issue.

Voldemort decided the only way to insure the continuation of purebloods was to pass a marriage law, requiring the mating of purebloods of legal age. Marriages that were formerly in place were separated and then rematched, if they were not a pureblood couple.

Another mandate authorized that a child must be born from those matches within a year if the couples are both fertile. Failure to comply will result in a one-way ticket to Azkaban. Fertility potion consumption was required for all married couples upon joining.

The pureblood witches and wizards outraged by this law took to protesting vehemently in Diagon Alley and outside the Ministry daily.

Protests ended very quickly with the appearance of rogue Dementors and Deatheater attendee's to squash the rebellion.

This did not affect Hogwarts as much since most were too young to be married. The seventh years however were dreading the owl arrivals with the naming of their future spouse.

The morning after the announcement, Draco pushed open Zabini's door without knocking, and slammed the Daily Prophet down on his desk.

Draco paced and Blaise quirked an eyebrow.

Ginny was in the bath and Blaise had enjoyed a very relaxing morning of Battleship with her. Blaise grinned wickedly at the thought before focusing back on his angry friend.

"What utter rubbish!" Draco slammed himself back into the chair across his desk. "Marriage laws? Oh gods, what if I get Pansy or Bulstrode." Draco shudders slightly and frowns at Blaise who looks supremely unconcerned.

"What if? Who cares, you have your mistress and you pop out some heirs for the Dark Lord." Blaise shrugged. "Half our parent's marriages were arranged."

"Yes I was hoping that with my father being dead and all, that wouldn't be a concern." Draco scowled slightly and he picked up a glass paperweight rolling it in his hands.

"Feeling romantic Malfoy?" Blaise grinned slightly.

"Sod off Zabini." Draco said calmly dropping the glass ball on the desk so it bounced loudly.

"Speaking of romance, how is the seduction of Ms. Granger's sensibilities, does she think you are in love with her yet?" Blaise took a sip of pumpkin juice from a decanter.

Draco frowned. "It's hard to tell with her. Sometimes I think she is responding to me, but then I see her crying in the bathroom. *Women*. She hates loving me, if anything."

Blaise nods slightly but his eyes narrow thoughtfully on Draco's expression. "If I recall, she was a smart girl. She must know that you are just using her. Whoring her up, to make her fall for you. Poor sweet Draco Malfoy, what a terrible burden being a Deatheater is. You're so terribly misunderstood."

Draco saw Blaise watching him closely for a reaction and he shrugged and grimaced. "Yeah, the Mudblood is smart but she is easy to trick. Just a solemn expression here or there."

Blaise smirks slightly. "So, you are not enjoying making a fool out of her?"

Draco sneered at him.

"Of course, who wouldn't enjoy making one of the Golden Trio beg to have you inside her? I just never realized that Granger was such an easy mark." Draco laughed harshly, his eyes dark with annoyance at Blaise's sudden questioning.

Draco felt uneasy talking about Hermione with Blaise. Blaise was lazy, but he was loyal to Voldemort, and was not above revealing too much, if Draco confided in him how he really felt.

Blaise grinned slightly at Draco's words. "Then are you ready to let me borrow her? Might be fun for Ginny. She is such a dirty girl you know."

Draco pretended to consider the idea. He rubbed his chin thoughtfully and shrugged slightly. "Maybe, Hermione is getting a bit dull. Maybe we could trade."

A gasp sounded from just beyond the door.

A feminine gasp.

Draco absently recalled that he forgot to shut the door when he walked in.

Draco felt his stomach plummet at Blaise's expression of glee.

Draco forced a smirk on his face.

"That wasn't a House Elf, was it?" Draco remarked dryly, ignoring the pounding in his ears as he rose from his seat.

Blaise shook his head and laughed maliciously.

"You're a right git, you know that Zabini," replied Draco calmly as he exited the room to follow the little eavesdropper.

Chapter 6

Disclaimer: I do not own anything. JK ROWLING OWNS EVERYTHING. I make no money off of this writing, its just for fun.

Warnings: Not HP DH Compliant.

Graphic Material. MATURE CONTENT. Sex, profanity and everything else.

Hermione fled the hallway. She had heard everything. A part of her wondered if Zabini had done it on purpose. To do her a favor. He wanted her to know the truth.

Hermione knew she was plain, but it still hurt immensely that Draco wanted to end things with her and trade her for Ginny. Foolishly, she had considered him changed. He had been so tender with her lately. Hermione almost felt content.

Upon news of the Marriage Law passing, Hermione felt genuine fear because it would mean that Draco and she would be separated. More then ever before Hermione was becoming dependant on Draco, and it had made her sick.

Hermione ran into the restricted section of the library and she pulled a book off the shelf that she knew would hold the key to her escape.

The compulsion was an age limited one.

The compulsion spell was even stronger then the Tri-Wizard Tournament Cup.

It was from that memory that Hermione had gotten the idea. If she were beyond the age requirement for school then she would no longer be compelled to be here. She could Apparate beyond the borders with the others.

Go back to searching for the last Horocrux.

End this once and for all.

Hermione remembered with an aching heart when Fred and George had tried to age themselves to compete. They had laughed half the night over the long beards. Fred and George would know how to work around this; they were wickedly clever in their own right.

The loss of Fred Weasley had been a strong one. Almost as strong as Ron and Harry. Hermione felt dazed. How could she have forgotten their sacrifice? The past week seemed like a haze in retrospect.

Seeing Ginny seemingly happy with Blaise, and Neville and Luna together, made her think this could work. Surviving as a MUDBLOOD in Voldemort's new world.

She felt drugged, displaced, and the scene she just witnessed was like a dose of ice water in her face.

Draco Malfoy did not love her.

He was going to marry some pureblood and she would end up dead and used up somewhere if she did not escape soon.

Hermione hugged the book to her chest and slid down to the floor. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she thought about how lost she felt. Her heart felt like it was shattering.

When did she start to first care about Draco? She could not even remember anymore. At some point during her sixth year. After Harry cursed him, he looked so pathetic and alone. She had tried to understand why he was such a bastard to them but he defied reason.

Now, after everything, he was still betraying her.

Draco was playing her for a fool, exploiting her weakness to make her compliant.

Unknowingly Zabini had done her the greatest favor ever.

He had given her back her anger.

Hermione wiped the blinding tears from her eyes and grabbed the book that the Twins had raided all those years ago.

Quickly finding the spell she was looking for, she made some mental modifications to the potion.

Hermione memorized the ingredients and closed the book with a slap. Hermione rose on her toes and replaced the book on the shelf.

"Hello dear..." purred a man from behind her. Hermione turned suddenly and saw Lestrangle standing there menacingly.

Hermione felt a ripple of fear roll through her but she lifted her chin. "Lestrangle," she said flatly.

"Call me Rudolphus," Lestrangle grinned slightly as he advanced towards her, stalking her backwards until she bumped into the wall between the bookcases.

"The restricted section is off limits to Mudbloods." He leaned up against the bookcase and watched her with hooded eyes.

"I am picking up a book for Dra... Master." Hermione amended and she reached across for a random book and clutched it to her chest.

The dark wizard nodded to her words but he slowly advanced on her. "You've been crying. Not bad news, I hope?" False sincerity dripped from each word.

Hermione clutched the book closer to her chest, thinking about Draco abandoning her and the words spilled forth bitterly. "Predictable news," replied Hermione with a wry twist to her mouth.

Rudolphus laughed. "You're funny."

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Is there a point to this conversation?"

Rudolphus narrowed his eyes and the humor fell from them, leaving them cold and flat.

“Yes, Mudblood there is. Enjoy your time with Draco well. It may be the last happiness that you will experience in a long time.”

Hermione shuddered at that thought.

Rudolphus looked pleased and he smiled. “I would enjoy having you when he is finished. I would enjoy taking care of a feisty, clever mudblood like you. Will you consider me?” His tone was surprisingly gentle, with little innuendo.

Polite, like a suitor and it startled her.

The curious tone of asking permission distracted Hermione who looked puzzled at his phrasing.

Hermione felt a sob escape her as she considered that Draco had recently talked about getting rid of her to Lestrage.

The thought of him offering her to this dark wizard made her sharp with pain.

Lestrage narrowed his eyes at the awareness in her eyes. “Ah, it’s what I expected. Draco told you then?”

Hermione felt a churning in her gut. “No, but I overheard.”

Hermione considered the dark wizard for a long moment.

Lestrage was attractive she supposed.

Black hair fell to his chin, curled up to a handsome but hardened face with dark eyes. Olive skin, broad shoulders and lean toned muscle eased into black leather pants and a black Death eater Robe. Tattoos ran rampant over his tanned flesh and it gave him a predatory and hungry look to his features. He looked dangerous and slightly ravaged by Azkaban similar to Sirius Black.

The dark wizard moved closer to her and sniffed her hair. “Such a pretty little girl. I could be nice to you. Like he is.” Lestrage’s hand lowered and he cupped her bottom.

“I killed your wife!” snarled Hermione. She shook slightly and was repulsed by the idea of his attraction to her.

“Yes, therefore, I think you owe me a new companion. Besides, Death is an occupational hazard among our kind. Also, Bella was crazy. She loved the Dark Lord, not me.” Rudolphus laughed slightly and he pressed his erection against her, hard.

“Draco would be furious if he saw you here, doing this.” Hermione whispered as she squirmed against his erection.

Hermione pushed against him hard but he still leaned down to press his mouth to the top of her breasts, his tongue darting out to lick her flesh.

‘Are you so sure about that?’ Lestrage replied silkily.

Hermione whimpered from the touch of his tongue and the book fell from her hands. She tried to press on his chest to get free. Hermione tried pushing him back but he was just so much stronger than her. Hermione thought about Draco’s words earlier and she felt tears trickling down her face at his cruel words.

"I don't know..." sobbed Hermione.

Lestrangle swooped down like the vulture he was and captured her mouth in a kiss. His tongue should have repulsed her but instead she felt aroused and it made the objective part of her mind, question it.

What could give her this reaction? A small part of her fantasizing it was revenge against Draco but the logic argued it was something more reasonable, like a drug.

Hermione eyes snapped open.

Hermione was certain now that the House Elves were putting something in the food and water. Something to make them less resistant to the advances of the wizards and now she was trapped with this dark repellant wizard but she could not think straight. Since the only person that had been taking advantage of her was Draco, she had not bothered to counter it.

Now, she wished she had.

Hermione recalled seeing Cho Chang and Ginny Weasley acting out of character. Not obviously drugged but relaxed and doing public acts that would never have been in character before. She was such a fool.

Hermione had let Draco put her in this state of mind, the accepting point where she did not bother trying to rescue them anymore or rebel against the subtle changes in the captured students.

She hated Draco suddenly.

Hated him more than anyone in her life. Silent tears slid down her face as she thought of him.

Lestrangle ran his hands over her body and pressed her further into the wall. His mouth devouring her own, unaware of her wildly erratic thoughts.

"Yes, you're such a good little cat." Rudolphus whispered against her lips and he cupped her breasts, rubbing the nipples until they were hard.

Hermione wanted to scream with frustration, at the erotic feelings this action was unfairly evoking. Suddenly she saw something that made her freeze.

Draco.

Draco watched Hermione with Lestrangle and it made him sick to his stomach. She looked strange, almost feverish but she was not fighting Lestrangle at all.

Hermione had overheard what he said about her and she was moving on to greener pastures.

NO, that did not make sense, but he would look stupid if he interfered now.

You cannot rescue someone from something that they want.

Draco was watching Lestrangle snog her senseless.

Hermione observed Draco expression move from rage to anger to possessiveness to coldness.

Hermione realized her arms were intertwined around the dark wizard's neck and it looked like she was enjoying herself immensely, while crying.

RIGHT.

Draco turned on his heel and started to back away. Hermione wondered if he was going to abandon her here and now, rather than later to Blaise. Now tears leaked steadily off her face as she watched Draco walk away.

Lestrangle not realizing that Draco was there, began to purr loudly at the sight of her pain.

"Oh yes, I do like it when you cry poppet..."

Draco paused overhearing his words and it set him into motion.

Draco withdrew his wand and he threw a hex directly at Lestrangle's back. "Crucio, you son of a whore."

The hex hit Lestrangle and he dropped Hermione from his arms and fell to the floor. The depth of Draco's rage infused the spell and Lestrangle howled and rolled in agony.

Hermione suddenly unfroze and rushed to Draco. "Draco don't... You'll get yourself killed."

Hermione hugged his arm and Draco ceased, his face chalk white with anger. "Your lucky my pet, has a soft spot for you, you filthy bastard."

Draco shrugged Hermione off.

Lestrangle laughed as if that was the funniest thing he had ever heard. "Lucky me..."

Hermione heard Draco's hurtful words and she fled back to their room.

Other Death-eaters were coming out to see what the screaming had been about.

Draco walked away from Lestrangle in disgust as he pocketed his wand.

This was not finished with them, not by a long shot but it would have to sit for now. Draco heading for the room, knowing that had to be where Hermione had fled. It was the only safe place in the castle for her.

Except from him, that was.

Chapter 7

Disclaimer: I do not own anything. JK ROWLING OWNS EVERYTHING. I make no money off of this writing, its just for fun.

Warnings: Not HP DH Compliant.

Graphic Material. MATURE CONTENT. Sex, profanity and everything else.

Draco Malfoy was in a bad place.

Hermione had fallen silent in her thoughts of Voldemort. The revelations of the past few days had shaken her badly.

The truth was Hermione needed a way out and soon.

Hermione went to the kitchen for some ingredients, like kitchen salt, thyme and some calf milk. She managed to convince the House Elves to let her take all of the ingredients without too much difficulty.

The last ingredient was the hardest one.

Unicorn hair.

Hermione felt a surge of depression at the thought of the nearly impossible task ahead of her. Escape to the Forbidden Forest and steal Unicorn hair from one of the last breathing Unicorns alive. **(Right!)** or break into the Potions Lab and hope against hope, one was left in the stores.

Severus Snape had been a meticulous wizard but LeStrange was not.

The potions stores were barely stocked with anything other than the elements of lust potions and veritaserum. Hermione had to explore the last option before the first.

Hermione didn't even know if the compulsion spell would allow her to get as far as the Forbidden Forest.

Draco wanted an answer this evening.

Hermione had to succeed before then.

Hermione ducked into a hallway that leads towards the Dungeon where the Potions Store was kept. Draco was in class right now, which gave her some free time since she had been excused. Probably by Voldemort.

Hermione had to force back a giggle at the thought of Voldemort writing a teacher's pass.

Headmistress Carrow,

Please excuse Hermione Granger, Mudblood from all activities due to her eminent defection to Death Eater status.

Thank you,

Lord Voldypants.

Hermione felt another hysterical giggle escape from her and she was certain she was going slightly mad now. The sounds of other students making their way through the halls were off in the distance and she clapped a hand over her mouth, stifling her noise.

Once the noise faded, Hermione advanced down the steps and stopped in front of the door to the Potions Store.

If only she had her wand.

This whole nonsense would be over with quickly.

Now she would have to search manually.

Hermione gently eased the door open and looked inside.

Empty.

Hermione's original guess had been right. The normally full potions bottles were either completely dry or low on reserves. A new wall of conjured potions sat opposite of the bookcases and the tops of the counter were dusty from misuse.

Hermione rushed inside and began to overturn potion bottles and sift through boxes below. Hermione searched high and low for a sign of something. Hermione walked to the new shelf full of potions. The antidote for the drug would be helpful. Not eating or drinking was beginning to way on her.

Hermione snatched up one of the potions in her hand and began to read the label.

The door behind her shut and the room was flooded in darkness suddenly as a candle spark flew out.

"Little girl, it is bad form to steal from another wizard." The low purr in the voice set warning bells off in Hermione's head and she turned around to keep her back to the wall.

"Lestrangle..." Hermione whispered into the dark.

"Rudolphus." He whispered back and she felt the sudden weight of him against her.

Hermione screamed and shoved him.

He laughed and took a step back.

Lestrangle flicked his wand and the room glowed from the candle once more.

"What are you looking for Hermione?" The way he said her name like a caress caused her to shudder and she narrowed her eyes at him.

"Tell me dearling. Maybe I can give you what you need." Lestrangle folded his arms and leaned back on the counter top.

“Why would you do that?” Hermione took a step forward, inching for the door. She tried to use her words to distract him as she made her escape.

“Because I want to fuck you.” Lestrangle murmured bluntly.

“I’m a plain know-it-all and I have bushy hair.” Hermione paused to rattle off her faults, frustrated that this wizard would not leave her alone.

“And a luscious body and a mouth that should be illegal.” Lestrangle added with an infuriating smirk. “Besides, you are Draco’s. That is enough for me.”

Figures that if someone likes her its because Draco has her. Not because she *actually* has merit.

Hermione huffed and her hand reached the handle of the door.

“What did you think would happen when you came here? Weren’t you worried about being caught? It must be very important that you get whatever you were looking for.” Lestrangle purred as she reached for the door handle.

“Perhaps you were looking for an antidote? Someone strong willed like you must realize that we have been drugging the students. I could give you a month’s supply but you need to do something for me.”

Lestrangle strode to the door and stood in front of it. “Think about it, you could resist our advances for a whole month. Enough time to help your friends.”

Hermione looked dubiously at him. “Why would you help me with that?”

“Because, I want you. I always get what I want. Besides, what do I care if you fight Malfoy? Just as long as you don’t fight me.” Lestrangle smirks. “And you *can’t*. Fight me, that is. I want full compliance.”

Hermione shifted staring at him. “I want the potion first.”

Hermione was not a stupid girl. This snake was trying to trick her somehow.

Lestrangle nodded to her with hooded eyes. “Of course. I will even let you test it out on yourself first.”

Hermione knew it would not affect her at all since the drug had left her system. “Fine.”

Lestrangle walked over to the new counter and withdrew a small green bottle. He poured a teaspoon into a cup and offered her the sample. “Bottoms up.”

Hermione sniffed it and took a sip of the sample.

After a moment of Lestrangle watching her with gleaming dark eyes, Hermione began to feel clearheaded for the first time in weeks. It even chased away the dull feeling of apathy that had clung so doggedly.

Suddenly Hermione knew that she could escape, she just needed to get the kids that potion. The potion that Lestrangle was offering so willingly, without knowing that she had the means to escape permanently.

The problem was he wanted her.

Hermione shivered as the Dark Wizard narrowed in on her.

Rudolphus's gaze lowering to her mouth.

"Do we have a deal... Witch?"

His hands reached up to cup her bottom and Hermione felt renewed in her conviction. If this was the only way... She could not join Voldemort. She would rather die first.

The truth was that Draco did not love her.

Why not save everybody's life by giving this demented man what he wanted?

She had been giving it up to Draco and it had no results, just mind-numbing pain.

Hermione felt a fresh ache in her heart at the thought of Draco using her to get in good with the Dark Lord.

Rudolphus laughed at the expression of pain on her face. The little girl was painfully obviously in love with Draco. This made him feel soooooo good.

He had her *exactly* where he wanted her.

"The potion is yours Hermione. I want you now, though. No stalling." Lestrage placed the potion on the counter behind him.

"Take off your corset, poppet." Lestrage growled and he could feel himself painfully aroused. The pleasure of the anguished expression on the girls face was all the incitement his cock needed.

Hermione swallowed hard and gave him a grim determined look. Her small fingers moved to the stays and she tugging them loose, the pieces of the corset falling to the ground.

Hermione's beautiful breasts bounced out and the nipples puckered under the cold air. Her ribcage was narrow and her hips slender. The standard Mudblood issue of green silk panties covered the apex of her legs.

The girl had long, coltish legs and delicate ankles. She looked like she would break if a strong wind pushed her over. Her wild hair fell about her shoulders and Lestrage reached for a handful of her hair, sniffing it. Hermione shivered and her arms went up to cover her chest.

"No..." He growled. "I paid for the right to see you, all of you witch."

Rudolphus's dark eyes glowed and he traced a finger down to one of her perky nipples. He flicked it and Hermione felt the first response to his touch. Hermione shifted as she felt a flood of wetness form between her legs.

Suddenly she felt like she was drowning in need. Hermione felt flushed with desire, and just feeling his fingertips caressing her was causing her heart to beat triple time. Hermione choked suddenly as she realized something else was in the potion.

"The antidote..." Hermione thrust her pelvis up against his erection, squirming suddenly, dying because this man was not inside of her.

"Is a lust potion... Since you were abstaining from food and the drug..., it is not countering anything. It's heightening your sex drive, just like it does to the Deatheaters."

Lestrangle laughed, as Hermione purred like a little cat against him, rubbing her swollen apex against his thigh, stumbling as she tried to touch more of his skin.

“I need.....” Hermione mumbled and she rubbed her breasts against his hands, begging softly.

Lestrangle grinned wickedly thinking this would be some of the best sex in a long time.

“Okay kitten, just sit there.” Lestrangle pulled off his robes, revealing his broad tattooed chest and lean torso.

Hermione’s mouth began to water as his cock was revealed suddenly. It was impossibly long and thick, it probably would hurt her. Hermione trembled with that thought and she reached out to grab it.

Lestrangle growled as the little witch’s hand circled around his cock and she pumped it. Her fingers couldn’t close around the sides and she looked like she was going to faint from excitement.

“Mmm... Good. Now, suck on it you filthy Mudblood.” All gentleness and amusement fled his voice as he commanded her.

Hermione slid to her knees and stared hard at the enormous member, pulsating with life in her hand. She tentatively licked out at the base of his cock.

Lestrangle groaned and his hand moved down to entangle in her curls, guiding her mouth to swallow the tip, Hermione tried to take him all in her mouth but failed. She sucked at him and licked, worshipping his thickness, reveling in the salty taste.

Rudolphus groaned as Hermione began to gag from him forcing himself deeper and deeper in her hot, wet mouth. Her breasts were standing at attention, swollen and begging for his mouth. Her scent of arousal was sharp, clean and female.

So different from his dead wife, pure almost. He pulled out of her mouth, glistening wet and hard. Hermione had a fixated look of desire on her features and Lestrangle almost groaned from her innocent reaction to his size.

“Will it hurt?” Hermione wet her lips, salivating from the thought.

“I hope so.” His words sent shudders through her and she felt herself gushing wetness from her arousal.

Lestrangle growled and pulled her up against him. Hermione was dwarfed by the tall wizard, and she felt his arousal pushing into her belly almost. Straining on her tiptoes, she tried to get him to push in between her legs with his cock.

“Don’t rush it. I want to use you all night.” Lestrangle bit her shoulder and Hermione felt weak in the knees.

She leaned up against him and he turned, cupping her bottom and lifting her onto the counter. He pressed against her then and with a brutal movement shoved inside her.

Hermione howled from the sudden shock and stretching sensation of her cunt as his cock plunged nearly to the hilt in her petal-soft wet pussy.

Hermione shuddered and arched her back, whimpering as the pain took hold.

Lestrangle growled slightly and smiled. "It hurts... does it kitten?"

Hermione nodded as tears slipped down her enraptured face. "More..."

Lestrangle obliged and he shoved the last bit inside her and she felt him hit her cervix and she shuddered, clutching him to her as she orgasmed. Lestrangle knew that he probably tore her a bit but the little witch didn't seem to mind.

Lestrangle began to move deeper inside of her and he grabbed her buttocks; spreading them as his finger found her tight puckered hole there.

"I'm going to penetrate every orifice you have witch. How does *that* strike you?" Lestrangle bit her neck, catching the vein.

Hermione whimpered from the painful hold that he took on her neck, claiming her as he began to pummel her sore, tight pussy, repeatedly, riding her like a cat in heat, painfully, wickedly and infinitely.

Hermione began to lose track of time, every moment caught in an intensely painful pleasure-filled experience. Lestrangle began to stretch her legs over her head, twisting and turning her body into the most degrading of positions, using her body in ways that she had not dreamed possible.

Mirrors reflected the wanton creature, begging and moaning for the wizard to claim her again and again. Her body always ready and needy, and wanting more. Lestrangle turned her around and began to slam into her from behind, making her beg for him, abstaining and corrupting her until with pain she could feel no pleasure.

Hermione almost fainted when he began to slide into her ass. The pain was so intense from his girth that Hermione bucked up against him repeatedly, but his wicked fingers made only moans of compliance and need spill from her lips.

Rudolphus had already cum at least four times in the last few hours, but his ready potion supply kept them both awake and him ready and soon Hermione was beginning to forget who she was aside from a pleasurable hole for this Dark Wizard to abuse.

Lestrangle ground against her swollen clit, bucking and riding her until Hermione shrieked from her painful orgasm, her body falling limply beneath his. They were on the floor by now.

Lestrangle was sweating heavily and he had Hermione's nipple in a death grip between his teeth. Marks littered her body from various scratches and bite marks that the wizard had inflicted on her.

Hermione felt like she wasn't even breathing. Lestrangle stayed hard inside of her as he felt the little witch suddenly slow down. He did not want to kill her. He found her way too amusing to fuck.

Lestrangle captured her swollen mouth in a kiss. His tongue flicked out, he lapped at her own tongue, and he could taste himself in her mouth. Positively sinful.

Rudolphus's hands stroked her trembling and arching body, as he pulled out, sliding down to her pussy. Lazily he flicked his tongue against her swollen, sopping clit. Hermione flinched

in agonizing pleasure. She forced a moaned from her throat in response and he buried his face in her sopping wet folds.

“Cum for me little Mudblood... Your hated Deatheater lover. Do it because you want too. Not because you are compelled by a drug. Say it..” Rudolphus tortured her pussy, with a few careful placed licks and nips.

Hermione gasped. “I want you, please... I love fucking you...”

“Say my name... Mudblood..” Rudolphus buried his tongue deeper into her sensitive slit and Hermione screamed. “Rudolphus!”

She arched and him began to devour her, leaving her shaking and trembling weakly from orgasm.. “Stop... Please... no more... I can’t take anymore...”

“Then you know what to say.” He grinned wickedly down at his Mudblood lover.

“I’m your whore, your whore to fuck as you please, Rudolphus.” Hermione’s voice sounded defeated and repetitive as she had said it all night long.

The door slammed open and Draco stood there with an icy expression. Hermione’s vision blurred as she focused on Draco’s icy expression. Lestranger gave her another lick at her clit and Hermione arched and cried as she felt the orgasm roll together with the shame.

Draco stared down at Hermione. The Potions store was a wreck. The room positively reeked of sex and she had bite marks all over her body, she wore all the markings of Lestranger’s possession of her.

She *wasn’t* crying, and she had just *orgasmed* in front of him. Draco felt a part of him shut off and he had to leave otherwise he was going to cry in front of them.

Draco knew objectively that he had pushed her away with the request about Voldemort but she had betrayed him with Lestranger of all people.

He was a sadistic bastard who enjoyed inflicting pain on his lovers.

Hermione wasn’t like that, was she?

Draco turned on his heel and closed the door behind him.

It was after two in the morning she thought absently. The shock of seeing Draco standing there watching Lestranger touching her, had sent her into shock.

Hermione felt the potion beginning to wear off. She felt cold, exhausted, and she was not sure she could walk.

Hermione opened her eyes and stared across at Lestranger. Her eyes felt dry and red from crying. She was all cried out. All she felt was sick and shame filled that Draco had seen her whoring herself.

Lestranger rolled off her and nodded slightly. “You kept your end of the bargain, Mudblood.”

Lestrangle strode naked to the potion stores and he bent down tossing the bottle along with her robes at her. “Good luck explaining this to Draco.”

Lestrangle smirked slightly, as Hermione grimaced.

“Don’t worry Mud-blood. I plan to have you when he discards you. You make me laugh. With your obvious affection for your enemy. Maybe I could convince you to love me too after a while.” Lestrangle purred meaningfully at her.

Hermione felt the coldness deep in her bones as Lestrangle exited the room. Hermione tried to summon the desire to walk, or even move but she felt weak and she was cramping in her pelvis area.

Lestrangle certainly *had* hurt her as he had promised.

Hermione rolled over and she could feel the cold stone floor pressing into her face. She dragged the robe over her body and rolled back to button it. Every muscle hurt right now and then she saw something out of the corner of her eye.

Lestrangle must have been as tired as her. He had left his wand. Hermione struggled to her feet slowly, the desire to survive overrode her pain and she clutched the wand to her hand. Hermione gasped when recognized the wand.

It was Ron’s wand.

Lestrangle must have taken it after the battle when he died.

Fresh grief rolled inside of her at the thought. The collar was preventing her from using it. She had used it before.

It was made with... Unicorn hair.

OH god.

UNICORN hair.

Hermione limped to the potions table and she whacked the end of the wand with all her might on the side of the surface. The walnut wood snapped in half. Hermione gingerly plucked the thin strands of silvery hair from the broken pieces.

She had the last ingredient.

Unicorn hair.

Draco hated her, but she had the last ingredient and she could save the others. Hermione leaned down and tied the strand around her ankle.

Hermione looked up suddenly when the door slammed open again. She leaned on the counter top and hid the wand.

Draco stood there again.

His expression was more composed then earlier and his eyes shone with a strange silver light that glittered almost.

Draco’s voice spoke icily. “Ready for your next customer?”

Draco sneered and he shut the door behind him. "It occurred to me that I was going about this all wrong. I was right about you. You like to be abused. If that is what you wanted this whole time, you should have spoken up."

Draco walked slowly into the room and circled Hermione with a small, deceptively gentle smile. "I should have guessed, I suppose. A brute like Victor Krum, well, we all *knew* what he was capable of."

Hermione felt despair gush through her at his shuttered features.

"Then again the Weasel was kind of brutish wasn't he? Lug-head that he was. I just always saw you as someone more delicate. That was my fault. I guess I was blinded. I did not see the truth about you. All those years I called you a Mudblood Whore as a joke, and I was right. Wasn't I?"

Hermione stared down at the ground. Draco gripped her chin hard and tilted her face up to his own furiously beautiful face.

"TELL me.... The truth." Hermione tried to look away from him but Draco's grip was firm.

Hermione could feel her eyes burning as Draco stared into them. His facade of calm dropped and he suddenly looked wild with jealousy and hurt.

His features twisted with rage.

"I just wanted to know what I was being passed along too." Hermione finally said.

Draco dropped his hands and he balled them in a fist and struck the wall behind her.

Hermione flinched and began to shake. "You said you would give me to him. I wanted it to be on my terms."

Draco smiled unpleasantly. "These are your terms? Whoring yourself out to a Deatheater in a painfully sadistic manner?"

Hermione looked helplessly at him since she could not tell him the truth.

Draco grimaced darkly. "I accept."

Draco pressed into her, his mouth coming down on her sensitive and bruised flesh at her neck. He pushed his body into hers and she moaned as her raw backside collided with the counter top.

"Draco that hurts." Hermione whimpered.

"I thought you liked that though. Mudblood." Draco sneered as his hands moving down to between her legs. His slender fingers were gentle against her folds despite his cruel words.

"I just want what you give everyone else." He hissed in her ear.

Draco spread her legs and he pressed the tip of his cock against her soaked, swollen folds.

"Please Draco, can't we just kiss?" Hermione muttered as Draco penetrated her and he could feel her wet response from the hours of sex.

"I don't kiss whores." Draco ground out.

Hermione began to cry and Draco shuddered with anger as he forced his way inside of her. She was swollen, tight and hot.

Draco could feel pain in his chest from the exploration of her body that revealed her intimacies with Lestrage. He felt possessed. He had to replace her memories of that bastard.

He licked at the side of her neck, as he continued to pump deeper and deeper inside of her. It never felt like enough to him. Hermione was his but he could not burn the image of Lestrage devouring her out of his mind.

Draco came back from his world of thoughts and sensations at the sounds Hermione was making. A strangled hiss of agony was pushing from her waxy lips as Draco slipped in and out of her wetness.

"You know you love it Granger. I just want to give it to you as he did. Long, hard and deep. Gods you're so wet for me." Draco shuddered as he began to feel close to release. Hermione was flooding his cock with wetness.

Draco leaned down and saw her eyes were closed and she was gripping him tightly, as he exorcised his rage and lust into her body like a receptacle.

Draco panted as Hermione moaned softly in pain. Draco jerked and came inside of her, exploding from the small moan on her part. He bucked repeatedly but Hermione was slow to respond.

"Hermione?" Draco pulled out of her slowly, and looked down. To his horror, his cock had blood on it and he saw blood slowly rolling down from between her legs.

"Oh gods... Hermione..." He gently tapped the side of her face and she blinked her eyes round and shiny from pain.

"Lestrage.... He hurt me... You just opened something." Hermione said faintly and her legs felt rubbery from standing while he had fucked her.

Draco lowered Hermione to the ground with a panicked look. "Damn it... You didn't say no."

"Would it have mattered?" Hermione whispered bitterly and Draco reeled like she had slapped him..

Draco would have liked to say so, but he was crazed with pain.

Maybe not.

"Yes it would have. Hold still." Draco said shortly.

Draco grabbed his wand and cast a healing charm on her.

Hermione sighed as some of the pain left. Her body unclasped slowly from the curled position on the floor. Draco stared at her and gently brushed her hair from her face.

Hermione stared up at him with calm and accepting eyes. Draco stared down at her with bleak eyes. His eyes seemed to indicate he wanted to say something more.

Hermione saw him fighting with himself and she pushed herself up gingerly. “You will never love me, will you?”

Draco stared hard at her but his eyes were suspiciously wet. “That hardly matters at all, does it.”

Hermione nodded slowly and she took a deep breath. She would probably be dead this time tomorrow. If not, then she would be free and on the run. Either way, this boy in front of her would be gone.

Draco had not really hurt her with his actions; she had wanted him do those things to her. Hermione had wanted to soothe him and his anger.

Lestrangle had nothing to do with Draco in the truth of things and she could see the guilt written on his face. Draco was so filled with self-loathing and hatred, but sometimes, she saw something more in him.

Draco was a hard boy to love.

Oh gods, she loved him.

She really *did* love him.

She was a fool.

Draco looked suspiciously at her sudden silence and he grabbed her by the arm. “Let’s go. Voldemort will want to see you tomorrow.”

Hermione closed her hand around his own, seeking out his touch, the familiarity of it, comforting. Draco did not pull away.

It felt like an agonizingly long walk to the room and when Draco opened the door, Hermione felt both dread and relief.

“Sit down.” Draco said tonelessly before he walked to the bathroom. Leaving the door open, he began to run the water in the tub. He sat at the edge of the tub staring into the running water. He hurt all over.

Hermione’s betrayal hurt worse than anything he had ever felt in his life.

He numbly ran his fingers into the water. Steam began to rise off the edges of the tub and Draco pulled off his robes. Something in her eyes had touched him. Draco poured a goodly amount of soap in the looked defeated, Draco was not a fool.

Something had hurt her badly in that room.

Probably *him*.

He forced her to do that.

Hermione quivered on the edge of the bed before she got up to look at Draco. Draco looked so lost. He was half-naked, sitting on the edge of the tub, his hand in the water. His eyes were half-mast and his features etched with anguish.

Hermione sucked in a breath slowly. Draco looked beautiful to her at that moment. All of his sarcasm and cruelty cut away to reveal the troubled, wickedly angelic looking boy.

"I drove you to him," spoke Draco hoarsely. Draco's words were so faint that Hermione had to move closer to hear it over the running water.

Hermione moved into the bathroom and she turned the faucet off. The humidity sent a flush over her sensitive skin. She turned her face up to Draco and her warm brown eyes ran worriedly over his face.

Hermione could think of a million things to say and every one of them would end in one of them crying and hating the other. Hermione did not want him figuring out her reasons. Hermione straightened and her eyes went carefully blank as she pulled the robe off.

Draco looked up at her bruised and well-loved nude body. Draco knew she was injured but he had not realized the extent of it. He was a blooming idiot. Draco felt his face freeze as Hermione closed her eyes in pain.

"Lestrage wants to petition the Dark Lord to keep me." Hermione felt the words pouring from her mouth.

Hermione choked back a sob, as Draco said nothing.

He did not respond at all.

Hermione screamed in her head. Why didn't he react? Did he hate her so much that he did not care?

"Get in the water." Draco turned to look at her, his expression unreadable.

Hermione reluctantly walked to the tub and then she slowly eased her aching flesh into the hot soapy water, feeling vulnerable from the exposure. Draco reached out and his fingers touched on a bite mark on her shoulder.

"The bastard marked you. That was rude." Draco's tone came out silky and pondering. Hermione felt the water easing some of the pain and the soap began washing away the dirty feeling that she had been carrying around.

Draco could feel his mind working very quickly. If he appeared uncaring about what happened it would only cement his indifference to Hermione among the other Deatheaters.

Lestrage was certainly telling everyone how he had bagged Draco's Mudblood.

That was the point of the seduction after all.

"Wash yourself, Mudblood." Draco turned away from her, as he said it.

Hermione felt his cold words wash over her and she felt a spark of anger. "Do it yourself if you want it so bad, FERRET." She snapped and sat up.

Draco blinked at her sudden change and he grimaced as he suddenly realized, she was trying to bait him.

"If you want to keep your lover's saliva all over you, be my guest." Draco purred as he dragged himself to his feet and stared down at her in the tub with a blank expression.

"Who are you going to share me with next Draco? I've got Lestrage out of the way." Hermione rose up and the water dripped off her. Her expression was one of calculated

menace.

“Blaise, wasn’t it?” Hermione rapped out at him and threw the soap bar at his head. “Your whore... Draco, you made me your whore!”

“Your being ridiculous, Mudblood. Look at you, all red in the face, demanding to know which of my friends you should tup.” Draco responded tersely.

Draco tried to remain calm, as Hermione began to scream at him. Her word digging a way into his heart, and he was close to losing it.

Hermione stumbled out of the water and advanced on him.

“Look at me... You would have let him do this and worse... Admit it. You just angry that I did it without your consent.”

Hermione’s voice cracked and she spun around in front of him, demanding that he respond to her.

Draco surveyed the bite marks on her hip, and thighs, with objectivity.. Bruises and redness appeared on her perfectly curved bottom, the apex between her legs swollen, as was her mouth. Lestranger had dug deep scratches into her back and her lips appeared well used.

Draco swallowed hard as he saw the bruises between her thighs.

“I’m a fool. I was a naïve fool to believe that you cared about me at all. Lestranger was right.” Hermione’s tone sounded wild with pain and her voice had softened.

Draco knew this was the moment he should say something to her.

Voldemort would demand him to right this.

It was painfully obvious to *everyone* that Hermione felt something for him.

She was such a bad liar and her anguish was written into every feature of her beautifully expressive face.

Hermione appeared plain to the outsider looking in until they saw the strength and beauty of personality that glowed through her pale features, giving her bright eyes and a soft glow.

A glow Draco stamped out cruelly just by *breathing* in her nearby vicinity.

Draco grabbed her and pulled her against him.

Hermione stared up at him and her eyes closed suddenly as he pressed his lips to hers. Hermione felt her heart leap as Draco opened her mouth slowly, tenderly and touched his tongue to her own.

Draco could feel the bruised flesh beneath his own lips and he recalled the image of Hermione sobbing Lestranger’s name as she orgasmed.

It had sounded pained, like a wounded animal.

Like she had wanted it so bad, that it was killing her.

Jealousy and possession pulled at him, dragging him into a cold place.

“You are a fool to think I could ever care about a filthy Mudblood like you.” Draco forced a sick looking smile to his face and he pushed her back from him.

Hermione felt his words like a dull slap.

She turned around and walked to the bed.

Draco tried to rationalize that it was for her own good. Hermione would know nothing but suffering at his hands, and the Death Eaters.

Draco looked up at a choking sound.

Hermione was dragging her nails across the soft part of her neck and she was tugging on the collar about her throat. She was putting all her weight in the opposite direction and she jerked hard to try to cut off her circulation. Blood was starting to seep under her neck from the deep gouges she was making with her nails in her frantic excitement..

Draco sucked in a breath as he felt the immense pain soak into him, watching the desperate movements, like a bird trapped in a cage, killing itself to escape.

Draco yelped and ran across the room, sliding onto the bed to wrest her hands back down. “What the hell did you think you were doing?” Draco demanded.

Hermione’s dejected eyes rolled back in her head from lack of oxygen. “I just wanted it to be over.” She said hoarsely.

Draco felt her words like a punch in the stomach. Draco lost his breath and he unlocked the collar from about her neck frantically. His eyes were bleak with pain and worry. He began inspecting the deep scratches about her throat made Draco feel small.

The Gryffindor who was brave and strong against impossible odds had finally cracked.

Draco Malfoy had *finally* broken Hermione Granger.

To Draco’s mortification he felt tears burn in his eyes.

Hermione slowly began to breathe normally. Draco’s eyes were wet as he captured her gaze fiercely.

“I would never have given you to Lestrage. That was just an empty threat.” Draco’s voice cracked in anger as he felt the confessions begin to pour forth.

Hermione’s gaze flickered with something that looked like pain. “It doesn’t matter now. I am just your mudblood whore Draco. When you marry, I will be passed on to someone else.”

Draco’s eyes lowered and he growled under his breath.

Hermione shuddered. “I don’t want to be with anyone else. Don’t you get it Malfoy? I would rather be dead.”

Hermione sat up and she rubbed her throat. She stared at the beautiful boy who looked so unhappy across from her.

Draco gently removed her hands from her neck. “Let me.”

Draco waved his wand and the wounds began to seal themselves back up, even the soreness faded with the glow of his wand. Hermione closed her eyes and she gently placed her hand over his. Suddenly she turned faster than Draco expected and she had pulled the wand from his hand.

Hermione aimed it at his throat and Draco froze and stared at her uncollared throat. She had a wand and she could use it. Humiliation burned into his pale cheeks.

Hermione stared down at her tormentor and the tip of the wand nudging against his pale neck.

"I remember the first time I saw you in school. I thought you were like some avenging angel. Blond hair, fiery silver eyes and perfect features. I remember how much it hurt when you sneered at me and called me Mud-blood. My first thought was how sad that a boy who had *everything* was so hateful. I remember feeling *sorry* for you," whispered Hermione and Draco's ears turned red.

"Then school continued and you went out of your way to humiliate me, you reveled in making me cry for you. I hated you. I hated everything about you. Yet, still I defended you, when Harry and Ron were cruel to you. I remember punching you in the face, and how good it felt to do violence to you. The years following that made my temporary victory seem hollow. I could not stop thinking about you. I was obsessed with you. Obsessed with wanting to help you. I prayed that you would change and that you wouldn't let your father's legacy destroy who you were."

Hermione walked over towards the door as she spoke.

Hermione's eyes were solemn as she watched him. "But you never *did* change. Why did you ask for me, Draco? No lies now."

"Because I wanted you. I've wanted you since the day I saw you." Draco's tone sounded weary and he lifted his slender fingers up to his temple. His hair dropped in his eyes and Hermione frowned.

"It makes me insane, wanting you. You are like a fever in my blood. I cannot get rid of. I hate you for it." Draco whispered.

Hermione trembled. "I don't understand. Why do you hate me?"

"Because he can't have you Mud-blood." Lestranger spoke up from behind her.

Hermione turned on him with Draco's wand.

Headmistress Carrow and her brother stood behind him in the doorway.

Hermione could have cursed herself for being so blind.

They were there the whole time and she had focused on Draco so hard, that she had not seen them open the door.

"Care to explain the destruction of my wand, poppet?" Lestranger raised an eyebrow at the broken walnut pieces in his outstretched hand.

Headmistress Carrow narrowed her squinty gaze at Hermione.

“Mr. Malfoy, are you in the habit of allowing your Pet to wander about un-collared with a wand?”

Draco stared humorlessly across at the Carrows. “Only in the present company. Alternatively, didn’t Lestrangle explain how she broke his wand? He was abusing my pet without my permission.”

Draco strode to Hermione and looked hard into her eyes in silent communication. Hermione could fight, and probably die, or she could stay with him and survive to free the others. WHY was she always in such a hard place with him.

Reluctantly she handed the wand back to Draco.

Draco smirked and turned to the Carrows. “Her collar is removed because I had to inspect the damage.” He ripped Hermione’s robes off and shoved her towards the Carrows.

Hermione’s cheeks flushed as the Carrows stared hungrily at her abused flesh.

“Lestrangle, you did this?” Alecto sounded impressed.

Lestrangle shrugs. “I don’t understand what he is talking about.”

Draco scowled and lowered the wand to Lestrangle’s face. “I could make it so you don’t understand anything ever again, if you attempt to take what’s mine.” Draco pulled Hermione behind him, away from their leering eyes.

“Hermione has decided to take the Dark Mark. Voldemort will be pleased with me. As a reward, I may just ask for your useless neck, Lestrangle. Do we have an understanding?” Draco smiled flatly.

Lestrangle glared at him. “Perfectly.”

The Carrows laughed. “Now that you’ve settled your little dispute, we will take the Mudblood.”

Draco felt fear grip his belly and he let coldness settle over his features. “Why, may I ask?”

“She damaged another Deatheaters property. She must serve detention.” Alecto Carrow’s face gleamed with malice and excitement.

Draco knew the school rules and idly he wondered if Hermione had considered them before she broke Lestrangle’s wand.

Draco looked across at Hermione with a defeated expression.

Hermione turned to the Carrows and walked forward stubbornly.

Hermione bravely tossed back her head. “Let’s go then.”

Draco turned away from her determined look and raised an eyebrow to the Carrows. “I want her returned in one hour. Voldemort needs to see her on the morrow.”

The Carrow’s clapped their hands gleefully and nodded.

Draco could feel Lestrangle grinning at him but he ignored it.

Draco watched as they dragged Hermione away and he shut the door.

A minute later, the only sound in the room was that of a young boy weeping.

Chapter 8

Disclaimer: I do not own anything. JK ROWLING OWNS EVERYTHING. I make no money off of this writing, its just for fun.

Warnings: Not HP DH Compliant.

Graphic Material. MATURE CONTENT. Sex, profanity and everything else.

Just west of Malmesbury Abbey, Harry Potter looked at Nia and wavered slightly.

“I am so hungry and tired right now. Can we just rest?” Harry leaned against a crumbling wall.

Nia blinked her flaxen colored eyes at him and she sat down and stared up at him. “You need food...?”

Nia pulled a fist full of Muggle pounds out of her pocket and walked towards a store.

Harry limped after her. “Who gave you Muggle money?”

“Mrs. Malfoy,” responded Nia and she went to the grocery mart.

Harry had one similar to his house in Little Whinging.

Nia walked inside and she shrugged towards the aisles full of Muggle wares and food.

Harry opened a refrigerated section and pulled out three ham and cheese sandwiches, two apples and a pint of milk. Carrying the purchases to the counter, he pressed the money towards the cashier.

The Muggle cashier turned to make change for the 50-pound note but the two kids were gone when he turned around. “Hey, don’t you want your change?”

Harry and Nia ran towards the entrance of the Abbey with their food. Collapsing into a pew, the sudden warmth did much for them and they hurriedly began to unwrap the sandwiches. With frozen fingers, Harry stuffed sections of the sandwiches in his mouth.

“If we travel by Muggle train, it will be roughly 6 hours until we get to the surrounding towns near Hogwarts.” Harry’s cheeks were full of food as he spoke, but he was so hungry, he did not care.

Nia laughed at his expression and she gingerly took a bite of the ham and nodded thoughtfully. “Your food is good. I’ve never had this before.”

“It sounds like your childhood was worse the even mine,” laughed Harry.

Harry grinned and swallowed the rest of his food in one bite.

“Where I come from we eat lots of rice and spicy sauces,... although that was a long time ago. When I was little. Lately I have been living off of rats and other rodents.”

Harry look disgusted. “The Malfoy’s are so buggered up, it’s all that inbreeding. Rats, really!”

Nia shook her head ruefully. “No, it was the Dark Lord.”

Harry turned to stare at her. “Riddle...”

Harry could feel ice trickle down the back of his neck.

“Yes, I was taken from my family about five years ago. I was a prisoner of the Dark Lord until very recently.” Nia nibbled on the ham part of the sandwich.

“I escaped and found you in the basement of the Malfoy’s. I knew I had to help you Harry Potter.” Nia flushed with pleasure. “You and I both want to destroy He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named.”

Harry turned red as he stared across at the exotic girl. “Where is your family?”

“Rajasthan.... India.” Nia’s eyes half closed and her tongue flicked out sleepily.

“India is full of beautiful temples, mystical lore and warm people living in poverty. Not like this England.” Her voice was a low, hypnotic tone and Harry felt the girl curl up against him as her body vibrated warmth.

“We should rest for just a bit. The church is warm and I think its safe.” Nia murmured sleepily.

Harry could not fight the urge to close his eyes and he gave into her warmth and let himself drift to sleep.

...

Neville stared down at Luna while she slept.

The past week had been remarkably smooth going. He needed to get deep enough in with the Deatheaters to warrant information on Harry Potter’s whereabouts and the truth of his death.

Neville pressed a kiss to Luna’s temple and he rose up from the bed. Donning his robes, he opened the door and warded it shut.

He did not want any visitors while he was gone.

Neville swept past the hallway, when he heard shouting and saw the Carrow’s escorting Hermione down the hallway, with Lestrage in tow.

Neville nodded to the Carrow’s and went to move past them when Hermione suddenly launched herself at Neville and tripped, knocking him flat to the floor.

“Ow! Stupid Mudblood.” Neville muttered quickly, over the apology he had been about to utter.

Hermione slowly crouched to get to her feet, her fingers tugged on the unicorn hair and she stumbled again and pressed the hair into Neville's hands. Giving him a desperate look, Neville swept the hair into the indents of his robes, away from sight.

"Clumsy Granger... Not unexpected." Neville muttered and continued past them.

Neville watched as Hermione was shoved into walking again and eventually Neville heard them move out of sight.

Looking down at the single pale silvery strand Neville realized it was unicorn hair.

It must be a potion ingredient of some kind.

Hermione did not think he was a Deatheater.

On the other hand, she was that desperate.

Neville turned around and headed back to his room.

If Hermione was planning a revolt he needed to be ready.

Blaise Zabini was stretched out on the bed and Ginny had her hot, sexy mouth, bobbing up and down on his cock. Blaise stretched his arm above his head with a lazy grin.

The past week had been delicious and *absolutely* the best reason he could think of for joining Voldemort.

A sharp knock sounded at the door and Blaise called for whomever it was to enter.

Ginny looked like she would stop when suddenly two Deatheaters showed up but Blaise pressed her head back down gagging her until she began to suck him again.

The Deatheaters were wearing masks and Blaise was not quite sure whom they were and he didn't care.

"Yes?" Blaise inquired indulgently.

The Deatheaters were staring at his cock, as it disappeared between Ginny's swollen lips. One of them straightened and his eyes glittered with lust and envy.

"The Dark Lord wants you to advise Draco Malfoy that his mother was poisoned. It was believed that it was snake poison."

Blaise sat up in shock and he pushed Ginny off his cock. "Mrs. Malfoy is dead?"

"Yes. Also, now two of his trophies are missing." The man darted a look at Ginny and then back at Blaise.

Blaise actually paled. "I'll tell him. Leave us."

Ginny looked at Blaise with her head tilted slightly in confusion. Blaise shrugged on his robes and looked at Ginny.

"Just go to sleep luv. This will take a while." Blaise stormed out of the room and headed for Draco's quarters.

Blaise knocked twice on Draco's door and finally a bleary eyed Draco appeared. He looked smashed.

"So you've heard then?" stated Blaise as he took in Draco's obviously drunken stupor.

"What? That I'm an *idiot*? Yes, it was brought to my attention earlier." Draco leaned back on the door as he beckoned Blaise inside.

"No, Draco... This is serious. It's about your mother." Blaise looked at him worriedly.

"What about old Deatheater Mum?" Draco said sneeringly, before pouring another glass of fire whiskey. "Did they cut her credit up at Gringotts again? Poor mum."

Blaise looked pale with regret. "She's dead, Draco. She was attacked by a snake of some kind."

Draco dropped the glass and leans on the table with all his weight suddenly trying to catch his breath. The table gave out under his weight and he crashed to the floor.

"She's dead? Hermione is dead. Who did it?" Draco screamed and tried to get to his feet.

He stumbled up and looked blurry eyed at Blaise. "Why did they do it?"

Blaise gripped Draco by the lapel. "NOT Hermione. Your mother. Narcissa Malfoy? How much of that stuff have you had to drink?"

Draco looked at Blaise with a bleak expression. "Not enough... my mother's dead... Well at least she is away from this hellhole. Maybe she can find some peace. You know, that stuff that alludes the rest of us in this maelstrom? We're damned Blaise... He did this to us," whispered Draco, his hot whiskey-laden breath poured into Blaise's ear. Blaise veered away from him.

"Mate.. you need to get a grip." Blaise straightened and pushed Draco off. "I know your upset about your mother but this is the right path for us."

"It doesn't bother you at all that if you weren't doping up Weaselette she wouldn't spit on you to put a fire? You are cheating yourself. Ginny will never be real. All of this is a bloody mirage! You need to get a grip. MATE." Draco sneered and he stumbled to the bed and tears glittered in his eyes.

"My mother.. Hermione... Even the Weaselette. Abusing witches... How manly this is," slurred Draco sarcastically.

Blaise shook his head. "You are letting that little Gryffindor slag contaminate your mind. You're going to take us all down with you."

"You really think I could? Take you all down with me? How interesting," pondered Draco with a faint cold smile.

Blaise glared. "Because I am your friend, I am going to forget you said that, but you need to tow the line here. *Understand?*" Blaise pushed out the door and slammed it shut.

Draco stared down at the bottle of whiskey and he closed his eyes.

Something had to change and soon.

Neville hurriedly opened and closed the door to his room. The stillness in the room worried him and he looked around wildly for Luna. She was not on the bed, or in the bathroom. Neville panicked and he realized he did not have to unward the door.

Someone had taken her and Neville had no idea where.

Neville headed for the dungeon in fear.

Harry awoke to the sound of heavy breathing and a foul odor and he tensed. An old man was leaning over him and touching his face. A Muggle from the looks of it.

“Heyya, you a bit o’ spare?” The old man grabbed his crotch. Harry groaned as the old man squeezed him and Nia straightened besides him. “I’ve got the brass, pretty boy.”

“Get off me ya pervert.” Harry straightened and tried to shove him off.

Nia hissed and attacked the old man, clawing at his face. The man let go of Harry and fell to the ground in between the pews.

“Nia!” Harry tried to grab her arm but the man had frozen, staring at her dilated eyes.

The man wet himself suddenly and Harry jumped back disgusted as he pulled Nia with him.

Nia tumbled and fell ontop of Harry and she wet her lips.

Harry felt a push of desire at feeling her soft body pressed against him. He shook his head and he realized how wildly inappropriate the timing was.

“Hurry, we should get out of here.”

Harry stumbled upwards, pulling Nia with him. They booked out of the Abbey and ran to hide under one of the nearby Alcoves.

“This isn’t working. Blaise is drawing too much attention. He’s too good looking and I look like a homeless boy.” Harry stared down at the tattered Muggle clothes that barely fit him.

“Blaise is bigger then me and my pants are obscenely tight.” He sounded frustrated and Nia touched his shoulder.

“I think you are better looking then him, so keep the disguise.” Nia replied honestly and Harry blushed bright red.

“Plus, your scar.” Her fingers went up to where his scar would be. “Too noticeable.”

Harry shivered from her touch and he looked down at his shoes. “How long were we asleep?”

Nia shrugged.

Harry asked a passerby Muggle and was shocked to find it was nearly 3 hours later.

“We missed the train! Bugger!” Harry turned to Nia with a frantic look. “The next train isn’t until tomorrow.”

Nia quirks an eyebrow. “Will this help us at all?” She drew a short wand out of her bag and handed it to him.

Harry’s mouth opened. “You’ve had that the whole time? Do you have a Hippograff stuffed in there too?”

Nia nodded. “Mrs. Malfoy...”

Harry embraced her and squeezed her tight. “You’re wonderful. Absolutely amazing Nia!”

Nia flushed and she looked back at Harry who was hugging her in excitement. “So are you...” She whispered softly.

Nia tentatively pressed a kiss to his lips.

Harry was stunned and he opened his mouth, accepting this small measure of happiness in this dark and vile world. Harry pressed a feeling of betrayal to Ginny from his mind as he kissed her back sweetly.

Nia gasped as Harry’s tongue flicked inside her mouth and she pushed him back. “We cant.. I’m dangerous to you.”

Harry looked startled and he felt bereft suddenly. “Why?”

“I could hurt you without meaning to. Just trust me Harry Potter.” Nia closed her eyes and turned away from him. Her heart was pounding as she felt Harry open the kiss and she realized that she may not be able to control herself.

Harry looked hurt but he nodded resolved. “Okay. I do trust you Nia, more then anyone right now.”

Harry grabbed her icy fingers and squeezed them hard. “We can apparate with this wand to just outside of Hogwarts. Are you ready to face them?”

Nia nodded to him solemnly. “Yes.”

Harry tucked his arm around her back and pulled her close against him. “One, two, thr....” They disappeared.

Blaise kicked a chair over in the common room.

Draco had really pissed him off.

What the bloody hell did he mean that Ginny was a mirage?

Having her was the best thing that had ever happened to Blaise.

She was perfect, sweet and willing.

Blaise sat down into the lounge chair and scratched his head.

Draco was losing it was all.

The little Muddblood was tossing his guts out the window. Staring out the window towards the grounds, Blaise saw a flash of something in the darkness.

All the Deathaters had been issued invitations to assist with the Defected Muddbloods detention. He had better go see what that was.

Probably Crabbe hexing Gnomes or something.

Blaise shoved his hands in the pockets of his robe and heading towards the outside.

...

Harry arrived outside of the Forbidden Forest and sighed in relief. Neither him nor Nia had splinched. He was worried that the wand wouldn't respond to him but it seems to have given him it's allegiance somewhat.

It was very springy and light to carry.

It must have been Narcissa's. She must have figured that she wouldn't need it anymore.

The school was ablaze with lights, figures lurking on the top of the walls,

Deathaters.

Nia looked at Harry and pressed her hand to his chest. "Stay here. Let me find a way in."

"Hang on; you've never been to Hogwarts." Harry pointed out.

"Yes I have," replied Nia. She grimaced in memory and moved among the trees.

Harry saw her duck around a tree and then suddenly she was gone. He could not make her out anymore.

Harry hunkered down to wait for her return.

Blaise Zabini illuminated his wand and headed out towards the Whomping Willow.

Ginny had the best mouth; he had EVER had in his life.

Gods, the way she made him sweat was unbelievable.

Blaise relaxed, reliving the last time he had buggered her and he waved the wand indulgently. There was nothing out here.

Stupid lights, stupid Crabbe..

He should be buried inside her wet moist.... AH!

Suddenly someone wrapped around Blaise's neck and suddenly he could not breathe. Blaise dropped the wand and tried to pry his neck free.

Blaise choked and he slowly felt his oxygen leaving after a minute of struggle and he fell unconscious into blackness.

...

A few moments later, Nia came back through the trees dragging a student in Death Eaters' Robes.

Harry was gobsmacked as he realized it was Blaise Zabini.

"You are *really* scary.... But in a good way," assured Harry as he looked at Blaise unconscious on the ground.

Nia nodded. "And lucky... he was patrolling."

Harry grabbed the robes and then waved his wand. Blaise got rigid and looked Stupefied. Harry hid him behind a bush nearby and covered his face with leaves. "Slimy git."

Harry turned to Nia. "If I can pass for him... I can break the others out." Harry grinned suddenly.

He felt light hearted, maybe this would all work. With Nia with him, he could do anything. She was amazing, clever, and scary enough to get the job done.

Nia watched him sadly for a moment. "Harry, The other students I heard they are being drugged. I would not expect anything good from this night. You will see things you probably will want to forget.

Harry grimaced and clutched the wand.

"Perhaps, but it will be worth it when Voldemort is dead and gone. With the help of my friends, the final Horocru克斯 can be destroyed and Voldemort will die this time."

Nia walked ahead of him with a serious expression. "We have to separate. Blaise can't be seen bringing in a new student."

"What are you going to do?" Harry frowned.

Nia smiled slowly. "I am very good at hiding in plain sight. I will be here if you need me."

Blaise Zabini/Harry Potter walked nervously up to the front of the school. The Death Eaters standing there nodded to him and he nodded back.

One of the Death Eaters spoke after Blaise went inside. "What the devil is his problem? Looks constipated." The other Death Eater shrugged and turned back to look out over the grounds from his post.

Harry/Blaise looked around the empty front rooms and began to walk to the length of the hallway. Standing far off was Neville Longbottom... in full Death Eater regalia.

Harry swallowed hard.

"Zabini!" Neville even sounded different as he strode furiously towards him. "Where did they take Luna? Do you know?"

"Luna Lovegood?" Harry frowned slightly.

"Yes. Hermione was taken to detention earlier and I think they are keeping Luna there as well." Neville sounded casual but Harry felt his panic. Harry felt shocked. Hermione was here. In detention?!?!

Blaise had a pasty look about him. "What about Ginny...?" Neville raised an eyebrow in disgust.

"Well, I imagine she is asleep and tired from tugging you all day long in the library in plain view of everybody." Neville responded sarcastically.

Harry felt his fists ball up and he growled suddenly.

BLAISE was doing WHAT to Ginny?!?!

"I did *what*?" Harry gritted out.

"You're mental Zabini. I'm not going to regale you with your own sexual escapades." Neville strode forward heading for the double doors in annoyance.

Harry felt something cold roll through his stomach.

Sexual escapades and Neville was a Deatheater.

Hogwarts was steadily becoming the third ring of *Hell*.

Harry ran to catch up with Neville. "Sorry I was being a prick. Let me help you find Luna and Hermione."

Neville gave him a suspicious look but shrugged. "I think this is where they keep the students in detention."

Neville pointed down a flight of stairs that suddenly moved from out of nowhere.

Skulls sat on both sides of the banisters and the doors looked heavily warded.

A scream was heard from the inside, muffled and Harry exchanged a look with Neville.

They bolted down the stairs and threw open the doors.

Chapter 9

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Graphic Material. MATURE CONTENT. Sex, profanity and everything else.

.... A little earlier...

Hermione was lead down a flight of stairs into the “Detention Hall’. Hermione felt sore all over and her emotions were raw from Draco. She could feel a determined strength underlining all of it.

The Carrows were sick but she could handle them.

Lestrangle had already tried to do his worst.

Without Draco here, she could handle anything, but those silver eyes, fractured with guilt, pain and derision.

The Carrows pushed hers inside and she saw an empty desk sitting in the middle of the room. A quill on one side of the desk, and empty parchment in the middle.

Hermione almost laughed.

LINES, they were going to make her write lines.

How predictable.

Harry had shown her the scars.

Hermione knew it hurt but it was nothing to her.

The Carrows looked down sneeringly at her.

Alecto spoke softly. “Considering you recent decision to defect and join the Dark Lord, we have prepared a special assignment for your detention. Three tasks. You have been given an hour deadline to complete the tasks. If you fail to complete any of the tasks within the hour, then Lestrangle will finish them for you. The first task is lines of course. Please have a seat, Ms. Granger.”

Hermione quirked an eyebrow.

Lestrangle would serve detention for her.

Let him do the damned lines.

“What do you want me to write, Headmistress Carrow?” Hermione sat on the chair and picked up the quill.

Alecto smiled. “Write... I am a dirty thief and I need to be punished.”

Hermione dropped the ink onto the parchment and it sunk into the paper. A scream echoed behind her and she dropped the quill quickly.

Hermione knew the scream was female and she turned to see Lestrangle holding a nearly naked Luna with the words beginning to sear into her pale flesh. Blood dripped down her belly.

Luna whimpered from pain as Lestrangle held her arms back.

Alecto Carrow grinned, showing her sharp teeth. “Very good my dear. You have nice strong penmanship. I do believe that will be permanent.”

“I won’t do it...” Hermione whispered horrified.

“Then Lestrangle will. Believe me, he will overwhelm little Looney with compliments all over her body. You’re lucky I was nice.” Alecto cackled and Hermione picked up the quill and began to write, her hand shaking.

“Torture is just one of the many activities that as a Deatheater you will be expected to participate in. This lesson is a very important one. Blood traitors are to be dealt with quickly and cruelly. Remember that Mudblood.”

Luna screamed in agony as the cuts began to rise up on her flesh, dripping dark drops of blood.

Hermione paused. “Can I choose another task first?”

“Of course my dear.” Amycus smiled at her from the other side of the desk. Two grinning jack lanterns of evil surrounded her.

“Sexuality is also a part of our way of life. Deatheaters often rape and degrade Muggles at our Dark Revels. You will likewise need to learn this method. Your target for this mock ‘Dark Revel’ is Ginger.” Amycus waved his hand and Hermione turned to see Crabbe holding a bound and gagged Ginny.

“The third?” Hermione was beginning to feel panicked.

“Dark Magic of course. You have cast all three Unforgivable Curses. Your choice who it is, any of the Mudbloods would do.” Lestrangle supplied while walking towards her with all the ease of the snake from the Garden.

The three Deatheaters laughed. “You wish to start there?”

Hermione felt the walls begin to close in around her. Torturing Luna, Raping Ginny or cursing and ultimately killing another student. Hesitantly she picked up the quill, and the fear barely showed in the whites of her eyes.

“How many lines?” Hermione stated coolly as she tried to summon a calm indifferent look.

Alecto looked considering and she stated. "Ten."

Amycus frowned. "Only ten, sister? That's barely a tickle."

Alecto shrugged. "She only has an hour. I think her time would be more amusingly spent on the other tasks." Her high-pitched voice squealed on the last part of the sentence and Hermione shuddered.

Hermione picked up the quill and scratched the lines, lightly and as softly as possible. Luna shrieked in pain after the first few lines and then she simply began to moan with pain. It was as though the act of responding hurt too much to make noise.

The Carrows looked disappointed.

After signing the final blood soaked line, Hermione darted a look at Luna.

The poor girl had been wearing white knickers and a bra, which now were spotted dark red. The lines were not just in one place, but all over her body.

Hermione felt a wave of nausea.

"Next task..." Alecto rapped out, banging her wand on the edge of the school desk.

Hermione jumped to her feet and strode determinedly towards Ginny.

Ginny's eyes widened as Hermione stalked towards her and Goyle leered at her.

Hermione motioned to Goyle. "Well I can't exactly rape her if you have all the good bits covered up. Let her loose."

Hermione arched an eyebrow as she put her hands on her hips. She felt herself breaking out into a cold sweat. Goyle untied Ginny's hands and stepped back. Hermione looked down on Ginny with a small smile. Her old friend looked tired.

"Hi Ginny." Hermione forced a smile. "You know I have to do this..."

Ginny nodded complacently. Hermione pressed a soft kiss to her lips. She had never kissed a girl before, and her last sexual experience with Alecto had left a sour taste in her mouth.

However, this was Ginny. Hermione closed her eyes and imagined she was kissing Draco. Hermione's tongue licked out against her mouth and Ginny moaned softly from the sore contact. She reached a hand up, cupped one of Ginny's breasts, and pinched the nipple softly. Hermione stripped off her robes and grabbed Ginny's hand to press it into her soft curls.

"Touch me, Slut." The words failed to sound convincing and Alecto snorted in disgust.

"Clearly you don't realize what Rape means. It is force, it is about control and power. Lestranger, help her."

Hermione panicked as she saw Lestranger stride forward and Hermione slapped Ginny in the face hard.

"Listen up slut. I want you to kiss me." Ginny tried to press her lips back against Hermione's face but she shoved her down on her knees. "NO, kiss me here."

Ginny shook her head mortified.

Hermione breathed deep, and grabbed Ginny by the back of the head and shoved her face between her legs.

To Hermione's dismay, she could feel herself getting aroused from Ginny's hot breath as she breathed in her scent. "Lick it, you blood traitor." Suddenly Hermione felt Ginny's tongue lap at her sore pussy and she bucked from the sensation. She could feel her arousal and Ginny earnestly began to taste her. She groaned as she pressed Ginny closer.

A moan vibrated against her pussy and suddenly the heat was gone. Hermione felt the humiliation of the greedy eyes around her. Her eyes opened and she saw Lestrangle had pulled Ginny to all fours and he had entered her abruptly. Tears sprung from Ginny's eyes as she felt the brutal surge of Lestrangle's cock violating her.

Ginny began to scream but Hermione reached down and captured her mouth, forcing her tongue deep inside. Ginny surged forward with each painful thrust. Hermione knew personally just how big Lestrangle actually was and she felt pity for her.

When Hermione opened her eyes, she saw Lestrangle grinning darkly at her and she knew he was aroused by this. Suddenly it occurred to that Bella probably helped him violate girls during the Dark Revels.

"Get down on your back." He growled at Hermione and she complied since she had an idea of a way to get this over with quickly.

"Now, good slutty Ginger. Eat me, while my lover rapes that tight little hole of yours." Hermione whispered huskily and Ginny stared at her in shock, she obviously felt betrayed at her words.

Lestrangle growled with pleasure, hearing him being referred to as a lover. Hermione jerked suddenly as Ginny's face was shoved between her legs and to her mortification, she was dripping wet.

Lestrangle began to pump deeply inside of Ginny, while her tongue lapped weakly at Hermione's juices. Ginny's face was anguished from what she saw as Hermione's betrayal.

Hermione suddenly forced a moan of pleasure from her lips. "Lestrangle, fuck me instead. Let this slut suck on my nipples... It would feel so good."

Hermione wiggled under Ginny's tongue and Lestrangle roared in pleasure as Hermione asked for him alone.

It sent Lestrangle over the edge and he bucked a single last time inside of Ginny and then pulled out, exploding all over. Ginny trembled in disgust as she was showered suddenly and Hermione smiled with a challenge that said... Is that all?

Alecto frowned. "Ahem.."

Amycus cut her off. "Not now, sister.."

Alecto glared. "Well, this is *not* exactly rape is it? Ginger should be getting it. Not the willing participant!"

Amycus turned and hissed. "SHUT UP sister. Someone is about to get buggered, who cares which one it is."

The Deatheaters watched with grave interest, never noticing the silent figure in the back that walked in a few minutes ago.

Draco stared at the filtering color of the firewhiskey with disgust.

His mother was dead.

His dear mother who lived a life of constant abuse was now dead and gone.

He no longer had to protect her.

He no longer could be held ransom by the threats of the Dark Lord against her.

Draco felt free.

It was a sobering and depressing thought.

The first thing Draco had to do was get Hermione back.

But how...?

Better, go and witness the Detention. He could always say that he had news about his mother.

Draco threw on his robes and made his way to the Detention Hall.

Upon entering, he was Gobsmacked.

The tasks that Hermione was being forced into were extreme even for a Deatheater.

There were levels of emotion anguish that you broke down to get to the stages of different Deatheaters.

Killing a family member topped the list.

Lucky him.

Draco watched in anguish as Hermione cut that Loony girl and then advanced on Ginny. Her words were cutting him as he watched her enjoy the sadism that the act provided. Lestrangle and her seemed very well matched.

Hermione was practically purring.

The poor sod, Weaselette was getting it from both ends.

Then Hermione cast away pretense and asked just for Lestrangle.

Draco looked around; all the Deatheaters were hard as rocks. It was an erotic sight, watching one for the Golden Trio turn into something so dark and sinister. Not to mention the girl on girl action was tremendously stimulating.

Draco winced as he saw Hermione flinch as Lestrangle approached her. Draco knew her so well by now that he could tell something was off. Ginny was rolled out of the way and Draco felt something click in his mind.

Hermione was taking the brunt of it for her friend.

That *stupid*, noble, brave Gryffindor.

Draco walked to the edge of the circle of predators watching.

Draco cleared his throat suddenly. "Ahem..."

Lestrangle froze halfway towards Hermione.

"The rape was completed. Lestrangle finished the task for Hermione, did he not cum?" Draco fingered his robes nonchalantly as he spook. "It is time for third task," reminded Draco, his voice belayed a calm he did not feel.

Hermione stared in disbelief at Draco.

WHAT was he doing here?

Why did he want her to torture and kill a mudblood?

What demon has possessed him to make him so cold.

Shame ran over her features and anger pushed bright spots behind her eyes.

Lestrangle snarled at Draco, but Alecto Carrow sighed. "He is correct Lestrangle. Your intercourse with the Mudblood has nothing to do with Detention regulations. Pursue it on your own time."

Hermione looked disappointed simply because she was hoping for a chance to convince him not to kill the Mudblood and complete the third task.

Goyle grabbed Ginny and moved back with her, tying her again.

A group of five children were brought forth, ranging from the age of 11 to 13 in age.

Hermione stared blankly at the kids and then back at the Carrows. "One of them? They are children."

Alecto smirked. "Yes, they won't have much in their life to miss. Plus, remember the Muggle phrasing. All God's children go to heaven."

Hermione could not breathe; she felt her chest begin to close up as she stared blindly at the children with tears streaming down her eyes. "I can't..."

Alecto grinned. "You must. If you do not. I will let Lestrangle kill all of them, not just one."

Amycus clapped his hands together and giggled with hideous pleasure. "Good one sister. We'll take the lot."

Hermione felt her eyes burning.

Draco stared coldly at her and then took a step towards the children. Hermione thought Draco would push one towards her and her heart broke.

After all those years of trying to save him, it would be *he* that would undo her. Draco would be responsible for the dark stain that would eat her up like a parasite on her soul.

Hermione closed her eyes and stuck her hand out blindly. "I need a wand, *obviously*."

Carrow strides forward and places one in her hand. "No tricks now gel... Or Ginger and Loony are dead."

Hermione gripped the wand tightly and she looked towards the children blindly. She had to choose one. Which one? To her horror, she realized she was mouthing the words and the child began to scream in fear seeing her indecision.

Draco heard the children screaming and he felt something loosen with him.

A strength of purpose, determination, and maybe even a bit of bravery.

"Headmistress Carrow." Draco heard himself say as he stepped in front of the children.

"As Hermione's master, I can give her an alternative target."

"I'm listening.. Mr. Malfoy." Alecto looked impatient.

Hermione stared at Draco with misery. "Hermione can choose me as her target."

Hermione's jaw dropped.

Draco couldn't expect her to crucio and kill him. Tears fell hotly from her feverish cheeks as she stumbled at his words.

Alecto raised an eyebrow. "You want to give Hermione the opportunity to Crucio you? Be my guest. This should be entertaining."

Draco looked purposefully across at Hermione. His fists were clenched and she had never seen him look so determined.

He was *begging* her to do it to him.

He was *willing* to suffer for her.

Hermione shook her head slowly.

"I can't Draco...", howled Hermione.

"Hermione.... If you don't, Lestrage will." Draco's words were calm and reassuring, her heart skipped a beat as he softly said her name.

"You have it in you to do it. I abused you. I have treated you worse than a dog. I raped you, stole your innocence and now I am responsible for all of this. Blame me. Do it. End it for me..."

Draco's words fell confidently from his lips and the Death Eaters seemed riveted by the drama of what was unfolding. Ginny was staring in shock, as was Luna.

They were looking like they had never seen Draco before.

But Hermione had.

She *knew* this side of him.

This goodness that would keep those children safe.

He had finally chosen a side and she was to be his Executioner.

Hermione gripped the wand resolutely.

Tears blurred her eyes as she threw the first Hex... "Imperius!"

Draco ran around the room blindly as Hermione instructed. He knocked over Goyle and picked up Ginny tossing her at Luna.

The two tied up girls fell together against the wall with a cry of pain.

The Carrows looked annoyed at her. They spoke in unison. "CUT out the nonsense MS. Granger. You're stalling now."

Lestrangle grinned slightly as he paced watching. "Fifteen minutes now... I think I like the idea of a Malfoy enjoying fifteen minutes of the Crucio."

It became obvious to Hermione that none of the Death Eaters believed that she would kill Draco.

Hermione cast another hex. This time she flipped the wand out and it arched with her hand. "Crucio!"

Draco fell to the floor screaming as every bone in his body felt as though it were on fire. Hermione gasped seeing him scream. He bravely bared under it, his teeth gritting as he fell to the floor at Hermione's feet squirming.

"Keep it up.... Luv." Draco panted and gasped almost biting his tongue as he stuttered out the encouragement. Hermione whimpered as she held the wand against him and then released it.

Draco rolled over, his hair mussed and his beautiful face more relaxed as the pain wave ended. He wet his dry lips and nodded to her.

Hermione bent down and wept against him, pressing her face to his. Her lips met his and his hand shook as he touched her hair.

Draco whispered hoarsely. "Do not be a coward... I know you can do this. I could not let them change you... Besides, it doesn't hurt at all." Draco tried to smile but it was a grimace.

"You damned Slytherin are *such* liars." Hermione's voice shook as Draco felt her tears spilling onto his face.

"Again..." Draco ground out, pushing himself up and pulling away from her lips. "Do it again, witch."

Hermione closed her eyes and pointed at Draco. "I love you Draco..."

Her broken words fluttered over him and he felt ready for what was coming... "Crucio!!!!!!"

Hermione screamed as Draco began to jerk in pain, he bit down, grinding his teeth to hold back his screams from releasing.

Draco *knew* if he screamed then Hermione may not be able to do what was necessary next.

Suddenly the doors burst open and Neville Longbottom and Blaise Zabini stood there, with their wands pointed out.

Harry Potter's mouth dropped open in shock.

Hermione was naked in a room full of Death eaters as she used an Unforgivable Curse on Draco Malfoy.

The world as he knew was gone forever.

Harry stared down at Hermione as she had tears running down her face.

The Crucio was rolling through Draco and he looked almost glad.

They were in a lover's stance with Draco splayed out at her feet in agony.

His hands curled up towards Hermione in supplication.

"Hermione!" Harry/Blaise screamed across at her.

Hermione dropped the Crucio and turned to Blaise in confusion.

"Hey, hey what's the deal Zabini?" The Carrows turned to look at him crossly.

All the Death eaters turned to stare at him oddly.

To their collective memories, Blaise had *never* screamed at anyone.

"Um.... Why did you take Ginny? She is my... *um* pet.." Harry glared suddenly at the Carrows.

"Yes and Luna?" Longbottom stated gruffly besides him.

Neville looked towards Luna whose knickers were soaked with blood.

Neville was grateful that his mask was firmly in place otherwise; nothing would have fooled them by his expression right now.

Alecto Carrow shrugged. "Their assistance was required for this detention. As Headmistress of this school, I have a right to use any of the students."

Draco panted softly at Hermione's feet.

His eyes closed and Hermione dropped to a crouch besides him.

Her hand gently touched his perspiring forehead and brushed back sweaty hair from his face.

Draco had never looked more beautiful to her.

"Time's up." Lestrage chimed with amusement.

Hermione stared across at Lestrage with a look of fear.

Luna stood up slowly from the other side of Goyle, where Draco had pushed her, during the Imperius curse. Her expression was one of horror as she realized that Lestrage was going to cast against Draco since Hermione did not.

Lestrage began to advance on Draco and the room stood still.

"If you cast this, no one else will die tonight. Detention will be served, correct?" Draco slowly stood to his feet, and he pushed Hermione behind him in a protective move.

Harry watched in disbelief as his lifelong enemy protected Hermione. Harry felt a lump in his throat. Staring around the room, he saw tears in most of the victims eyes.

Apparently this had been going on for a while.

Hermione gave a fresh sob as Draco sneered at Lestrangle with his words.

Lestrangle smirks. "Oh yes. I agree. All I need is one opportunity. I strike true, as you know Malfoy. How does it feel knowing that your little bit of spare will be riding me for the rest of her short life? You saw how she loves it. I dare say she wont even miss you."

"It's not true Draco. I love you. Don't do this..." Hermione whispered into his ear from behind him.

Draco heard the soothing words and they were a balm to his soul.

He turned slightly and cupped her face gently.

His lips moved down to caress her own.

Draco breathed a bit of his soul into her mouth as he whispered back.

"And let them die because of my cowardice? No one is going to die here tonight because of me. Not anymore." His words broke over her lips and he closed his eyes, wanting one last touch of her mouth.

Lestrangle sneered and arched his arm wand pointed out at Draco from behind his back. "How *bloody* touching. Avada Kedavra!!!!"

Luna gasped as she saw Lestrangle about to hex Draco behind his back and she leapt forward throwing all her weight against Goyle besides her.

Goyle felt a slam from behind and he stumbled forward into Lestrangle's arm. The shot of green light arched and hit Goyle in the chest.

The Deatheater spun slightly and fell to the floor unmoving.

A few things happened then.

The Carrows were in shock and simply stood with their mouths open.

Harry felt something cold in the air and saw Dementors crawling in from the corners of the room. Nobody else seemed to notice this and he grabbed Neville's arm and pointed to them.

Lestrangle howled in frustration.

"You blooming idiot, you killed Goyle!" The Carrows began to shriek in unison.

Alecto Carrow rapped her wand on Lestranges head and screamed at him.

Draco stood up gingerly, his body bent from the residual pain of the Crucio.

Draco leaned against Hermione and he began to laugh darkly.

Goyle had caught the curse instead of him.

All that sacrifice was for nothing.

Lestrangle cursed and turned on Draco and Hermione. His features were ravaged with anger and dementia. “No, no, you are going to pay. I NEVER miss. Do you hear me!?!?”

Lestrangle began to say the curse again when suddenly a cold bone chillingly familiar voice rang out clearly above the din of chaos.

“CRUCIO!”

Lestrangle dropped to his knees jabbering in pain, his body jerked slowly but he did not scream. His teeth ground together so hard they squeaked.

The Carrows turned to attack whomever it was and fell to their knees at the sight of the Dark Lord coming from the shadows of the room.

Voldemort must have Apparated during the battle.

Hermione shuddered suddenly sure that they were all going to die. She buried her face in Malfoy’s chest and he held her against him while she stared at Voldemort.

“A dead Deatheater, another wounded by the Crucio, and a Deatheater so crazed with rage that he would strike the DARK LORDS favorite a killing blow behind his back.” A strange clucking sound came from the Voldemort. “What *are* you teaching at this school?”

The Carrows shuddered in fear. “My Lord, twas a simple detention.”

“Fools!!!! I told you Granger was not to be touched and you ignore my simplest commands.” Voldemort swept past them to Lestrangle.

“Lestrangle. Your time in Azkaban, while noble, may have robbed you of your common sense. IT is *my* right to punish my Deatheaters. *Not yours*. If you have a problem with Malfoy, then you bring it to me. Am I so weak I cannot handle my own servants!? Crucio!!!!” hissed Voldemort, enraged.

Harry shivered and slowly walked backwards towards the door.

Seeing Voldemort was striking a cold fear in his belly and he was sure that he could see through his disguise.

“You disgust me, your obsession with this Mudblood is unfathomable.”

“But my Lord... Malfoy is in love with her... He is the weak one. Kill him.” Lestrangle gritted out while he cowered on the floor.

“Malfoy? Love? You imbecile. I *ordered* Malfoy to bring her to me. He is following my orders. UNLIKE you.”

Voldemort stared as Hermione openly embraced Malfoy for protection. “He is doing an excellent job, from the looks of it.”

“Lestrangle you will no longer be allowed to stay at the school. I want you to come with me. You cause too much chaos here. Regardless of what you think, this school is important. It is a learning plateau for how to become a successful Deatheater, and crush the opposition. Children are vessels just waiting to be filled.”

Voldemort reaches out and caressed one of the Mudbloods that were summoned to die. “Even Mudbloods... No more killing curses... UNLESS, I command it.”

Voldemort swept towards Goyle and turned him over with his foot.

“Obviously, you are incapable of doing it correctly.”

His cold eyes bore into Lestrage and he turned to the Carrows who prostrated themselves on the floor at his feet.

“This is a *school* not an opportunity for orgies and torture. Your weaknesses disgust me.” Voldemort sneered.

“If you cannot find a middle ground then you will find yourself on the receiving end of the Kiss. Do not disappoint me...” Voldemort swept past them.

The Dementors leered at Lestrage and he began to quickly follow Voldemort out of the room.

The Carrows slowly got to their feet. Amycus was sweating profusely and he suddenly saw Blaise and Neville standing at the stairs frozen with fear.

“You two boys, come get your pets. Go back to your room, NOW!” shouted Amycus.

Ginny and Luna moved with lightning speed towards the two boys.

“Malfoy, you as well.” Alecko said looking pale and shivering as sweat poured from her forehead.

She reached out and smacked one of the children. “Go back to your rooms. NOW!”

The children scattered as they ran past the Carrows in abject terror.

“Lestrage had to go fouling it up... Thank Gods he is gone.”

Both sister and brother said in unison as they turned to comfort each other.

In their mind, there was no doubt that they could have easily died tonight.

Chapter 10

Disclaimer: I do not own anything. JK ROWLING OWNS EVERYTHING. I make no money off of this writing, its just for fun.

Warnings: Not HP DH Compliant.

Graphic Material. MATURE CONTENT.

Harry stared at Ginny as she came running up. He felt so good to see her alive and well. Harry blushed as he realized that she was naked. A feat that he had not managed, throughout the whole time they were together. Harry stared at the wall as he escorted her down the hall to the rooms, walking behind Neville and Luna. Draco gave Harry a strange look, before he opened his door on the left side. Hermione followed him inside dutifully.

Harry realized he must have passed Blaise's room, Harry quickly looked at Ginny. "Open my door, pet?"

Ginny did as he requested. Harry walked inside and looked around the room nervously.

He found a robe and he tossed it to Ginny.

Ginny pulled it on but as soon she moved towards Harry and she pressed a kiss to his mouth.

"You came looking for me." Ginny's blazing eyes oftened and she had run a hand over Harry's chest.

"Of course..." Harry blurted out.

Then reality struck as he caught his image in the opulent mirror over the bed.

He still looked like Blaise.

Harry felt a raw betrayal at the soft look that Ginny was giving him.

"Do you love me?" Harry said hoarsely as his body grew stiff under her soft hands.

"Of course Blaise. You know this... But I do feel strange. Tired... I am sorry if I am not acting like it." Ginny moved to pour water from a dinner cart that had been placed in the room.

Harry gasped and knocked the glass out of her hand. "No... don't drink that."

Ginny looked strangely at him. "You're acting very odd Blaise."

Harry felt like he was drowning. "Do you think Hermione is going to become a Deatheater?"

Ginny stared at him. Her fingers began to fidget and she looked down. "I hope not, but she doesn't have much choice, does she?"

"Are you?" Harry gritted out suddenly gripping Ginny hard.

"You want me to?" Tears formed suddenly in her eyes. "You said I would never have to do that..."

Harry wondered idly if Blaise had actually meant that.

"No of course not... Look, I need to talk to... um Malfoy..."

Harry pushed past her and went out the door, shutting it firmly behind her.

Harry could feel his heart pounded as he leaned against the door.

He didn't know where to go first. Now that he knew what was going on it was too much. He couldn't begin to imagine how to get them out of there.

He wished he knew where Nia was.

Draco leaned on the inside of the door shutting it wearily behind him. He stared at the ground. He couldn't believe he had almost defied the Dark Lord.

Taking the Crucio was one thing.

His father had often used that curse on him as a teenager. A form of punishment, for disobedience. Until he got smart, and his father eventually was put into Azkaban.

Even dying seemed easier then facing off Voldemort.

Thank the Gods, Voldemort had seemed to trust him. Draco knew his actions would confuse Hermione. She trusted him completely now.

His task was completed.

Except that he no longer wanted to go through with it.

He didn't want her to become a Deatheater.

Not like his mother had been, were she was passed around to all the other Deatheaters as a toy. Hermione was brave and good. Everything that was unfamiliar to Draco. He couldn't fathom her reasoning behind her actions at times.

He knew she was staring at him now. He could feel her clever mind ticking away, giving him attributes that he didn't possess, all because of that bloody scene with the Carrows. Draco just couldn't let Hermione kill someone. It bothered him too much.

He was the killer.

He was the Deatheater.

He deserved it.

His pale hair fell into his eyes and he strode to the bar and with a shaking hand he poured a good measure of Fire whiskey into a glass and took a sip. Hermione still watched him, saying nothing.

He could feel the words Hermione spoke in the passion of the moment.

I love you, he had responded, he had said things that even now he wished fervently that he could snatch back. *I love you, this was for you...* the gentle banter while he was being tortured and the encouragement for her to continue. Draco walked to the bathroom suddenly and slammed the door behind him.

Away from her eyes, loving, gentle eyes that he didn't and would never deserve.

Hermione watched Draco pace inside the room.

A part of her wanting to run and hold him.

He had made huge strides today.

Painful ones.

Draco looked confused and resentful that he had helped her, and now that they were alone, he didn't seem to want to acknowledge that he had done it.

The bathroom door shut with a loud bang and Hermione stared at the locked door numbly.

What if Voldemort was right?

What if all of this was a trick to get her to do anything for him. Draco had unwittingly given her everything she wanted, back in that room.

Draco had given her hope.

Draco had given her a chance at change, and a belief that he was on her side.

Was Draco just doing his job?

He was a Slytherin and he was brilliant.

She knew that her heart would assign meaning to a conniving act just because of her impossible optimism. That had been Dumbledore's ultimate downfall in the past. Believing something simply because he had wanted it to be true.

Ignoring all the facts.

Fact one... Draco is a Deatheater.

Fact two... Draco raped and stole her virginity.

Fact three... Draco had hated Mudbloods, and subsequently her, his entire life.

Fact four... He had no heart that she could speak of until a week ago. Coincidentally this was only after he had been assigned by Voldemort to make her defect.

Fact five... Even if Draco loved her by some stretch of fate... They could never be together because of Voldemort.

Fact six... Draco had said it himself only days ago.

She would be a fool to think that he would ever love a Mud-blood like her.

Fact seven... Draco knew that she had overheard him and Blaise talking and his hold on her was tenuous. Draco could have staged everything to bring her unwittingly closer, knowing that the Dark Lord would interrupt at any time.

Hermione looked down at the parchment she had doodled all of these thoughts on.

The truth was that except for that scene, in which Draco said he loved her UNDER DURESS, Draco hated her guts.

Hermione felt like weeping.

She wanted so hard to believe in him, but how many times had she been slapped back down?

Hermione could feel the weight of his pressing down upon her. Hermione stared numbly down at the parchment and she rubbed her neck thoughtfully.

A prickle of excitement trickled down her back. Frantic fingers ran over the tender flesh at her neck and she wanted to scream with laughter.

THE STUPID fools... had left her uncollared.

Hermione had been so distracted by what happened that she hadn't even realized that she was uncollared.

She could do Magic.

If only she had a wand.

Hermione grabbed Draco's robes and tightly looped them around her middle. Making as little noise as possible she opened the door to peek outside.

Blaise Zabini was standing outside of his door looking anxious. A strange expression for the usually laconic wizard.

Hermione stepped outside and closed the door gently.

Hermione crept up besides Blaise and she suddenly swung her fist and punched him in the face as hard as she could.

...

Harry turned around at a noise behind him, and suddenly got punched hard in the nose by a very determined Hermione.

"Bloody hell Mione! Wha didya do hat fo?" Blaise held his nose that was dripping blood. His wand slipped to the floor in surprise.

Hermione swept the wand up from the dfloor.

"Shut up Zabini, after what you having been doing with Ginny you are lucky I only punched you once. Get inside your room. NOW!" Hermione whispered and pushed Harry back into Blaise's room, shutting the door behind him.

Harry sat down on the chair that Hermione indicated with the wand. After watching Hermione Crucio Draco, Harry wasn't sure what to expect.

“Ginny...” Hermione called out.

Ginny came out of the bathroom wrapped in a towel. Her tired expression gradually changed to one of shock.

“Hermione? What are you doing here?” Ginny walked carefully towards her.

“We are going to escape. I can do magic. I just need to break this compulsion spell that the school has. I need you to go to Neville’s room and tell them to come here. Tell Neville to bring the strand with him.”

“Okay...” Ginny slowly nodded as she grabbed a robe tossing it on.

“Hurry. I will hold Blaise here.” Hermione narrowed her eyes on Harry.

Ginny ran out of the room.

Hermione looked down at Blaise. “I know you have been drugging her. You sick bastard.”

“You really *are* the brightest witch of your age,” replied Harry carefully. Harry quoted Sirius Black’s words to her. Hoping she would understand. Not that it would matter soon. The Polyjuice was wearing off. He could feel it. Unfortunately the flask was hidden in his robes and he couldn’t reach for them without Hermione hexing him.

“What did you say??” Hermione glared at him suspiciously.

“I don’t have much time. I need you to retrieve the flask from my robes for me. I don’t know if we are being watched.” Harry stared at Hermione frankly.

Hermione glared. “You must think I am ridiculously stupid like your Slytherin girls.”

“Mione... please.”

Hermione shuddered when he used her nickname Harry gave her. “Stop calling me that. You have no right to call me that.”

“I remember the worst thing ever about growing up was Dudley’s diets.” Harry said quite clearly now.

Hermione stared, and she could feel her eyes burning. “Is this a trick...?”

“The only trick I can see is that my ex girlfriend is boinking a Slug club member and I am barely in the ground.” Harry responded bitterly, his eyes swimming in anguish as he looked down.

“Oh my gods.” Hermione reached for the flask in his pocket, careful to keep the wand at his neck.

She opened the flask and took a sniff. Polyjuice Potion. “You are dead...” She whispered and poured a goodly amount down his throat. Harry shuddered as he swallowed choking.

“Yes I failed. And now look what the world is.” Harry gasped as the potion sustained itself.

Hermione was all out of cynicism and she burst into tears, casting fate to the winds she hugged Harry tightly.

"I love you. I...." Hermione blubbered as she cried on his shoulder.

A soft hiss came from the corner and Harry looked up to see Nia standing in the door looking hurt.

Harry shouted. "You!"

Hermione hiccuped and held up the wand. "Stay where you are!"

Hermione climbed off of Harry's lap. Harry shook his head. "No, she is a friend of mine. She saved my life, and she is the reason we got in here."

Hermione watched her cautiously for a moment. "I have a plan.. I am going to take an aging potion for the students so we can all leave. It's an age limit compulsion to be here. We won't get far without it. We just Apparate back here if we left the grounds. It's how the Carrows could force attendance."

Nia walked slowly forward towards them. "We have a problem... Voldemort is staying on the grounds. This room is not being watched, but just his being here is bad for all of us. He is suspicious of the Malfoy boy's intentions, despite his words of praise earlier."

"You were there?" Harry said in disbelief. "Gods, you really can hide well."

Hermione's jaw dropped in shock.

"She's a Parseltongue...? What did she say?"

Harry heard Hermione's words and felt a stone drop in his stomach.

"You speak Parseltongue? So that's why you never talked in public. You didn't want me to know. I thought you were just shy... Nia... Why didn't you tell me?"

Nia began to cry as Harry strode towards her.

Harry touched her face gently. "I would never hold it against you."

Nia felt the touch of his hand and she began to cry more earnestly at his gentleness. This was what she loved about him. His bravery and gentle spirit. "I couldn't tell you, because of who I am."

Harry turned back to Nia, shaking his head. "Why would I care if you spoke Parseltongue?"

Nia's body went very still and she stared at the ground. Her yellow eyes shined with her pained thoughts.

Hermione watched as Harry began to speak in earnest to Nia using Parseltongue.

Harry touched Nia's cheek and sighed. "I'm a Parseltongue too. It's why I could understand you. You don't speak English do you..?"

Nia shook her head. "I speak Hindi."

Harry felt helpless watching her cry.

"I care about you, just tell me the truth. You're the only reason why I am alive today and reunited with my friends. I don't care who you are. You're the girl that saved my life. That's

all.”

Nia sobbed, pressing her face into her hands. Her guts were turning as she forced the words out. She couldn’t deceive this gentle, brave boy anymore.

“Because I am Nagini.” She whispered in her strange accented voice that Harry now recognized for what it was.

Harry recoiled from her in disgust and he raised his wand to her neck.

“Nagini, Voldemort’s snake?” Harry repeated what he said in English.

“The last Horocrux...” Nagini whispered painfully.

Harry gritted his teeth. “Your... a girl though...”

“An Animagus...” Nagini finished. Tears slowly rolled down her cheeks.

“You killed people. You are evil... Why would you save me??” demanded Harry hoarsely.

Harry felt like he was drowning.

Nagini looked defeated as she stared dully back at him. “Because you saved me.”

“I don’t understand.” Harry growled and narrowed his eyes.

“When I was a little girl growing up Rajasthan, my family was made up of followers of the Basilisk. Once I turned eleven, they realized that I was special. Snakes listened to me, even the dreaded basilisk. A seer from my village claimed I was a priestess and should go into training. They thought if I could change forms, that I would be complete. I could be one of them. Voldemort showed up about five years ago. He found out about me. He kidnapped me from my family and forced me to go permanently into snake form. I did terrible things for him. Killed brave men. Soon I had forgotten what it was like to be human and I simply became Nagini.”

Harry gripped his wand in anger, thinking about the Arthur Weasley attack.

Nagini continued. “Then something happened a few years ago. I could feel a presence inside me. A boy. Someone with genuine human emotions. I could feel him watching me. I could see his pain and angst. Feel his compassion and love.”

Harry nodded grimly as he swallowed hard, recognition beginning to blossom in his eyes.. “It was me. I could feel you too. I saw what you were doing to your victims.”

Nagini flicked her tongue out and touched the top of her lip. “Yes, I could feel your pain from my actions. It began to change me. I was able to reclaim my humanity with those images, you are a part of me, just as you are a part of him.”

“Voldemort asked me to kill Severus Snape. I didn’t want to but I was compelled, I had begun to rebel, so he had locked me up in a mystical prison by then. I did not want to take his life. He was a good man like you. Once I had killed him though, Voldemort in his arrogance left my cage free. Then you came. I saw you sacrifice yourself to him. I saw you almost die. But I knew, you were still alive when Voldemort decided to keep you as a trophy. I could feel your presence when you came back. I escaped from Voldemort in the chaos. But I knew I had to rescue you. I went to Narcissa Malfoy and she agreed to keep me. She was scared of what I

might do to Draco if she did not. Once you were there, she realized that she had the key to Voldemort's downfall."

Harry gasped as he realized something. "You killed Narcissa."

Nagini nodded. "Her last request of me. She did not want to live in this new world. She was too weak to see the light beyond the darkness. Poor soul."

Harry turned rapidly to Hermione, but he was drowning in the sickening realization that he would have to destroy this girl. She was the last hold on Voldemort. With her death, he could finally stop him.

Harry began to relay everything Nagini had told him and Hermione's face rapidly paled. She also understood the implications and the danger of this girl in front of her.

Neville, Luna and Ginny came through the door suddenly. Hermione looked up in surprise and out of instinct, she waved the wand under Neville's face threateningly.

Luna gently placed her hand over Hermione's wand and lowered it. "He's a Snorkack..."

Hermione huffed impatiently at this useless bit of information.

Neville smiled slightly at this and then frowned at Zabini, drawing his wand. "He will tell them everything. We must Oblivate him."

Hermione shook her head stepping in front of Neville's wand as he drew it.

"That's not Zabini. That's Harry. Harry Potter."

The whole room gasped as what Hermione said sunk in.

Suddenly all sides embraced Harry.

Harry felt a rush of warmth until he saw Ginny hanging back, looking shamed at the floor.

Ginny began to sob quietly.

Harry slowly disengaged from the others.

He looked at the girl he once loved and he smiled slightly. "I know you were drugged. It's okay Ginny."

Ginny smiled through her tears with a hopeful look. "Was it always you?"

Harry swallowed hard and the others looked away. "No... just tonight."

Ginny nodded slowly and fell quiet.

Nia watched them from a distance, her eyes curious and solemn. Harry felt pain suddenly in his heart watching her. Hermione also had not taken her eyes off Nagini.

"This is Nia. She is going to help us in the resistance. She is my friend." Harry said purposefully looking at Hermione.

Hermione made a gesture with her hands but didn't say anything. Harry would talk to her later about it.

The others smiled tentatively at her and nodded.

"Right, so the potion. Neville do you have the unicorn hair?" Hermione became all business as she strode forward.

"The other ingredients are in my room. Draco is still in there so I can't bring them until tomorrow. Where is your counterpart?" Hermione frowned.

"Nia stashed him away." Harry looked at Nia.

"He is hidden in the Forbidden Forest. He may be found but not for a while. No one is looking for him. We need to keep up appearances, more then ever with Voldemort around."

Everyone gasped as she spoke and Ginny turned to Harry. "Another Parselmouth?"

Harry quickly repeated what she said in English, ignoring her statement.

"We should brew in here. It's safest. Will Malfoy be a problem?" Harry turned to Hermione and she slowly exhaled.

"I'm not sure yet. But I will figure out a way to be here." Hermione sighed. "I should go back before he realizes what I am doing."

Neville and Luna nodded. "Good idea. We meet tomorrow, after class. I think we will be in for a surprise, the Carrows looked really scared at Voldemort's ultimatum. Maybe we might actually do schoolwork." Neville frowned thoughtfully.

"I hope so, I don't think I can pull off Blaise otherwise." Harry grimaced and looked at Hermione. "You better go."

Hermione nodded. "Neville give him the hair. Store it somewhere safe, Blaise....." Hermione said purposefully to remind everyone that they need to stay in character.

She exited and walked down the hall and heading back for the room.

Slowly opening the door, she snuck inside and closed it. Looking towards the bathroom, she saw the door open. Draco knew she was missing. Hermione looked wildly around for Draco but he appeared to be in bed.

Draco was shirtless and reading his book. He looked entirely too sexy. Hermione felt her breath catch at the sight of his muscled pale flesh just above the silk green sheets. The hard planes of torso flexed as he sat up more and set down the book.

His expression was unreadable as he stared at her.

"Have a nice walk?" murmured Draco as he flipped a page in his book.

Hermione paused and wet her lips thoughtfully. "Um... I went to the kitchen but the House Elfs refused to give me food. I'm hungry."

Hermione was lying but Draco ignored it. "I can summon some food if you like."

“No...” Hermione stared at him as he rose up from the bed and walked towards her. Under the soft glow of the candles, his skin shone like pale gold. His hair caught the light as it fell into his silvery eyes.

“Are you hungry for something else?” Draco smirked slightly looking at her dazed expression as she focused on his chest.

Hermione nodded but she couldn’t put it to words.

“You are too sore, silly girl.” Draco whispered and he caught her mouth tenderly in a kiss. He guided her back to the bed. He undressed her gently and pushed her onto the bed.

Hermione protested as he left her suddenly. Hermione wanted the comfort of his arms just for tonight. Only tonight she reasoned.

She felt inexplicably happy with Harry alive.

Draco crawled onto the other side of the bed, and he reached out and pulled her up against him.

Draco’s arms circled her naked form. His face resting in her mass of curly hair.

“Just sleep with me, Hermione.” His gentle words sent a gut wrenching pain through her. Maybe just because of their gentleness.

Hermione found sleep to be surprisingly easy with him holding her.

Harry had the opposite problem.

He remembered a time when all he thought about was lying next to Ginny. He used to imagine the softness of her vibrant hair blanketing him as he held her close.

It was awkward.

Ginny stared at him with red-rimmed eyes. Her guilt was a litany that etched its way doggedly across her delicate features.

Ginny sat at the end of the bed clutching her nightgown. “I thought you were dead.”

Harry nodded methodically. He really did not want to talk about this now.

Nia had left a few minutes ago.

Probably to go do snake things.

He felt sick.

Ginny rubbed her temple slightly. “You know, we don’t have to talk about this now. Or ever, as far as I am concerned. I would prefer if we could pretend it never happened.”

Harry laughed. “Right, so I *never* died and you *never* got raped and drugged by Blaise Zabini. Oh and do not forget you thought you were in love with him. The cherry on the cake.”

Ginny stiffened but she accepted his wounding words as she wrung her hands together. “Exactly. Except that we will never be able to get pass this, will we...” She does not make it a question.

Harry closes his eyes. "Probably not. Too much has happened."

Ginny smiled slightly. "You and me, we are too practical. It's a nice idea, but ultimately we would have failed."

Harry felt great relief to hear that. He had been dreading this moment. The clingy tears and pained sorrowful excuses. Ginny offered none of that. Just a practical outlook that saved them both a lot of pain.

Harry remembered then why he fell in love with her. Ginny was brilliant, sexy and pragmatic. She was always painfully honest, almost to a fault.

It was coming in handy right now.

Harry felt no strangeness when he rose up and walked to her, embracing her tightly. "I love you Ginny. I will get you out of this situation. I promise."

Ginny smiled thinly. "I know you will, but afterward, what happens to all of us? So much damage done here..."

Harry nodded and released her with a frank look. "I don't know. I just don't know anymore."

Harry walked around the bed and got in while Ginny crawled in next to him. He held her almost brotherly. He did it to offer comfort. Ginny fell asleep untroubled, but Harry kept his eyes awake for a long time.

Hermione Granger awoke to an empty bed.

The sheets were tucked up around her shoulder. It made something burn in her cheeks as she realized that Draco had been the one to do it.

Hermione slept like a misfit.

She was never the perfect cherub in a bed.

She sprawled and took up space and hogged covers or kicked them off. That was how she knew that Draco had checked in on her and tucked them up neatly before he went to his classes.

Hermione sniffed the pillow and she found his male scent all over it. Spicy and clean. Hermione flopped backwards onto the bed.

Anyone who saw her sniffing Malfoy's pillow would definitely think she lost her mind.

Hermione sat up and pulled back her wild hair with a ponytail. She felt lifted by the events of the previous day. Harry was alive! Everything would be okay, would it not? Harry was the cure-all to Voldemort, or so they thought. Except Nagini was a problem. She would have to die. With that sobering thought, she got dressed in their required uniform and she tried to tame her hair as best she could.

She gathered the hidden ingredients and Hermione made her way to the door.

Hermione knew that eventually she would have to leave Draco behind. He was a Death eater, and therefore completely loyal to Voldemort. She could not endanger the other

students. Especially not Harry.

No matter how much she wanted to trust him she would never be able to tell him about Harry.

She felt pain at that thought.

How could someone who seemed so bad, be the product of such hopefulness as well. She wanted to believe in Draco. Her body betrayed her just by being around him. Surely, that kind of chemistry could not be evil.

Hermione snorted as she knocked on Blaise's door quietly.

Right and the Snorkack actually exist.

Ginny's anxious face peeked out from behind the door and she stepped backwards to let Hermione in.

Hermione saw Harry sitting on the bed as he rubbed his forehead. "Morning. Here are the other parts of the potion. Hermione grabbed Blaise's cauldron and began to chop up and mix the ingredients very carefully." This needs to sit for a few hours. Stir occasionally. Then add the strand after about 4 hours. This should sit until tomorrow morning. Then cross your fingers, this will work."

Ginny helped Hermione work on the potion while Harry seemed deep in thought. The silence in the room was deafening.

Finally an hour later, Hermione wiped the sweat from the humidity off her cheek and nodded. "It's good... I need to go back to the room. I can't have Draco missing me."

Chapter 11

Disclaimer: I do not own anything. JK ROWLING OWNS EVERYTHING. I make no money off of this writing, its just for fun.

Warnings: Not HP DH Compliant.

Graphic Material. MATURE CONTENT.

Classes were somewhat uneventful.

The Carrows took to heart Voldemort's decree and began to teach the standard practices of Hogwarts. Muggleborn were required to assist but not participate. Neville guided Luna down the hallways when suddenly two Deatheaters stopped him.

"Longbottom. Headmistress Carrow wants to see you." A gruff voice stated from under the cloth.

Luna looked nervously at Neville and nodded. "I will go ahead." Luna began to walk quickly back to the room.

Neville followed the two towards the Main Hall wondering what this was about.

Draco reread the summons and casually flicked it into the trash.

The Carrows bint wanted to see him.

Bloody great.

Draco turned down the corridor and headed back towards the Great Hall, catching Blaise as he exited his rooms.

"Hey Blaise. Got the summons too?" Draco pushed a hand through his hair in annoyance.

"Yeah.." Blaise/Harry murmured reluctantly, shutting the door behind him.

Look, I'm sorry about blowing up at you yesterday. "Draco studied his friend." What you said about Granger... Well, just so you know... The plan is working. Yesterday everything changed. The stupid mudblood trusts me now. I gave what you said a lot of thought. I'm not going to let some bushy-haired know-it-all destroy everything I worked so hard for, ya know?"

Blaise/Harry choked and his face turned red.

"What's the matter with you?" Draco frowned. "You've been real quiet lately. You have never been so lazy that you don't even speak anymore..."

"Not feeling well," replied Blaise/Harry shortly with a sneer.

Draco raised an eyebrow. "Humph."

The boys turned into the Great Hall and they saw chairs and tables set up. All of the seventh year males seem to be there. They took a seat near the back. Carrow was at the front, with a wand pointed at her throat. Her voice came booming out clearly above the crowded din.

"Due to the recent decree of the Ministry of Magic, Pureblood Marriages are going to effect immediately. Today, we have a list of new arrivals from nearby schools such as Beauxbatons and Durmstrang. All magically aligned marriages will be subject to a compatibility incubation period of a week. We have a list of names of students who can be immediately aligned. If your name is called please come up to the front and sit with your future intended."

The crowd burst into noise, yelling and shrieks from the girls and outrage from the boys.

Draco stared in disbelief. "They passed this law now? What the devil for? I thought we would have months before this happened."

Blaise looked as though he would be sick.

Draco rubbed his temple. "Please not Parkinson, please not Parkinson."

Blaise shuddered.

Carrow began to call out names.

Students dragged themselves on stage. Some of the pairings with the Beauxbatons seemed to have a good reception. A few Slytherin boys proudly paired with some beautiful well-bred young women. Hoots and catcalls rang out as Pansy Parkinson stepped up to the stand. She preened and threw a kiss to the group of students.

"She's a bit vulgar don't you think?" Draco sounded disgusted.

Carrow frowned slightly reading the list and she muttered. "Um.... Blaise... Zabini?"

Blaise/Harry turned to Draco with a look of relief. "The poor sod."

Harry was half terrified he would hear his own name that he temporarily forgot he was Zabini.

"YOU'RE that poor sod." Draco shoved him out of the chair looking at him suspiciously.

Harry walked slowly up to the stage, his eyes reaching up to find Parkinson smiling at him. Her pug nose turned up and she was beaming happily. Her hair fell in thin waves around her face combined with her pale skin gave her a severe demeanor.

"Oh Blaise! I knew it would be you... Father will be so pleased. Our families were destined to be together."

Pansy walked forward and planted a huge kiss on Harry lips. Harry pulled back from the mashing of her teeth against his own. He held a hand over his mouth and ran back stage to dry vomit. Harry bent over, his body convulsing involuntarily.

Pansy looked shocked and then embarrassed and lastly, she looked pissed. “ZABINI! HOW dare you!!!!” Pansy howled and ran after him, off the stage.

Draco finally found something so funny that he actually laughed.

The look on Zabini’s face was priceless.

Draco burst out laughing, tears coming to his eyes as he held in his stomach.

The rest of the hall joined in and soon Carrow was threatening everyone with the Crucio if they didn’t settle down.

Carrow harrumphed and went back to the list. “Romilda Vane.”

An exotic looking dark haired girl with a nice body and dark eyes walked to the stage looking pensive.

“Draco Malfoy.” Carrow intoned and Malfoy stared across at Carrow with a blink.

“*Bugger.*” Malfoy stretched and walked towards the stage. He knew Granger would not be picked but he still irritated him that he was expected to marry some twit.

Draco walked lazily up to the stage and bowed mockingly to Vane. They went to sit next to each other with the other couples. Draco inspected his robes and just to annoy Vane he flashed the Dark Mark before sliding it back.

Draco was satisfied to hear a gasp spill from her ruby-tinted lips.

“After today, you never wear make up again. My wife will not look like a whore.” Draco sneered and rubbed his chin.

Strange, but Granger never seemed to look like a whore. She always looked fresh and pure to him. Tasted it too. If he had flashed the Mark at Granger she probably would have flipped him off.

Draco buried his head in his hands. He was a bloody moron. Draco ignored everything else that fell from Carrow’s lips. He was trapped in this farce of a marriage idea and trapped as a Death Eater and he hated it.

He hated it more than anything else in his life.

“Your intended will be sharing your room for the next week. If you have a Mudblood slave, then your quarters will be expanded to accommodate. Due to the importance of this new law, we have temporarily suspended classes for the next week.”

“Probably because you are afraid you’ll bugger it up, you old sow.” Draco muttered under his breath. Romilda’s eyes went wide.

Carrow sniffed and glared at Malfoy’s general direction.

“Meeting adjourned.”

Draco led Romilda towards his room and paused at the door.

Romilda looked at Draco. “So...”

Draco cut her off. "I don't like women who talk too much, are opinionated or dress and act like whores. Be silent unless spoken to."

Romilda glared and put her hands on her hips. "OR what!? You don't scare me Malfoy."

"Or, you will find out why I am the Dark Lord's favorite. I am sure nobody would care if you went missing Vane. I do not ask for a lot, just keep out of my way. Got it?"

Romilda looked like she wanted to hex him. Wiping her shiny dark eyes, she whispered. "I hate you... Nobody could ever love you."

"I don't want you to love me. I want you to shut the bloody hell UP!" Draco seethed.

Romilda watched him considering. Most people would give up at this point but not Romilda. She placed a hand on his chest and smiled suddenly and she lowered her eyelashes.

Romilda leaned in to whisper huskily. "I just want to make you happy Draco. We were not chosen randomly. We were chosen because we have the best chance at being compatible. You are a very strong and beautiful man. Let me pleasure you. Let me show you how this marriage could work."

"Remember what I said." Draco murmured coldly but despite himself, he could feel interest in her soft hands that caressed him through his robes.

Romilda tilted her face up to meet his and Draco made a noise of frustration before settling his mouth onto hers. He ruthlessly explored her mouth. It opened willingly and her tongue flicked out to touch his own. Romilda's willingness seemed to entice him. With his eyes closed, he could almost imagine it was Granger. Gods, Granger... His cock went rock hard at the thought of her soft unyielding mouth.

Romilda moaned and leaned deeper into him and Draco grabbed her long hair, wrapping it in his fist. He shoved her against the door to his room and a hand moved to the knob, unlocking it.

Romilda panted softly under his hands, which roamed to her small but perky breasts. Draco cupped both mounds and pushed his erection against her. Willing anything to take away the image of Granger beneath him but he could not stop thinking about her.

Romilda ripped off his robes inside the room and she pushed him on the bed. Draco kept his eyes closed as he felt an unfamiliar sent of female before he could feel breasts been pushed into his face and a soft willing body underneath him. He rolled her and spread her out, finding her wet center with his fingers.

Draco thrust inside of her and groaned. "God's your wet..."

Romilda began to speak and he clamped a hand over her mouth.

"No don't say anything. Just moan..." Draco whispered before he thrust his fingers in deeper.

Romilda arched her back and Draco imagined Hermione being this willing. Begging him, choking with desire. Draco groaned. "Fuck, I am going to cum if I cant get inside you soon." Romilda moaned from his hard thrusting fingers. Draco withdrew and shoved them in her mouth.

“Lick them clean...” Romilda’s mouth opened and she began to suck and lick at his fingertips.

Romilda began to buck up under him and he pushed inside her. She was not tight but she was very, very wet. Draco shuddered as she closed around him. This was everything from his fantasy except one key element. With his eyes closed, he could imagine. He saw Hermione clearly there, screaming his name.

Romilda began to buck up under him and he pushed inside her. She was not tight but she was very, very wet.

Draco began to earnestly pump inside the hot little piece, who was begging him for more.

He could hear Hermione in his mind now... So clearly...

“Draco... Oh GOD, Draco...”

Hermione was saying his name; but she was whispering it so... brokenly... So needy.

Draco groaned and held Romilda down as he bore into her exploding inside her, yelling as he did.

“Draco... How could you...”

Draco felt displaced as he heard the words from his fantasy mix with reality.

That was when he opened his eyes finally.

Sweat was burning his eyes as he wiped them. He stared across at Romilda who shuddered with pleasure still.

It was what was beyond that, which stopped him in his tracks. Hermione stood in the open doorway, eyes glassy with shock and betrayal.

He had not imagined those pleas.

She had been keening in pain from watching him with Romilda.

Draco felt the room narrow into a small space and suddenly he could not breathe. *Pull yourself together Draco*. Draco rose up from Romilda and retied his robes.

He walked over to Hermione who had tears streaming down her face. *RUN*, he wanted to scream. If she hated him and Voldemort’s plan failed, that he could handle, if she was allowed to be free. He knew that she was plotting with Neville. She smelled as if she had been working with potions ingredients.

Draco knew that she would have to leave him behind if she escaped.

If nothing else... He wanted her to live.

That meant he had to distance himself from her.

Romilda had unwittingly given him the out. Maybe Draco had hoped they would be caught, so Hermione could start hating him and begin running without looking back. *Looking back was what got you killed*.

Draco let none of this show on his face as the thoughts painfully ripped through him a mile a minute.

Draco stared intently at her but spoke with a casual tone. "Hello Mudblood... Meet my future wife. Romilda Vane."

Hermione stumbled slightly and she closed her eyes. Romilda's smirking flushed face burned into her retinas. Hermione turned around and walked calmly to Romilda lying on the bed.

Something irrational grabbed hold of Hermione and she could not explain what happened next.

Suddenly, Romilda was wedged between the bed and the wall on the opposite side, and Hermione heard shouting. Her hands were squeezing something soft and fleshy.

Hermione felt detached as she continued to press down on the soft flesh. Then suddenly a POP was heard and Hermione could hear a choking, screaming noise coming from Romilda's very red face.

"Not an attractive shade of red Romilda." Hermione laughed, and her fingers made a bruised impression about her throat, while Romilda scratched wildly at her arms. Hermione just stared coldly down at her.

"Draco didn't tell you how possessive I am, I guess?" Hermione idly spoke while Romilda screeched without being able to breathe. Romilda's legs kicked out from under Hermione's choking hold.

Draco suddenly mobilized, realizing he had been standing in shock over the violence that Hermione was doing to Romilda.

He leapt over the bed and tried to pry Hermione off her.

"Merlin, Hermione! Let go of her!" Draco hollered but Hermione's skinny arms were in a death lock. "You're killing her! Stop!"

Draco finally eased Hermione's hands back, and Romilda started to choke and tears of panic caused her dark eyes to water. Romilda spat. "You will pay for that Mudblood."

Hermione's eyes flashed with anger again and she leapt back on her. Her fist came down to break the skin at Romilda's cheekbone. Romilda screamed and scooted back away from Hermione, as Draco tried to grab her before she hit her again.

"Draco!" Romilda whined, holding her hand to cheek.

Draco felt the irrepressible urge to start laughing. He snorted and then began to chuckle, as he looked at Romilda, cowering naked in the corner of the room, while a Gryffindor Lion was stalking her.

Romilda grabbed her robes on the bed and she fled the room suddenly.

Hermione turned her raw expression on Draco. Her eyes blanketed with hatred in their amber depths.

Draco suddenly fell quiet, taking in her anguished features. He observed the ever-changing emotions flutter over Hermione's face with a cold critical eye.

"Quite the savage, eh Mudblood?" Draco finally spoke.

Hermione's hand leapt out and cracked across his jaw. The sound of the smack was deafening.

Draco reached up to rub his jaw. "You hit like a Hufflepuff."

Draco smiled unpleasantly and he pulled Hermione closer to him. He could smell her hair suddenly, and his nostrils twitched as they dragged in her tantalizing scent. Draco seemed to lose focus.

Hermione's chest heaved as she struggled with the overwhelming pain that seemed to be trying eat her alive. Seeing Draco inside that.... That thing, made her finally snap.

She was hours away from escaping and she was jeopardizing everything. She could feel her heart splitting in half, deadening as his beautiful eyes surveyed her with such coolness.

"You're doing a terrible job of convincing me you love me, Draco." Hermione spat with contempt.

"You almost had me fooled back there in detention. Oh *Hermione*... Do it. Nobody else should suffer because of me... I *love* you..." The words poured out of her and he flinched hearing his heartfelt words from Hermione's scorn-filled lips.

"You're *sick*." She whispered with loathing. "Do you like having the Crucio used on you? Is that it?"

Hermione could not rationalize why she was baiting him, other than the fact that she knew soon she would be gone and she had to know. She would die from wondering, or hoping that Draco had been truthful. She had to hear it from his lips.

Draco stared out the window, not facing her. Hermione pushed against him, her tiny fists connecting with his broad unmovable chest. "Why you bastard? Tell me?"

Her anger broke and she began to feel her throat closing up. The burning feeling in her chest was beginning to spread.

Draco was not responding. His expression was stony.

"To be honest, I needed to kill time until my someone worthwhile was in my bed. You did not really think that a Mudblood would fulfill that role. Romilda is perfect for me. *PERFECT*. Not a bushy haired know-it-all with bad teeth and limited sexual experience." Draco forced the words woodenly past his lips, still unable to look at her.

Hermione gasped from the physical pain that his words were causing. Her lower lip trembled as she felt tears forming in her eyes.

"At least you're being honest now." Hermione choked over the words venomously.

Draco could see she was wounding herself more than him. She was cutting out all the pieces that cared about him, as she spoke. He recognized the method. He had done it himself a few times.

She was so brilliant but insecure enough to believe him when he said he was disgusted with her. Draco walked to the window stiffly.

"How you must have laughed at my feeble attempts to make you want me. What a fool I was to believe that a Malfoy could be anything but despicable. I am glad I slept with Lestrangle. It was willing, you know. At least he didn't lie about what he wanted." Now, Hermione began to speak very fast.

The words a razor-sharp as they tore from her lips. "I came from him too. You got your wish; you made me a good Mudblood whore. Maybe I should ask Voldemort to have a go."

Hermione felt something cold settle in her belly and she feel her eyes go blank as Draco turned in rage towards her.

"NO, you stay the hell away from him and Lestrangle. You stupid girl, you don't know what you are playing with." Draco whispered meanly.

"Oh, no Draco, you showed me quite clearly what I am 'playing' with. Nothing Voldemort could do would be worst then what you did."

"He can do worse things then kill you... he can..." Draco retorted but Hermione cut him off, her hand moving up to press against his lips.

"He can't cut out my heart. He cannot destroy my hope. He was never that good. You were, Draco." Hermione whispered dully, she dropped her hand from his mouth, and she walked to the door slamming it open.

The Carrows stood there with a disgruntled Romilda Vane who pointed at Hermione with a shriek.

"She did it!! She cut my face!" Romilda hissed and the Carrows had a speculative look that showed they had been listening behind the door for a while.

Hermione smiled slightly to herself and she began to laugh uncontrollably. The cut on Romilda's face looked like a cat scratch. It would probably scar if she did not heal it soon. Stupid bint.

Hermione began to feel distant from all of them.

Her laughter was annoying the Carrows.

They frowned as they watched her begin to laugh hysterically at Romilda.

"Do something! She struck me, Headmistress Carrow!" Romilda was openly calling for her blood.

Draco stared at her suspiciously from her laughter, and then a flicker of concern. The lying prat. He did not care about anything but how this would make him look to Voldemort.

Hermione surged forward suddenly, she grabbed the wand from Alecto's hands, and she pointed it at Romilda.

"If I am going to be *punished* for a spell at least let me cast a good one. Sectumsempra!" Hermione's eyes flashed darkly with malice, and the hex hit her full on.

Romilda screamed as she felt the skin on her face split open and then across her chest, wounds began to open and blood spilled.

“Pureblood. Looks like regular MUGGLE blood to me,” drawled Hermione thoughtfully.

Hermione laughed again, but the broken sound frightened Draco and he grabbed her from behind.

“Hermione stop...” Draco pulled her up behind him and wrapped his arms around her, holding her back from cursing anyone else. “Please...”

“You want to beg me Malfoy? Pretty Please????” Her voice bordered on hysteria. Hermione spun on him and pressed the wand into his neck.

“GIVE me a reason. I hate you... I hate all you purebloods... YOU deserve it. You deserve this...” Hermione whispered reverently and she jabbed the wand in his neck.

Amycus who had been frozen in shock ran forward when she turned and he hexed her. “Stupefy!”

Hermione froze and slumped against Draco. He grabbed the wand out of her hand and gently lowered her to the ground.

Romilda was screaming while Alecto tried to heal her. Draco felt numb. What had he done to her.

She was not like this.

This place was changing people.

Everyone was acting insane.

The Dark Lord was doing this.

No, no he had done this.

Draco fell to his knees besides Hermione and tucked a strand of hair back from her face, unable to help himself.

“She needs to go to the Hospital. Otherwise she will bleed to death. I should know, I got cursed with it once.” Draco turned to the Carrows.

Romilda looked pale and Alecto took back her wand from Draco. She raised the girl up and carried her hurriedly.

Draco looked at Amycus. “What are you going to do with her?”

“The Dark Lord will deal with this.” Amycus took Hermione, carrying her stupefied body out behind him.

Draco nodded and turned to the window. The door shut behind him. His room was in tatters and blood stained the floor from where Romilda was dragged away. This was his life now.

Draco smashed his hand through the windowpane and screamed in frustration. He stared at the blood, focusing on the minor pain to block out the agony that was threatening to consume

him.

Hermione did not seem hurt so much as hateful. The beginnings of the turn. When a wizard steps over boundaries and soon, nothing prevents them from doing what they never dreamed in their worst nightmares. He had seen it in her eyes.

Hermione had embraced that darkness and reveled in it.

This was probably Voldemort's plan the whole time.

Take away all her control and then let her draw on that ruthlessness to survive.

Draco stared at his blood stained hands, and only a smart part of him remarked on the irony of a physical manifestation of his guilt.

Draco Malfoy systematically destroyed his room for the second time in as many days.

Chapter 12

A long time ago...

A woman's scream echoed through the grounds of the distant cottage. The rain bore down relentlessly into the soft earth as it welcomed another member into the Wizarding world.

An important one.

The sound of a baby crying broke through the screams.

"Almost there... Push Rowena..." The old hag was crouched between her legs and clutching the head of the baby.

"Merlin, I cant do this anymore." Yet still the exhausted witch pushed further and at great length with a howl of pain.

"That's it..." The Hag soothed her while the baby squeezed out with water and placenta covering its red squalling face. "Beautiful... utterly beautiful..." The hag's voice was reverent while her wrinkled hands wiped the baby down.

Rowena slumped backwards, sweat and tears sliding down her pale face. "I need to see my daughter."

The Hag nodded. "We owled the Bloody Baron. He knows what is at stake here. He should be bringing Helena shortly. Do you want to see the bairn?" The Hag began to walk forward with the crying baby.

"NO! You cannot Elminda. He can never know about her. If I know what the babe looks like, he will take her. Just like everything else." She rasped hoarsely, tears spilling from her waxy cheeks.

Suddenly Rowena sat up, her waxy features closer to death than before. "He cost me everything. He cannot have this child. Swear to me, Elminda. You will take the child where Salazar will never find it. PROMISE me."

Elminda slowly nodded back to her. Rowena fell back weakly and gasped for air.

"Soon, my time is over here. I can feel deaths inviting caress even now. Where is my Helena...?" Rowena coughed.

"Soon my lady..." Elminda shielded the child's face against her chest and soothed it's crying.

Rowena whispered. "He was so handsome once." Her eyes became filmy and unfocused and Elminda could see the blood beginning to trickle down the sides of the bed slowly. There was so much blood.

"Mistress... Let me heal you...? We can stop the blood flow temporarily, and you can..."

“Shushhh... Elmina... Do you remember what a handsome man he was? Such beautiful amber eyes, so warm and dark, and they could turn so quickly. He turned so quickly. For someone who is in such pursuit of knowledge, I refused to see the one thing that was so clear to many.”

“You were in love, Mistress.”

“I was a fool. Take the child from this place. Leave her with Muggles. Maybe they can cure that seed of despicable blood that I have cursed the child with.”

Elmina wiped tears from her rheumy old eyes and clutched the child to her chest.

“The mirrors...” Rowena rasped... “Bring me the mirror of Erised and the mirror of Temporus Eoire. Quickly...”

Elmina laid the child down on the edge of the bed and retrieved two large ornate mirrors. Each one differed in design but were roughly of the same size.

Rowena hissed. “Place the Mirror of Erised, facing opposite of me.”

Rowena saw the mirror of Temporus Eoire shimmer in front of Elmina.

She whispered, “Go to the future. Find a time when Salazar is dead and gone. Leave the child with a couple who’s great weakness is kindness. It deserves a good life.”

“Mistress...” Elmina tried again.

“GO!” Rowena was staring into the Mirror of Erised as she saw her daughter Helena besides her.

Rowena smiled finally, it stretched wide on her waxy features, and she could feel her breath beginning to slow. Tears of contentment at the sight of her beautiful daughter trickled down her face as she exhaled a single last time.

“Helena.....”

Elmina stepped through the mirror as the door shattered open.

“Rowena!!!” A mournful howl of regret and rage ripped through the cottage as Salazar raced in knocking over a mirror shattering and he stared down at his lover, stretched dead before the Mirror of Erised opposite of her.

A smile graced her features as the bed was soaked in blood.

Salazar hissed in anguish. “Rowena... You clever witch. You... cannot escape me..... not even in death. I will be there soon enough love. Soon enough...”

Salazar ignored the burning in his chest as he lifted a curl of her beautiful dark hair and he cut it off and brought it to his nose before storming out into the rain in agony.

Elmina watched the Muggles moving through the sterile white halls. The place smelled funny but she knew that she should be here. She watched as the woman gave birth. She could tell by the angle of her hips that the child was a stillborn.

Elmina had watched many a witch and Muggle give birth. The doctors were solemn as they brought the child into the incubation period, but it still died. Elmina moved in a held up

her wand.

“Obliviate!” Replacing the dead child with the warm living one in her hands, she left.

She had been following Muggle couples around for days.

This one seemed perfect.

Elminda took the dead child and placed it outside of the hospital.

Another tragic dead orphan was a fair exchange for the life of the child now in that hospital bed.

The child was safe, and she had fulfilled her promise to Rowena.

The secret of the child’s parentage was kept in a pensieve that Elminda eventually hid.

Up until the day she died, no one ever knew the truth, except for one Bathilda Bagshot who held onto the pensieve for her old friend Elminda Figg.

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When Hermione awoke the smell of rot hit her face with a stunning effect.

The medicinal smell of moldy water filled her nostrils and she coughed suddenly from the influx of sensations. Hermione’s hair was bedraggled and hung limply over one shoulder. She wore the robes still and her wrists were chained up to a decaying stone wall.

A rat scurried by under her feet and Hermione froze while it moved by.

A thin light made its way to where she was at and it was clearly nighttime outside.

The other students were waiting on her. S

he had utterly flipped out earlier and now she had cost them dearly.

A hissing noise filled her ears, as a shadow closed over the moonlight gap in the ceiling above her. Hermione flinched as she felt the coldness of a snake body rolling past her upper thigh and down onto the floor.

“Nagini!” Hermione whispered with hope.

The snake dropped a parchment that was in its mouth.

The parchment was within her grasp and she quickly unrolled it.

The Carrows are enforcing the marriage law tonight. Pansy moving into the room will destroy any hopes that we have of leaving. We have to take the potion and escape tonight. We will come back for you. Do not lose hope! Nia will be keeping an eye out for you. We love you dearly. Do not let them change you.

D.A.

Hermione dropped the parchment and began to cry, great big sobbing gasps.

She was an idiot.

She had destroyed her only chance of escape, getting revenge of Romilda. Now she was going to die in this hellhole and she did not even have her friends with her for comfort.

“Well, well my dear. I told you someday your prince will come.” Lestrangle opened the chamber door and leaned on the inside door. He walked closer to her and crouched down next to her. His dark eyes gleamed intently. “I’m starting to think you like it here. You know, your little friends all escaped. You must have missed that train. You were too busy killing someone.”

Hermione sucked in a breath. “Romilda’s dead?”

Lestrangle tilted his head. “It got me hard just watching the pensieve that the Carrows played for the Dark Lord. I always suspected you had it in you, luv.”

“I’m not your luv, you sick wanker.” Hermione spat and she stared back at the ground coldly.

“Oh that’s right... Your Malfoy’s love.” Lestrangle’s smile gleamed white in the darkness of the cell.

Hermione did not say anything. The rat scurried past her legs and Hermione just watched it dully, and she was acutely aware that Lestrangle was the vilest thing in this room currently and flinching did not alleviate the feeling.

In retrospect, the rat was welcome.

“Are you here to rape me?” Hermione trilled in false fear. Her anger began to grow at being the local Deatheater entertainment.

Lestrangle leered. “It wouldn’t be rape would it.”

Hermione made a noise between disgust and annoyance. Suddenly the air grew colder and a man wearing black robes swept around the side of Lestrangle and peered at Hermione. His eyes were slits of black and he was rather good looking. The man’s hands were cold when he touched her chin and lifted her face to meet his own.

“Bring the mirror.” The voice that rolled out of his tongue came with a serpentine hiss and Hermione recognized it as Voldemort. Hermione recoiled but the fingers gently gripped her chin firmly.

Wormtail limped in carrying the Mirror of Erised. Hermione grew confused at the sight of the beautiful mirror in front of her. Voldemort turned the mirror to face her.

His black eyes seemed to devour her as he asked. “What do you see?”

Hermione stared into the mirror reluctantly not sure where Voldemort was going with this.

The mirror rippled suddenly and she saw Draco Malfoy standing across from her. His face twisted in a smile, his eyes warm as he pulled her closer to him, his mouth descending for a kiss. Hermione gasped from the pain of witnessing it.

“I see myself with Harry Potter.” Hermione spat at Voldemort.

Voldemort probed her thoughts and he began to laugh bitterly. "Liar. You see the Malfoy boy. Bring the Veritaserum."

Wormtail removes the mirror with Voldemort's nod and brings back the bottle instead. "Tell us where the children went...?"

"I can give you what you want... Hermione." Voldemort's voice sent shivers of fear down her spine at his words.

"I would rather die you filthy bastard." Hermione said very purposefully. She closed her eyes waiting for him to strike her dead.

Instead, Voldemort laughed and pried open her mouth and tossed the serum down her throat. His other hand closed around her throat and she convulsively swallowed for air. The potion went down her throat.

"You think I am a fool who easily kills for a mere insult?!? Stupid chit." He hissed and released her throat.

"Where are the children?" Voldemort asked informally.

"Gone." Hermione responded hoarsely.

Voldemort closed his eyes in frustration. The girl was trying to be clever.

"Gone where?"

"I don't know."

Draco moved inside the chamber from the door. "You called me My Lord?"

"Yes, I want you nearby if I need you." Voldemort stared at Hermione's face as she paled at his words. The flicker of worry pleased him.

"Who was in on it with you? Who betrayed me?"

Hermione tensed as she looked at Draco. Her eyes filled with betrayal. Draco simply watched her impassively.

"Ginerva Weasley, Luna Lovegood, Harry Potter and Neville Longbottom." Hermione recited.

Voldemort blanched and his handsome charm drop to reveal the serpentine disfigured face that Hermione knew. "WHAT! Harry POTTER?!"

Draco and Rudolphus looked shocked.

Potter was dead. How could he have helped?

"The Veritaserum isn't working." Lestrage stated frowning.

Voldemort waved a hand. "No, its true, Potter is not dead. He was being held, but HOW did he get into the school?"

Hermione's eyes glassed over. "He took over Blaise's Zabini's role, using Polyjuice Potion."

Draco looked sharply at Hermione and he felt his heart begin to ache, watching her monotone like that.

“Why did you not escape, is this a plot to have you destroy my school?” Voldemort narrowed his eyes.

“No sir, I chose Draco Malfoy over escape.” Silent tears slipped over her pale cheeks.

Draco fell back in shock. She had willingly stayed knowing this would happen because of him.

Voldemort sneered. “How touching. What would you do to save Draco Malfoy’s life?”

Lestrangle grabbed Draco’s wand and held it on him. “My Lord?”

Draco paled and shook his head at Hermione, willing her not to speak or choose him. He could feel his eyes burning as he stared at the goddess in front of him.

Hermione stared at the ground and whispered. “Anything you wanted.” Tears were flooding down her cheeks now. The words were barely audible.

“If I asked you to fuck Lestrangle or even myself? Become a Deatheater? KILL HARRY POTTER? What! What would you do?”

“Anything...” She replied monotone.

Draco gasped and stumbled at her words. *GODS, she was going to get them both killed.* Draco closed his eyes and wet his lips thinking hard.

“My Lord... Should I tie him up here as well?” Lestrangle danced eagerly.

Voldemort sneered. “No, you fool. Malfoy is loyal to us. However, this is very good news. Very good.”

“Do you know how important you are little so-called Mudblood?” Voldemort reached for her and pulled her up against him until her arms bent unnaturally, as she pulled from the wall. Hermione cried out in pain at the stretched feeling and closeness to Voldemort.

“You will be very useful to me. Lestrangle. Have someone clean her up. She is filthy looking and dress her in robes. We should treat my new friend with respect.” Voldemort laughed darkly but his mind was working very quickly.

Hermione was unchained and Draco bent down to help her stand but she hissed at him in disgust. Draco moved back as Lestrangle grabbed her upper arm and lead her from the chamber. Draco suddenly knew that the Wizarding world would have no chance whatsoever with Hermione helping Voldemort.

He had to figure a way out of this.

SOON.

Much later...

Hermione sat in the tub of steaming water. The scent of lilies rose up from the water. The smell of the lilies reminded her of death. Dumbledore and Diggory among others. Hermione traced the cloth over her knees and then down her calves.

Candles flickered comfortingly around her, chasing away the grim shadows that lurked in her thoughts. Voldemort needed her for something. Probably research. She was the brightest witch of her age, after all.

She had a reluctant guard dog in the form of Draco Malfoy.

Her skin was beginning to prune she had been in the water so long. The water stayed eternally hot and she still could not wash the feeling of evil from her skin. Hermione dunked under the water and held her breath. When her lungs began to burn she dove up to the surface gasping for air. She rubbed the water out of her eyes and blinked them open.

A blurry Draco stood over the tub and she waited until he came into focus. She did not bother to cover herself but she stared mutinously back at him.

“You’re a bloody fool.” Draco spoke quietly, sitting on the edge of the tub. The highlights in his hair shone golden under the candle light. Hermione flushed with humidity, simply stared at his hair.

“You have beautiful hair.” Hermione blew a bubble under the surface of the water. Her amber eyes were glassy in the candlelight and her lithe wet body soaked in the water, her breasts bobbing above the surface in hard peaks. She appeared to have no shame now. Draco shifted uncomfortably to accommodate his sudden erection at her words.

“Why did you say that stuff to Voldemort?” Draco scowled.

“What? The truth? Oh yes, I could see how it could stun someone like you, to hear someone speak the truth.” Hermione hissed and rolled over on her stomach, arching her back so she could still watch him. Her long back curved to high, round buttocks, and firm shapely legs.

“You don’t know when to quit do you?” Draco hissed and he reached down grabbing her up out of the tub. Hermione dripped water as Draco hauled her up against him.

Draco was getting soaked but he did not seem to care.

“You won’t stop until we both are killed.” Draco sounded frustrated and angry as he nuzzled her and bit her light on the base of her neck.

Hermione felt her knees growing weak as he bit her. She buckled under him and dragged him to the floor.

Draco moaned against her mouth as he parted her legs. “You taste like sugarcane.”

“You taste like the man I love.” Hermione whispered, her dark eyes tracing over his face to see his expression.

Draco leaned in and rubbed his fingertips over her belly. Tracing a symbol across her flesh, he smiled crookedly to her and she wet her lips.

Hermione shuddered with pleasure at the dangerous words. She opened her legs wider, and Draco slipped his fingers inside the tightness there. He plunged inside and moaned at her tightness. Hermione gasped from his wiggling fingers stretching her, diving in and arousing her so completely.

“Oh Gods...” Hermione clutched his head and pulled his mouth down to her breast, she arched her back and thrust her nipple inside of his mouth. Draco began to suckle at her, while thumbing her clit to sensitive arousal. Draco shrugged out of his robes and lay down onto of her. Pressing her thighs apart, he pushed his arousal into her. His cock rubbed the inside of slick hot center.

“Let me in...” Draco hissed before he pushed his head inside. His fingers moved down to teasingly stroke her nether lips before he pushed in further, stretching her until he was inside her to the hilt.

Hermione shuddered as her wetness soaked his cock and cushioning his sudden harsh thrusts. Draco watched her with intense eyes as he began to pump inside her, once, twice and suddenly that was it. He groaned and then came inside her. Draco withdrew quickly and stood up.

Draco threw his robes on in a fluid movement and left the room with a satisfied smile. Hermione could feel the sperm leaking out of her as she watched Draco leave. His words were surprisingly careless and his manner abrupt at best.

Hermione touched her lips thoughtfully as she realized he had not even kissed her. Hermione rinsed herself in the tub again and then felt something cold expand inside her as she walked to the mirror.

Hermione stared down at her belly and traced the symbol Draco had done, backwards in the mirror. Watching her hands, she clapped a hand over her mouth and screamed without noise.

Hermione clutched her belly and slid to the floor.

THE symbol was the fertility symbol.

Draco was trying to get her pregnant.

Hermione keened as she held her hand over her mouth and willed that the scream did not escape.

A knock resounded on the bathroom door.

Hermione jumped as Draco suddenly strode back in. “Are you finished with your bath? I can show you to the chamber you will be staying at.”

Something in the way Draco held himself.

Cold and detached and wearing new clothes gave Hermione a bad feeling.

“Where have *you* been?” Hermione nervously wet her lips.

Better, Draco think she is crazy then not know the truth.

Draco frowned. "I was on the search patrol for the real Blaise Zabini. We found him, thank god. He was royally pissed off."

Draco did not notice as Hermione slid to the floor, her eyes wet with tears and her teeth began to chatter.

Draco finally finished talking and then stared down at her.

"What's the matter with you?" Draco reached down to touch her face and Hermione flinched away from him. Draco's eyes flashed with hurt at her recoil but then went flat with coldness.

"Where's the brave Gryffindor? Rethinking your magnanimous plan to get us all killed by playing with Deatheaters? I told you, this is not a game." Draco sneered cruelly.

"Oh I don't know. Its a lot like that game, Guess who." Hermione said shakily, rubbing her shoulders.

"What are you babbling about?" Draco narrowed his eyes.

"Like, guess who was just inside me and trying to impregnate me whilst pretending to be you? That kind of game." Hermione choked back a laugh at her flippant words.

Draco turned waxy with fear. "Impregnate? Someone was pretending to be me?" Draco gripped her arms tightly.

"Who do you think it was...?" Draco rasped hoarsely.

"Someone who wants to kill Voldemort for me. Or so he said..." Hermione turned chalk-white and she whimpered, as Draco's grip began to hurt.

Draco released her after the soft noise of pain and he brushed the hair back from her face, with a strange expression combined with worry and hate. Draco looked like he would say something but he bit it back.

"The Dark Lord wants to see you for dinner." Draco's lips twisted in a wry smile.

Hermione rose up from the tub and wrapped the robe around her. She continued, even though Draco had changed the subject. "I knew something was off, because he didn't kiss me once," offered Hermione with a tremulous smile.

Draco nodded woodenly trying to swallow the lump in his throat. "Clever girl, I definitely would have kissed you." Draco gave a pained laugh and then pushed her towards the closet. "There are some clean robes in there."

Draco looked across at Hermione. "Get dressed quickly."

Draco turned and faced the door with a rigid stance. Hermione quickly shed the towel and fastened the new robes.

Hermione turned to Draco.

"Please dry my hair." She murmured quietly, trying not to show any fear over the upcoming meeting. She trembled slightly as Draco moved closer to her and held the wand up

to her wet hair.

“Arefacio!” Draco gently waved the wand and it not only dried her hair but transformed it into a sleek gleaming mass of brown curls. Draco silently wondered why Hermione never bothered to do this herself.

She looked amazing.

Draco unable to help himself, grabbed a curl and twisted it between his fingers.

“You are dressing me up to give me to a monster.” Hermione whispered, her eyelids half-mast with pain.

“You didn’t *leave*. You choose to stay here.” Draco gritted out, the soft hair rolling between his elegant fingertips. She smelled good.

“I know. I was a fool. I got distracted by you and your stupid Pure-Blood bride.” Hermione whispered bitterly. She stared at Draco’s mouth uncertainly.

“Since I am probably going to die soon anyway, I want to make it worthwhile now.” Hermione tilted her face up and pressed her lips against Draco, her eyelashes fluttered closed.

Draco responded, by crushing her to him as he devoured her sweet mouth. *It was too much, he could not say no to her. Even if it got them both killed.* He tasted tears in her mouth and he pulled back to see her crying.

Draco looked guilty and he pushed her from him. “The Dark Lord is waiting for you.” His voice sounded rusty.

“We can finish this later.” His silver molten eyes promised as much.

“If there is a later...,” replied Hermione.

Hermione swallowed hard as she walked from the room and Draco followed her at a distance.

.

Nagini watched the exchange from her hiding place in the drain with tears in her eyes .

She could not understand their words.

But their anguish was clear.

The Malfoy boy looked pale and angry all the time. He had tried to protect Hermione but failed.

Voldemort was a sick man who needed to be stopped.

Nia moved back into the pipe that she was half-dangling from.

She needed to get back to Harry.

Please read and review.

It encourages me, and makes me post the chapters faster.

Thank you!

Chapter 13

Disclaimer: I do not own anything. JK ROWLING OWNS EVERYTHING. I make no money off of this writing, its just for fun.

Warnings: Not HP DH Compliant.

Graphic Material. MATURE CONTENT. Sex, profanity and everything else.

Nagini moved outside of the school through the pipelines.

Nia popped out near the Shrieking Shack and heading to Hogsmeade.

Moving undetected through the night, she went to the closed joke shop, and opened a loose board. Sliding down into the basement, she moved towards the empty wall there. She flicked out her tongue along the wall and felt for the invisibility cloak that she knew was there. She grasped the edge, she lifted it and crawled in through the hole.

She uncoiled from the ceiling and dropped down into human form.

She made the last few steps before she saw the other children.

Harry was asleep.

He looked exhausted.

Nia lightly shook his shoulder and felt his wand press against her throat.

Harry's pale face shone as the end of his wand glowed with light. She blinked her yellow eyes at him and Harry rose up from the other children and walked with her to the other room.

He shut the door and turned to her warily.

"Where's Hermione?" Harry stared hard at Nagini and walked to the crude wooden table to sit down across from her.

He rubbed his eyes and Nagini frowned. "I haven't been able to get to her. The Dark Lord has taken a keen interest in her. I cannot understand what he is saying. It is in English."

Harry pulls her to sit down next to him. "Will you allow me to look into your memories to find out what they are saying?"

Nagini slowly nodded. "I trust you Harry." Her soft lisp caused a strange sensation when coupled with those words.

Harry gently reached out and caught her face. His hand stroking her cheek gently.

"Just close your eyes and think about what you saw with Voldemort."

Nagini trembled from his hand and she nodded.

Suddenly Harry was inside.

The room was black and blue in color. Grainy like a old film, playing and suddenly Voldemort was there, reaching for a bundle of rags, tossing them aside. A young Nia was hiding behind the pile of refuse. Nia screamed as he grabbed her arm and pulled her to him. When he spoke, it was in Parseltongue.

‘You will serve me or your family shall die just like your sister. Except I might take my time with them.’

From Nia’s perspective, Harry could see a young girl frozen in a scream. Her face twisted in death, on the floor besides Voldemort. Suddenly Voldemort’s eyes came into view. The cold slits of black burned into Harry’s eyes.

‘I will make you my companion, dear Nagini. You will never know suffering from me. I promise. Never again anyway.’

Nia trembled as Voldemort slowly pulled the child against his chest and his hands began to stroke the back of the little girls head. Voldemort gave a grimace of a smile and he cupped her to him.

“NO! NO!!!!.” The little girl screamed in terror but Voldemort ignored her screams as he proceeded to do exactly what he wanted with the child.

Silver tears spilled down Nia’s cheeks as she sobbed reliving the memory.

“Please Harry, I can’t look at anymore,” begged Nia.

Nia clutched his shoulder in her mind and pressed her face to his chest.

Harry tried to sort through the memories and he could feel his mind burning from all the images of things he did not want to see.

Finally, Harry found the images from earlier tonight.

The exchange between Voldemort and Lestrage.

“The irony is great my friend. The filthy mudblood is more of a pureblood then all the Black’s and Malfoy’s put together.” Voldemort hissed.

Lestrage rubbed his chin. “How do we know for certain?”

“Bathilda was most forthcoming with her information about the pensieve before we tortured her to death. She is sure that the child was Hermione Granger.”

“We have the daughter of Salazar Slytherin and Rowena Ravenclaw. What greater broodmare I cannot imagine. She will give birth to a new influx of pure blood. The likes we could never have achieved before.”

“You have already been with her, have you not Lestrage?”

Lestrage swallowed hard and turned chalky. “Yes, my Lord. I did not realize that she was of such great importance. Malfoy was as well.”

Voldemort laughed. “Yes, at my insistence. Remember that Lestrage.”

“The drug that I was utilizing to subdue the Mud-Bloods was also a contraceptive. Do you think I want some filthy Mud-Bloods procreating with my Pure-Bloods? They were to be used as toys and nothing else. I am sure Ms. Granger was taking the drug as was everyone else, so it is unlikely that my plans will be thwarted for our young guest.”

Lestrangle nodded, his features going waxy as he recalls that he gave Hermione an antidote to the potion.

Voldemort smiled.

“I have visited with Hermione under the guise of being Mr. Malfoy. Already my seed rests in her fertile womb. The next heir of Slytherin will rise and with him, a birth of a new dawn.”

Lestrangle seemed speechless but he nodded woodenly in response to Voldemort’s fanatical excitement.

Harry gasped as he pulled back from Nagini’s mind and memories.

“Oh Gods. We have to get her out of there. I know she wasn’t taking the drug and we can’t let Voldemort do that to her.”

“Nagini... I need you to go back and pull her out of there.” Harry traced a fingertip over her cheek and sighed. “It is so bloody unfair to you. Voldemort abused you; you should not have to die because of him. We need Hermione if we can make this work.”

Nagini closed her eyes to his touch.

She knew Harry thought she was a killer.

He hated her but he needed her.

It hurt deep inside her that she knew this but she could not say no to this boy.

Harry stared down at Nagini’s sad face.

He looked at his hand and her reaction to his touch.

Harry’s hand dropped from her cheek to her lips and he sucked in his breath at their softness.

Nagini whispered hesitantly, her beautiful tawny eyes were uncertain. “Harry?”

Harry made a shushing sound and he moved forward and captured her lips. His tongue flicked out to entangle with her own forked one. He shuddered from the pleasure as she responded slowly, her mouth softening under him.

Harry’s hands reached up and gently began to stroke her shoulders, moving to her arms. Nagini trembled from the touch of his hands on her bare flesh.

“Why are you doing this?” Nagini closed her eyes, enjoying the caress.

“Voldemort was so cruel to you. You deserve to be cherished...” Harry whispered before he leaned forward and kissed her shoulder. His bright eyes ran searchingly over her features before he pulled her closer to him. “It’s not always like that.” He murmured as he unbuttoned the shift dress that she wore.

"I feel so attracted to you. I do not know why, but something in you draws me. I cannot stop thinking about you. Even now that I know the truth about you. I feel it like a fire in my blood." Harry whispered and he kissed her neck, licking her pulse.

He parted her shift to reveal her golden body beneath it. Nagini had a slender body with small breasts that were pert and wider hips curving to slender petite legs. She looked like a goddess to him. All golden skin and curves.

Harry exhaled slowly watching her tremble next to the table. She seemed accustomed to being stared at and it tore at him that Voldemort had used her so vulgarly.

Harry's voice was hoarse when he finally spoke after looking his fill of her. "You're bloody beautiful. Please say I can touch you... Let me show you what its like to be loved..." His tone was pleading as he asked permission.

Nagini shook with the desire he was arousing in her with his kisses and his words. "I trust you Harry Potter. Show me... what it is like with someone you love..."

Harry blinked at her words. "Do you love me Nagini?"

Nagini felt her sigh blur as she responded. "Yes. I love you."

The words were so mournful that Harry almost stumbled back from the confession.

Nagini knew no guile; she had no pretense to protect herself from being hurt by rejection. Harry suddenly felt humble before her honesty.

Harry walked back and cupped her face, drawing her into a desperate kiss, her words arousing him beyond comprehension.

"I will do everything I can to deserve your love. Goddess... You're so perfect," murmured Harry as he licked her bottom lip.

Nagini blinked as he cupped her small breasts. Her nipples stiffened from the sudden rush of cold air. She wet her lips as she felt desire instead of the revulsion she was accustomed too. Her eyes were a bit fearful as he bent his head and sucked one of her dark nipples. He rolled the tip with his tongue while she gasped from delight at his ministrations.

"You're too innocent to know what that does to me." Harry whispered as he moved to her other nipple, suckled, and licked at it.

Nagini cried out from surprise as she felt wetness between her legs. "I am bleeding...!" She hissed at Harry, clearly terrified.

Harry stopped and touched the moist heat between her legs in shock, but he saw nothing but the juices of her arousal. "No my sweet, you are just getting ready for me."

Nagini stared red-faced at the ground. "Oh... I never... I mean, Voldemort... it was always blood."

Harry felt sick to his stomach as he realized that Voldemort had never prepared her so it had always caused her to bleed.

"Don't think.. Just feel Nagini." Harry parted her legs and pushed her up on the tabletop. Dropping to his knees, he buried himself between her legs, licking at the tender flesh as it

grew hotter and wetter.

Nagini tilted her head back and arched like all females do in the throes of pleasure. Her voice failed her and she simply gave a guttural cry as the gentle licking began to cause her to rise higher and higher in pleasure, until finally Harry plunged his fingers inside her, causing her to explode in shock.

Nagini fell back on the tabletop, gasping and shuddering from pleasure. Her mouth opening and closing in muted screams as her body was spasming.

Harry smiled and rose to his feet.

He shed his clothes as he walked to the beautiful girl spread out over the table, like some extravagant feast, all for him. She was writhing in sexual excitement and aftermath and Harry suddenly felt as though his whole life, he had been waiting for this one moment.

The girl who lay eager beneath him was what he had been waiting for. Her beautiful golden eyes were wet from tears of joy and she blinked up at him with gratitude.

Harry saw her about to speak and he shook his head. He grasped her hips, pulled her to the edge of the table, and lined her up against him. He positioned his hard cock at the base of her wetness and groaned as he pushed inside of her.

She was tight and wet.

“Oh Merlin... Nia, you are so hot.” Harry groaned as he pushed inside deeper. She arched and gasped while her body stretched to fit his length. “You’re perfect.”

Harry kissed her hard as he began to slide inside of her, matching her arching rhythms.

Nagini gasped from the pleasure every single thrust made inside of her. She never imagined such a painful act could become the one thing that she would die to experience repeatedly.

Harry was a part of her in every way now.

With him buried deep inside of her as he climbed to pleasure, Nagini could feel him taking her with her.

Harry held back for as long as he could but her tight, wetness closed around him and suddenly he exploded inside her, the sensation breaking him down to a mindless jelly mass as he collapsed against her.

Nagini bit back a scream as she orgasmed from the sensation of him filling her up and she drew up her legs to embrace Harry and pull him tighter to her as he collapsed.

Harry’s breath tickled against her neck and she tenderly pushed back his hair from his forehead.

The scar shone under the moonlight pouring through the cracks in the walls and she felt coldness at the reminder of what was true.

He was Harry Potter.

She was the last Horocrux.

He was destined to kill her.

Then why did he do this?

Nagini closed her eyes and wrapped her arms around him tighter, ignoring the cold tears as they slid down her face.

If nothing else, they had this moment together.

If nothing else.

Back at Hogwarts...

The dining table was beautifully made up with an opulent design in the form of food. Gold platters heaped with honeyed fruit and glazed meats of many persuasions were scattered about the long tables. Steamed fresh vegetables and freshly baked treacle tarts sat to either side of the plates. Goblets with ruby red wine glistened under the menacing candlelight. Voldemort sat at the head of the table with Lestrage to the side of him.

Lestrage looked vaguely unhappy but he still nodded when Hermione walked into the Dining Room. The enchanted ceiling had been transformed into a lighting storm and the rain fell to just above their heads. Hermione walked determinedly towards the chair that Draco pulled out for her, and had a seat across from Voldemort. Draco walked to the side, pulled out another empty chair, and seated himself.

“Wormtail, please serve out guests.” Voldemort hissed.

Wormtail moved forward towards Hermione and she fought the urge to shudder in revulsion.

“What can I get for you Miss?” He chattered and Hermione waved a hand towards the buttered trout with almond and some vegetables.

Hermione stared back at the plate and she picked up her napkin, folding it in her lap.

WHAT the heck was going on here? She was starting to feel a bit like Alice.

“A yes, the Muggle tale... Alice who fell down the rabbit hole. Alice was also forced to do things that she considered reprehensible at the time. The Tea Party, what a charming thought. Wormtail, does make a bit of a mouse, doesn't he? Would you be sad, should the mouse die in our story, Hermione?” said Voldemort suddenly.

Hermione took a very big sip of the wine that tasted like smooth berry-infused fire. She licked her lips, as she watched Voldemort.

“It's not very polite to read minds without permission,” chastised Hermione with a frown.

Voldemort arched a brow. “It's not very healthy to take the world's most dangerous wizard to task for such a *small* infraction.”

Hermione took another sip of the wine. "I'm living on borrowed time anyway," replied Hermione with an insipid smile. She smirked slightly, pleased that she could be so snarky at this moment.

Professor Snape would have been proud.
Draco gave her a warning look, which she ignored.

Hermione suddenly felt ravenous. Her minor rebellion had gone unchallenged and she felt a burgeoning hope. She began to cut the trout and forked a bit into her mouth and chewed slowly.

Voldemort simply drank his own wine watching her. "I will find Harry Potter and Nagini. It is only a matter of time. That is not why I am keeping you here," stated Voldemort as he looked across at her.

Hermione should have recognized the mild tone but she plunged ahead anyway.

"Oh, am I that entertaining?" questioned Hermione sarcastically.

Voldemort laughed and it sounded like a demented hiss. "In *many* ways. Some, you don't even realize."

Hermione dropped her fork with a clatter. "Then let's dispense with the pleasantries, shall we?"

Voldemort looked coldly amused. "Very well."

Hermione smiled but it did not reach her eyes. "What do you need me to figure out for you?"

Voldemort said nothing.

"What clue? What clever little cure or what not do you need me for?" questioned Hermione as she pushed her food around her plate.

Hermione forked another bit of trout into her mouth and chewed thoughtfully.

Draco could feel his heart speeding up as Voldemort narrowed his eyes at her.

"Nothing so *mundane* I assure you. What I want from you is something that only you can provide me with. You're blood." Voldemort made a steeple out of his fingertips.

"I'm to be a bloody sacrifice? How cliché! You never struck me as particularly unimaginative." Hermione felt something akin to fear coursing through her bloodstream at Voldemort's words despite her bravado.

Draco stared hard to Voldemort wondering if that was the case. Lestrange just continued eating as though the conversation had veered towards the weather.

Voldemort smiles slowly and his features twist slightly in menace. "The only sacrifice you will have to make is playing brood mare."

"What! You are arranging marriages to rub out filthy Mud-bloods like me. Why would you bother trying to get me pregnant?" Hermione whispered disbelievingly.

Hermione felt panic catch in her throat and it began to close. Hermione struggled to breathe as anxiety rushed over her. He cannot be telling the truth.

Voldemort... It was Voldemort.

She lifted her eyes to Draco and she saw horror reflected there as well.

Hermione quickly turned back to Voldemort, her eyes wide.

"I'm already pregnant." She choked.

Voldemort smirked. "Liar..."

"No, it's true. It's Draco's." Hermione whispered her face filling with shame.

Voldemort hissed. "You have been given a contraceptive for your time with Malfoy. It was in your food and drink. Impossible!"

"I knew I was being drugged. I pretending to drink it, but instead I drank from the sink during that time." Hermione felt a rush of joy at the thought of thwarting Voldemort's plans.

At least it was not Draco's plan. He had nothing to do with this except for one small but important thing.

Lestrangle looked at Voldemort. "It's a small matter of her simply being held until she is ready to conceive again," offered Lestrangle with a solemn shrug.

Hermione stared down at her plate. She suddenly felt sick to her stomach.

Draco felt gobsmacked.

Something small and good unfurled inside Draco at the thought of Hermione carrying his child.

He quickly suppressed the feeling and grimly looked back at the table.

Voldemort looked speculatively at Hermione. "Correction Lestrangle. It is a small matter of killing the child to make way for my own."

Hermione felt something cold shift inside her when Voldemort said that. She did not want to be pregnant, but she refused let Voldemort kill her baby.

Hermione's face felt frozen in anguish.

Draco swallowed hard at Voldemort's words. Everything came into a sudden focus.

Hermione was not going to leave him here. She was too stubborn.

Draco had to be the one to force her hand.

"Yes, My Lord. It would be a *good* idea. I would hate to have a filthy Mudblood ruining the Malfoy family history." Draco frowned at Hermione and something close to revulsion crawled behind his icy gaze.

Hermione stared at him in disgust.

He wanted her to get rid of it.

He was a bloody monster.

She had always thought it but she *knew* it now. It was like a punch in her gut.

More then ever. Hermione tried to hold back the tears but they fell regardless of her wishes.

Voldemort frowned slightly.

This was not going as he had planned.

Malfoy was supposed to convince her to their side.

How can he do that if she hates him?

“On the contrary Malfoy, this so-called Mudblood is the last heir of Salazar Slytherin and Rowena Ravenclaw. She is of the purest bloodline possible. That is why she is so important to our plans,” replied Voldemort.

Draco’s jaw dropped open.

“Impossible,” breathed Draco and Hermione stilled at Voldemort’s words.

“My parents...” whispered Hermione.

“...were purposefully mislead about the birth of their child. Bathilda Bagshot was holding the secret of your birth. It is how we discovered this. Stupid woman told us everything before her death.” Voldemort cut her off smugly.

“No.... I can’t be...” but suddenly Hermione knew that she was. That was why Voldemort was so patient with her. She would be the way to pump new pureblood lines into the Wizarding World.

Draco was helping him.

She was an utter fool. Hermione’s vision began to blur slightly and she felt nauseous. Hermione suddenly leaned over the chair and vomited onto the floor, helplessly as tears spilled down her cheeks.

Voldemort looked at her with distaste and he sighed. “This is hardly constructive.”

“You’re a fool Voldemort. An utter fool.” seethed Hermione. “I would rather die then give you what you want. You telling me just added fuel to the fire.”

Voldemort smirked. “You were being drugged into complacently.”

“We have already established how effective that was.” Hermione sneered, as she felt slightly woozy from throwing up.

“It is only ineffective if you don’t take the drug. Nevertheless, you just did.” Voldemort waved towards the wine glass and her plate.

“Welcome to your home for the next hundred years. Be assured that your sacrifice will not be in vain. The Wizarding world will be grateful to its future Mother.”

Hermione gasped and tried to pull on her last vestige of strength.

Watching Hermione as she stumbled to her feet, Voldemort laughed. "Come now child, this is an honor, really."

Hermione flung back the chair and rushed to the door. Wormtail was guarding it and she gripped the dinner fork tighter in her hand.

"MOVE, Wormtail." whispered Hermione.

Wormtail chittered and brought up his wand.

However, Hermione was running on adrenaline and desperation and she was too quick for him.

Hermione reached up with unexpected force and she stabbed the fork in the side of Wormtail's neck as she shoved past him, grabbing his wand in the other hand. Her feet were carrying her as fast as she could go.

Voldemort stood up, no longer amused.

Voldemort stared at Lestrange and Draco who seemed frozen by what happened.

"GO after her. Bring her to me, NOW," demanded Voldemort in fury.

Draco and Lestrange got to their feet and ran out the door after Hermione. Voldemort stared down at Wormtail.

"You disgust me! Crucio!" hissed Voldemort.

Wormtail began to scream and weep from the agony and he twisted on the floor, begging.

Draco ran towards the tunnels that led above ground. "She must have gone this way." Lestrange nodded and followed him.

Draco exchanged a look with Lestrange.

He did not know what the wizard's intentions were towards Hermione but he sensed that this was not part of his plan.

Draco considered hexing him, and just running with Hermione for the nearest exit.

All pretenses would be finished.

He would be hunted for the rest of his life.

On the upside, Potter was still alive and they may be able to defeat Voldemort.

If what Voldemort said was true, Hermione would be back in his clutches soon enough.

Nothing would stop Voldemort from getting his hands on the true heir of Salazar Slytherin.

Draco did not have much time and he began to panic as he ran through the tunnels.

Hermione could hear them coming and she cast a Disillusionment Charm on herself. Draco passed her in the tunnel and she could hear him breathing heavily from running. Lestrange soon followed and she wordlessly stared at the pipes overhead in the tunnels.

Pointing the wand Hermione thought, 'Descendo!' and the pipe loosened and dropped on Lestrange's head.

Draco turned around at the sudden thump as the pipe dropped onto Lestrage and knocked him to the ground unconscious.

“Granger?” Draco sounded panicked in the darkened tunnel.

Draco illuminated the end of his wand.

His beautiful face shone under the bluish white light. He looked cold and unforgiving.

Hermione felt a sob come up that she had not realized she was holding back.

“Yes, MALFOY.” Hermione appeared suddenly, as she dropped the Charm. Her anger had been causing it to flicker anyway.

Hermione pointed the wand at Draco.

“You disgust me. You really were working for Voldemort that whole time. Every time you said, you loved me, or pretended to care about me. It was all a lie,” hissed Hermione. Her voice was raw from the pain she was feeling.

“Yes. Which is even more reason you should do yourself the favor of getting rid of that mistake in your belly.” Draco’s words were flat, but it was why they hurt even more. His face was frozen in cold blankness. “You don’t want reminders of our time together, this is the only way.”

Hermione held her stomach with one white-knuckled hand, while the other gripped the wand aimed at Draco’s face.

“You... bastard.” She panted and walked backwards, her eyes filled with despair.

Draco felt like he was dying inside.

He knew that Voldemort would demand to know why Hermione got away. The pensieve would reveal all of this and he had to be convincing

“No, bastard is the wrong word, luv. I am far from fatherless. What you have inside you will be a bastard, unless you *cut* it out.” He could feel the pain tearing him apart as Hermione began to sob with every new word uttered.

“Come back to here, be a good girl and let me get rid of that small mistake of ours. Besides, you cant run. Your little friends took the entire aging potion. I have the vial on me for proof. Care to see?” Draco advanced.

Hermione gasped as he stepped forward, and recoiled. Draco stared at her for a split second, almost daring her to strike him. His eyes flickered with muted pain and Hermione sent a Stunning Hex at him.

Draco took the hex full blast and fell to the ground, unconscious at her feet.

Hermione knew he could have dodged but he had not. Hermione felt fresh grief along with uncertainty.

Hermione thought about his previous words and she searched the pockets of his robe. Finding a vial that was near empty, she pocketed it.

Draco had lied.

There was enough for her.

A sudden rush of doubt for him flooded through her and she almost reached out to touch him.

Hermione cursed as she pulled back her hand.

Thoughts of more henchmen coming galvanized her into motion and Hermione began to run the length of the tunnels and headed for the Whomping Willow.

Tossing back the anti-aging potion, Hermione crawled through the opening at the base of the tree and into the small room that eventually lead to the Shrieking Shack. The drug was becoming debilitating and once she reached the top floor of the Shack, she stumbled towards the stairs.

If she could make it to Hogsmeade, she could make it out alive.

Stumbling while she ran, she made it towards the door and upon opening, she closed her eyes. Now, she would know if she took enough of the potion. If she Apparated back then she was screwed.

Hermione held onto the banister and slowly made her way down to the bottom of the stairs inside the Shrieking Shack.

Unwittingly, Draco had helped her escape.

She had hoped and prayed for it and it seemed unbelievable that it had happened.

She began to stumble towards the last step of the stairs.

She moved more slowly as she crouched near the bottom and she suddenly felt nothingness as everything began to fade to blackness.

Hermione fell the last few steps to the bottom of the stairs with a sickening thud as she struck the banister with her stomach.

...

Draco could feel a huge headache coming on and blinked his eyes.

The hex had not been too bad.

Draco saw Lestranger was gone and the piping sat alone on the ground.

Bugger.

Draco dragged himself to his feet. If Lestranger got to her first then she was as good as caught. Draco began to run for the Whomping Willow and through the Shrieking Shack.

Draco felt his heart stop.

Hermione was on the ground covered in blood.

Lestranger was over her.

"You bloody bastard. What did you do to her?" Draco rasped and raised his wand to Lestranger behind his back.. His hand was shaking and he was close to killing him, right there.

“Nothing. I found her like this. She fell, the drug overtook her and she must have passed out, falling down the stairs in the process. The fall probably injured the baby.” Lestrangle sounded oddly sorry.

Draco screamed. “Petrificate Totalus!” Lestrangle fell to the ground stupefied.

DAMN Voldemort, damn playing both sides, He could not do it anymore.

Draco could have ripped out his hair. Draco stumbled down the last parts of the stairs to fall to his knees at Hermione’s feet.

“Oh gods... Hermione. What did he do to you?” Draco felt like he was suffocating.

Draco felt tears rolling down his face but he did not care. He gently lifted her face up and whispered.

“Episkey.”

Draco felt his wand glow as he ran it over her stomach. The bleeding seemed to stop and he picked up Hermione in his arms.

Draco moved out of the Shrieking Shack, casting a Disillusionment Charm over them. The abandoned shops called out to him. The joke shop probably had something for injury.

Draco headed for it grimly, holding the pasty-faced Hermione against him.

At that moment, Draco *welcomed* Voldemort.

Something, anything to end the pain of seeing Hermione like this.

...

Chapter 14

Disclaimer: I do not own anything. JK ROWLING OWNS EVERYTHING. I make no money off of this writing, its just for fun.

Warnings: Not HP DH Compliant.

Graphic Material. MATURE CONTENT. Sex, profanity and everything else.

Harry was in heaven. He was buried inside of Nagini and he felt at peace. He slowly stirred, before looking into her dark golden eyes.

Harry studied the tear tracks that ran rampant down her cheeks. Harry felt unbearable sadness weigh down on him as he pushed away from her with reluctance. Harry adjusted his robes and he stared down intently at her.

"I have never felt that before with anyone." The words seemed to be tough for him to say and she tilted her head at his apparent reluctance.

"Me either." She pushed up from the table and folded her arms around her chest. Harry offered her the robes she wore before.

A noise froze both of them, as they heard something upstairs.

Nagini put up a hand and motioned that she would go up to the surface. Nagini shifted and slide into her snake form, curling as she moved along the floor, heading for the pipes.

Harry watched Nagini shift and he felt a pang as he realized once again, how tenuous their future really was.

She was *Voldemort's* snake, for Merlin's sake.

Harry shook his head and concentrated on the sounds coming from upstairs. His wand at the ready as he waited. Suddenly Nagini hissed down to him from the pipe.

"It's the Malfoy boy... He is searching through the abandoned stuff. Harry... He has Hermione. She looks...dead.," hissed Nagini from above.

Harry exploded from where he was and he ran up the stairs, taking them two at a time.

He pushed the hatch open and Harry cursed Malfoy off his feet, slamming him back against the wall full of boxes.

Harry's eyes darted to the figure lying on her side at Malfoy's feet.

"Your bloody dead, Malfoy!" yelled Harry in rage as he stared down at Hermione's still form.

Malfoy slowly climbed out of the rubble of destroyed boxes he had been thrown into. His hair was the messiest Harry had ever seen it, and his expression was of raw anger and grief.

"I move surprisingly well for the dead, Potter. But I am sure you know all about that." Malfoy bit out sarcastically, his wand gripped in his hand.

"Do you mind? I am trying to keep her alive." Malfoy tensed and walked towards the register and began to rummage through the stores underneath the counter.

Harry was so surprised that he temporarily lowered his wand. "What's wrong with her?"

"She might be miscarrying." Draco gritted out and he seized a box that looked like a small potions store.

Draco flipped through the bottles, coming on a blood-replenisher. He plucked it out and fell to his knees next to Hermione. He gently lifted her head with a worried look; he opened the dropper and gently squeezed two drops in her mouth.

"Swallow now, that's a girl." Draco murmured as Hermione convulsively swallowed from the strange angle of her neck.

Draco stared down at her with a cold expression, but his silver eyes were bloodshot.

"Voldemort would do anything to get her back. She was drugged and during her escape, she fell down the stairs."

Harry felt Nagini walk up behind him as he held the wand on Draco.

Nagini whispered to Harry "He's telling the truth about Voldemort. He needed Hermione for his own ends. If the Malfoy is here, it is because he defected. Voldemort will want him dead. I promised to protect him. He must stay here. We need to move this underground."

Nagini turned to Harry.

Harry shook his head. "No, the bastard should pay for everything he has done! Look at Hermione."

Harry seethed gripping the wand.

Nagini gave him a stubborn reproachful look. Harry stared at Hermione's face for a long moment.

"Potter, we need to hide from Voldemort's thugs. Unless of course you want Hermione becoming a brood mare for the Dark Lord." Draco stared anxiously down at Hermione, squeezing her cold hand with his own.

"Guess your just going to have to trust me." Draco smirked but it did not reach his eyes.

Harry sighed recognizing he was right. "No sudden moves Draco or I will kill you. Nia, help him carry Hermione."

Draco rolled his eyes. "Very threatening to someone who has no reason to live. Moreover, I'm carrying her, Potter. No one else touches Hermione."

Draco gently cradled her up into his arms and followed Harry down the hatch. Nagini flicked her tongue out thoughtfully before closing it behind them.

Once inside the kitchen, Harry cast a locking spell on the hatch. “Colloportus.”

“We have a spare cot in the pantry.” Harry opened the door to a pantry that was deserted of food stores. The random can of food was seen, but mostly the cot took up all the room.

Draco gently laid her onto of the blanket and he bent over her.

Everyone seemed to freeze as Hermione moaned suddenly. Her eyes fluttered open and Draco tensed.

Hermione’s eyes were pain-filled as she met his own silver pair. “Draco...” she whispered weakly before wetting her lips.

Draco felt his heart collapse at the weakness in her voice. “Yes, Hermione.”

“Please don’t kill it.” Hermione’s eyes became glassy with sudden tears. “I’m sorry that you hate it so much but please...”

Draco felt his knees buckle at her sobbed words. He fell to his knees next to the cot and he pressed his face into her neck.

“I won’t. I promise nothing will happen to the baby.” His words seemed to relax her and she turned her face towards his chest.

Draco shuddered as Hermione fell back to sleep. Tears had snaked their way down his cheeks much to Harry’s interest.

He closed the door of pantry, leaving Draco alone with her.

If Malfoy had wanted to kill her, he could have done so already.

Harry turned to see Nagini standing next to the table in the kitchen.

“Did we wake the others? Malfoy will be a hard sell for them,” questioned Harry with a frown.

Nagini shook her head. “No. They are exhausted.”

Harry walked to her and placed a hand on her shoulder. “You must be tired too.”

Nagini flushed at the reaction she had to his gentle hand. Harry saw the blush staining her golden skin and he smiled slightly. “Come, sit with me.”

Harry led her to the wall, and he pushed his back up against it, so he was facing the hatch drop. He spread his legs apart and Nagini crawled to lean up against him. Harry wrapped his arms around her belly and Nagini rested her head against his chest.

Harry gripped the wand in his hand, as his other hand stroked Nagini’s belly. He felt her heartbeat slow as she drifted to sleep.

Harry closed his eyes hesitantly before also succumbing to an uncomfortable sleep.

Back at Hogwarts.

Lestrangle rubbed his head as he walked back to the school.

Draco had quite obviously defected now.

SIGH.

Stupid boy never did have the gumption to be a good spy.

Draco was too led by his heart.

Lucky for himself, he did not possess one.

Not anymore.

Maybe once, a long time ago. Now he could not afford it, especially since he had made a promise. He was definitely going to be Crucio'ed for this failure. Not that it mattered anymore. He was accustomed to it. A lifetime as a Deatheater was tantamount to a lifetime of Crucio's.

He rubbed the back of his neck and felt in his pocket for the familiar bottle. Taking a swig with a grimace, he felt the potion slowing spreading throughout him. With relief, Lestrangle took the stairs and began to run back towards Voldemort's chambers.

"My Lord! Draco escaped with the Mud... err Granger girl." Lestrangle threw himself at Voldemort's feet. "His defection was unexpected and he caught me off guard."

Voldemort seethed but his mind worked quickly enough. "Send his friend after them. He can pretend to defect. The Zabini boy. We need to try to get information first before doing anything."

Lestrangle rose up and nodded sharply, before turning to head for Zabini's room.

Lestrangle knocked on the door only mildly surprised that Voldemort had forgotten to Crucio him.

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Blaise Zabini was supremely annoyed.

He had been stupefied for two days and now he was destined to marry the annoying pug AND Ginny was missing.

Pansy was out shopping AGAIN.

Pansy had left in a fit of tears when he had casually remarked that all the clothes in the world would never make her look good enough to tup. Draco may have tolerated her nonsense in school, but Blaise was a cut to the chase type of wizard. Rubbing his dark hair for a moment, he preened in the mirror.

Ginny had left him.

Willingly.

It was unthinkable.

He had given her so much, and his Spitfire had simply pulled up shop and left him.

That did not sit well with him a bit.

How dare the impudent little ingrate leave him!

He was Blaise Zabini for Merlin's sake!

A knock at the door made him sigh.

"Come in." Blaise drawled and he poured a finger of fire whiskey in his glass.

Lestrangle walked through the door and looked at Blaise warningly.

Blaise straightened and nodded to him. With a wave of his wand, he cast a Silencing Charm.

"What's the news?" Blaise's tone changed from laconic to attentive.

Lestrangle threw himself into the lounge chair by the desk and helped himself to the drink that Blaise just poured.

After downing the drink, he scowled. "Sometimes I suspect you are the only intelligent Slytherin to come out of Hogwarts."

Blaise frowned. "He didn't."

Lestrangle nodded. "He did. I am glad I never revealed myself to him," Lestrangle sighed.

"Not to mention he would have killed you for sleeping with Granger and nearly hexing him to death." Blaise smirked.

"You know I missed on purpose. It was a shame that I hit Goyle. Oh well, Death eaters deserve what happens to them." Lestrangle smirked.

"And tugging Hermione Granger until she couldn't walk? That was on purpose?" Blaise raised an eyebrow.

"I did it for his own good. Draco needed a reason to hate her. It obviously didn't work, so I did it again. Furthermore, Lestrangle WOULD have done something like that. Voldemort expects it. It explained my obsession with the Mudblood." Lestrangle suddenly scowled at Blaise.

"You think that bushy haired know-it-all actually appeals to me?"

"Yes." Blaise replied smoothly.

"Well, she is bloody out of reach now... Isn't she?" Lestrangle gave a snarky smile as he poured another shot of fire whiskey and drank it.

"You're a very *sick* man, you know that right?" Blaise laughed.

Lestrangle's expression grew still as a thought crossed his mind. "She may have lost the baby. It looked like she fell down the stairs. Draco hexed me so I don't know if she survived it." Lestrangle narrowed his eyes thoughtfully.

“Knowing Draco, he would look for something familiar, trying to find bandages and the like. Probably the abandoned shops.”

Blaise sighed. “He was a terrible spy. It was rather obvious what he was about. We are better off without him.”

Lestrangle nodded but his thoughts were on a certain Gryffindor. “Certainly this makes it harder for us in the long run. Potter is still running amuck. As is Nagini.”

Blaise smirked. “Voldemort wants something from me.”

Lestrangle nods. “Yes, he wants you to pretend to defect and gather intelligence on the kids that escaped.”

Blaise grimaced. “Oh... he wants me to get my balls hexed off. Is he having a laugh?”

Lestrangle grinned darkly. “Maybe. Either way, just say you defected for love. It’s the party line.”

Blaise shot him a look. “Well, it’s certainly yours. How did you escape death anyway?”

“You can’t kill someone who is already dead.” Lestrangle replied with a humorless smile.

“Fine, be deliberately vague, you greasy...”

“... Watch it Zabini.” The dark wizard across from him snarled at him. “I’m still your Head of House, despite what those Wankers out there say.”

Blaise smirked at him and rose from the chair. “I better go put my defection clothing on.”

“This isn’t a bloody joke Zabini.” Lestrangle scowled.

“My whole *life* is a bloody joke. Besides, I need to look my best if I am to confess to hidden love for the Weaselette. Whose bright idea was all this chaos anyway?”

Blaise stripped off his shirt and changed his clothes, uncaring of Lestrangle’s presence.

“Oh... The usual culprit.” Lestrangle poured another drink.

“Who is that?”

“Albus Dumbledore of course.” Lestrangle murmured silkily and he tipped the glass to let the liquid spill down his throat.

Blaise actually looked shocked for a moment. “He is alive?”

“Gods no. However, he was the one that knew of the Prophecy. The true prophecy, of seven who rise to defeat the Dark Lord. Through unity and sacrifice and love and all that bullocks. It is vague enough to make me want to puke. Either way, Potter never fulfilled the prophecy. Voldemort knew that Potter was a Horocrux. He deliberately did not kill him. The Potter boy and Nagini must die for Voldemort to fall, and seven must stand to support the fall,”

“Granger is a wild card now. So go and ‘defect’ to them. See what you can learn. And Blaise, can you try NOT to get attached to the Weaselette?” Lestrangle smirked.

Zabini smiled sinisterly. “Sure thing, Teach.”

Lestrangle frowned and stood up. “Voldemort will give you a week before you need to report in. Come back to me first.”

Zabini grabbed a bag and stuffed some books and clothes in it. “This whole thing will be worth it just to get away from Pansy.”

Lestrangle gave a dark laugh before he strolled out.

Blaise knew the world was going to hell quickly, when he was sent in to seal a deal.

Blaise trudged through the snow.

It was seeping into his expensive Italian leather shoes.

Sigh.

His old professor had once again asked more of Blaise than he expected. Perhaps the Snarky Potions Master had seen a bit of himself in Blaise, and that is why he trusts him.

He still *couldn't* believe that Severus Snape was still alive and well at Hogwarts.

He also couldn't believe that snarky bastard would not tell him how he survived.

It was abominable.

He was Blaise Zabini, top notch spy and catalyst to the downfall of Lord Voldy-pants. It was untenable.

Alternatively, perhaps he was the only Slytherin who was not a complete waste of space.

Either way, it was exciting being a double spy and Voldemort had no style, no panache.

Being a Deatheater was so passé.

Blaise moved towards the shops, studying the map that he had received from Lestrangle. He knew where they were but it was better that they remain clueless as to why.

“Mischief Managed.” Blaise said as he tapped the map and pocketed the now blank parchment.

Blaise entered the joke shop under a silencing charm.

He looked at the hatch and murmured “Alohamora.”

Opening the hatch slowly, he dropped down into the room that he knew was below. Padding over to the kitchen, he reinforced the silencing charm. Blaise looked at Potter curled up with some Indian girl.

One of the Parvati girls?

Whatever.

He searched the cupboards and found a container of tea, and he poured water out of the faucet into the can, and blasted it thinking, ‘Relashio’.

The water boiled after a few seconds and Blaise dropped the tea back into the water. Straining it by hand was tricky but eventually he was able to make a rather terrible pot of tea. How welcoming was that of him?

Blaise sat down at the wooden table and took a sip, looking at the grim surroundings. He innately wished it was espresso, but this was Scotland.

Ah well.

Blaise dropped the Silencing Charm and sipped the hot tea again. His bloody shoes were ruined.

“*You.*” The word was punctuated with hatred.

Ginny Weasley stared across at him from the opposite doorway.

Harry stirred suddenly from the noise and he pointed his wand towards the voices in a panic. The Indian girl jumped up and stood to the side of Harry. Harry scrambled up pointing his wand.

“Zabini. Voldemort knows we are here.” Harry yelled. “Get the others to safety... Is that tea?” Harry trailed off staring at the chipped cup nestled in Blaise’s hands.

“Yes, its bloody cold out there.” Zabini took another sip, seemingly unperturbed by Harry’s threatening wand.

This was the exciting part, where you never knew if you were going to die or not. Secretly he was thrilled.

A door on the left opened suddenly and Draco stumbled out in all his messed glory, blood shot eyes and tousled hair.

Draco took one look at Zabini and he surged forward.

“What did you tell them!” commanded Draco in fury. He squeezed Zabini around the throat and lifted him up against the wall.

The commotion woke Luna and Neville and they spilled forth from the other bedroom in shock.

Zabini was taking very calmly to being strangled by Draco. “Nothing,” he gasped.

Zabini didn’t fight back and Draco slowly lowered him to the ground.

“WHAT is Malfoy doing here!? And Zabini? IS *that* tea?” Neville shouted in confusion.

Luna gasped in delight. “Nobody said there was tea here.”

Luna walked towards the table and took a sip of the cup.

“Oh it’s very bitter.” Luna grimaced.

Neville looked at Harry in frustration.

“Hold on a tic, I am figuring it out now.” Harry said.

“Zabini?” Draco gritted out.

“Draco’s turned traitor to Voldemort.” Harry explained quickly to Neville.

“And Zabini?” Neville eyed him.

"I'm not sure....," admitted Harry.

"I came for Ginerva." Zabini said bluntly, plucking the cup from Luna's hands and he presented it to Ginny with a smile.

"The hell you did!" Ginny tossed the tea back in his face.

"OH Ginny, it was REAL tea." Luna gasped in dismay.

"I don't bloody care. You are all fools if you believe anything Zabini says. He is a coldhearted bastard who only cares about himself," Ginny yelled in rage.

Zabini winced. "Not at all. I saw to your pleasure frequently, Cara."

"Oh!!!!!!!" Ginny gritted out and she grabbed a nearby book and hurled it at his head.

Harry looked confused at the scene, as did Nagini.

"You said he was using you, Ginny. Tricking you to love him," inquired Harry with a tentative tone.

"You said that Ginerva? That wasn't very honest," scolded Blaise with a look of hurt.

"It's not a lie, you drugged me!" Ginny declared heatedly, before she hurled another book.

Blaise ducked it smoothly. "No, I didn't. Draco and I both knew what was going on. I did not need to drug you, my love. You were attract..." broke off Blaise. Blaise ducked as a light fixture flew at him.

"Please sweetheart your going to hurt yourself," Blaise tried again, but Ginny had gotten close enough to him to swing out her arm and she connected with his face.

Ginny spat... "You used me you filthy sod!"

Blaise held his nose, which had begun to spurt out a thin trickle of blood.

"Oh... I do *not* like blood. It makes me..." trailed off Blaise, as he slid into a deep faint.

"A Deatheater that faints at the sight of blood? That's a new one," commented Neville with a look of disgust. Neville nudged his prone body with his foot.

Draco smirked slightly. "Not just *any* type of blood, only *his*. The vain prick."

Harry sighed. "We better tie him up. Do you think Voldemort knows where he is?"

Draco looked thoughtful.

"No, we would have been raided by now. Zabini must have come by himself. You must have done a serious number on him, Wease... Ginny. He ruined his favorite pair of shoes just to walk here," observed Draco with a thoughtful look.

"We are all in danger of losing much more then that, very soon," A weak voice said from behind Draco and the humor fled the room.

Hermione Granger looked like hell.

Her hair fell in straggled masses to either side of her chalk-white face. She held herself weakly in the door frame and she was staring at Draco with accusative hollow eyes.

Her hands fell protectively on her belly and Draco felt a rush of relief that she was actually standing on her own. His eyes dropped to her belly and then went back up to her face.

Hermione stumbled over to Draco and she smiled slightly but the humor did not reach her eyes.

"I agree with Ginny. We can't trust either of them," concurred Hermione and she walked calmly towards Draco. Hermione's fist reached out and connected with his nose. Draco fell back onto the floor, holding his nose as blood spurted out.

"Tie him up, Harry. NOW." Hermione's voice was cold and flat. Hermione rubbed her fist.

Harry used a binding charm and rope came out tying the two of them together. Luna and Ginny rushed over to stand by Hermione and they hugged her. "Are you okay?" They asked in unison.

Hermione shook her head. "I don't think I will be okay again for a long time."

She stared down at Draco who remained silent, blood dripping from his regal nose. It killed her that he was still so perfect looking despite the bloody nose. His eyes were barely bloodshot, and his hair tousled looked sexy instead of messy.

Hermione shivered as his eyes caught her own and she could feel the silver orbs probing her. "Lock them in the pantry."

Luna took their wands, while Neville and Harry moved them inside and locked the door behind them.

Hermione shook slightly as she stared at them all.

They stared back at her.

They were all thinking the same thing.

What now?

Please read and review. I just love Blaise, don't you?

Chapter 15

Draco grimaced as he stared at the poorly tied knot of rope around his hands. "Pitiful."

Zabini blinked open one eye and grinned. "Pansy could do better in her sleep."

"Pansy *has* done better in her sleep," remarked Draco. Draco tugged on the weak points of the ropes and twisted his wrists to the side and back again.

"Bloody Gryffindor," sighed Blaise.

"You say Ginny got under your skin and that's why you are here? Why don't I believe that?" Draco murmured suspiciously.

"Because you're a cynic." Blaise replied unperturbed. "Can I not love just as much as you? Prick me do I not bleed?"

Draco rolled his eyes and strained against the ties, his muscles bulging out. "She was a good shag, was she?"

"The best." smirked Blaise.

Draco nodded thoughtfully, and then he scooted his legs up and hooked them to put pressure on the rope tying his legs together in the miniscule pantry. Draco huffed as he felt the rope about to give from the sudden influx of weight.

"Almost got it." Draco growled and he felt the rope give with a snap and Draco fell back on Blaise panting.

Standing up, Draco bumped his head atop the hanging lantern with a low curse. He turned to the hinge and began to saw through the rope at his wrists.

"What an industrious little thing you are. Malfoy I didn't know you had it in you." Blaise sounded impressed.

"This is not a game, Zabini," hissed Draco.

"Au contraire, life is nothing but a game." Blaise sat content with watching, while Draco worked hurriedly at the knot at his wrists.

"Your a big help right now, Zabini." Draco murmured sarcastically. "It's stunning how I have gotten by without you up until now."

"Isn't it? You have buggered off your responsibilities, and gave up everything for a Mudblood that you possess a lifetime animosity towards. Now, that same animosity has propelled her to lock you in a House Elf Pantry, mind you. Oh yes, you are doing bloody brilliant!" Blaise chimed out mockingly.

Draco cursed when finally the rope broke and his wrists sprung free. Draco ran his fingers through his hair and turned back to Zabini.

"You are right, but I don't care. I want her." Draco murmured bluntly. "I don't pretend to understand it, or even like it, but there it is."

Draco looked horrified for a moment. "Oh Gods, what if it really is love?"

Zabini shook his head. "Love is for Muggles and third year Hufflepuff. You LUST after Granger. I do not blame you... She does have the best rack in our class. Ginny has the best rack in her class. And somewhere... in the not so distant future, a girl will possess a better rack than both of them. It's the way of the world."

"You're incorrigible, Zabini." Draco rubbed the bridge of his nose in annoyance.

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"What are they saying now?" Ginny narrowed her eyes.

"They are talking about your rack now." Luna stated rather matter-of-factly.

Luna had been listening in to the entire conversation and regaling the others.

Much to Hermione's embarrassment.

"They are tied up in a pantry, and they are talking about my rack? Boys." Ginny sighed.

Harry concealed a laugh. "It sounds like they are for real. Draco just said he might be in love with you."

Hermione stared at the door. "I need to talk to him alone. Can you guys watch Blaise out here?"

Ginny shrugged. "If he gets out of line, I can handle him."

Hermione opened the pantry door and Draco was standing free of rope, turned towards Zabini who was still trussed up.

Draco shot Hermione a guilty look. "The ropes were uncomfortable." He put his hands up in the air. "I don't want to hurt anybody."

Hermione raised her eyebrow and then looked at Zabini. "Remove him."

Zabini was dragged out of the pantry still tied up by Harry and Neville. Hermione waved her wand at Draco and poked him in the side.

"Get back in there." ordered Hermione.

Draco looked annoyed, but the expression quickly changed to nervousness, as Hermione stepped into the closet and she shut the door behind her.

Hermione quickly cast a silencing charm and she sat down across from him. Folding her legs, Indian-style she faced him, her hands resting on her belly.

For the first time all day, Hermione allowed the hurt to seep in. Everything that Draco had said came rushing back to her. Her eyes felt dry and unable to react, almost dull.

Draco paced staring down at Hermione and finally he sat across from her, mimicking her style of sitting. His silvery gaze seemed luminous as he watched her, waiting for her to speak. Hermione suddenly recalled what a patient wizard Draco Malfoy was. He could sit silently for hours, just watching, waiting for a potion to come to solution. It said something about his character, that patience.

Hermione cleared her throat and croaked. "Why?"

Draco blinked. "What?"

Hermione closed her eyes and tried again. "Why are you here? Why did you do it?"

Even as the words came, Hermione felt weak tears spilling from the corners of her eyes. Tears of hope, fear and anguish for his words earlier.

"Is this because you want me to get rid of the baby? You want to get close to me, so you can induce an abortion. No one is touching it. You bastards already tried and failed miserably. I am a bloody Gryffindor, I am stronger than you pathetic snakes." Hermione half-sobbed the words.

"How can I trust you again?" Hermione wet her lips, staring at Draco as he sat expressionless throughout her tirade. "Look at you, you can't even defend yourself. Look at you sitting there like a bloody ice statue. Perfect but cold... You are so cold Draco."

Draco did not feel cold at all. He knew that he was still. He came from a family where being still could save your miserable life. Draco watched Hermione until her ranting ceased.

After a pause, silence filled the air between them.

Draco wet his suddenly dry lips. Her words ringing in his ears. He was cold. He was a Malfoy after all. It was a genetic trait.

"I would be lying if I said everything I did was for you. Of course it wasn't." Draco hesitated and then plunged forward. "I tried to protect you as best I could. This situation is bugged. You know that. I do not know precisely what I feel for you, but I do want to be with you. I said those things because Voldemort expects it of me. Now, I am a bloody fool, so it doesn't matter if you know the truth."

Hermione watched him suspiciously. "And what is the truth?"

Draco exhaled slowly and stared at his feet. "I'm not sure. All I know is that I am obsessed with you. I cannot stand not having you ready and beside me. Therefore, I defected. Okay?"

Draco thought he saw a glimmer of hopefulness in her eyes and he panicked.

"So, in exchange for unlimited sex, I will help your quest or whatever. Help you take out the Dark Lord. I have inside information that will be vital. You just have to agree to be my lover. Oh... and I will protect your kid, no matter who the father is. Okay?" Draco narrowed his eyes and he pulled her against him.

"I just simply can't stand being apart from you. I think you put some sort of spell on me." Draco gritted out pained from the thought.

Hermione had expected something along those lines but it still hurt when Draco said it. Draco just wanted to have unlimited sex control over her. He probably was just after the last Malfoy heir as well.

Hermione nodded grimly at Draco. Her expression grew solemn.

"Very well, you have to swear a blood oath to protect the child at all costs." Hermione grimaced.

Draco looked relieved slightly as he assured her. "Absolutely."

Draco swore and the magic from the Oath coiled up between them. Hermione felt better. If nothing else, Draco was on her side because of unlimited sex.

Hermione snorted suddenly and then broke into peals of laughter. Hermione held her stomach as she laughed until tears began to form.

Draco could not see anything funny about this remotely. "Hey now, what's so funny?"

"I am the brightest witch of my age and all you want from me is sex. In exchange your betraying the Dark Lord, for SEX. I am sorry but that is hysterical. I was the plainest girl at Hogwarts!" Hermione wiped her eyes, still laughing.

Draco glared. "Krum didn't think so."

"Oh, plain but ambitious girls are irresistible to Death eaters." Hermione murmured sarcastically.

"Besides, you're not plain. You have the best bloody body in all of the school. Every boy there thought so. Especially in Slytherin. It was annoying, you never showed off your chest. Besides, why should Gryffindor get all the girls with the big jugs anyway?" Draco complained.

Hermione paused. "Really?"

"Yes. But don't go getting any ideas." Draco groaned.

Hermione looked inordinately pleased. Her mind shifted gears, thank GODS.

"Now, what's Blaise's story? Is he just spying on us for Voldemort?" Hermione bit her bottom lip, thoughtfully.

Draco groaned at the look on her face. "I honestly don't know. Blaise is usually very lazy. I think he missed your friend. You noticed he did not try to escape. Well, that is laziness. He figures, I would untie him if I did all the work. Lazy."

Draco thought of something else and it made his blood run cold. "Hermione, the child is mine, right? Not Lestranges."

Hermione closed her eyes thinking hard. "The timing seems off to be Lestranges, but there is no guarantee. I think I am three weeks pregnant but I can't be sure." Her wide amber eyes opened in uncertainty.

Draco was suddenly in front of her, pressing his mouth down on hers. "I don't care whose it is."

Hermione did.

Still she responded to his kiss with a desperate need that surprised both of them. Her arms wrapped around his neck and she let her tongue taste his before delving deeper.

Draco moaned into her mouth and he pushed her up against the door with a thud. His body felt so strong against her own. Hermione gasped with pleasure as Draco's mouth dropped to the pulse at her neck and she could feel her nipples swelling in excitement.

"Oh gods..." moaned Hermione.

Potters voice rang out clearly through the door. "Let her go you bloody bastard!"

Harry yanked the pantry door open, and Draco yelped as he fell to the floor on top of Hermione. Ginny pressed her wand in his neck with a vicious look.

"Get up little ferret." Ginny whispered, with a mean look.

"It's okay!" Hermione shouted, muffled by Draco's chest. "I let him. It is fine, we can trust him."

"Why, because he is such a good person?" Ginny growled sarcastically.

"No, because I said so." Hermione pushed Draco off her, sounding annoyed.

"Well, I think you are endangering us because you like the way he tups. HE IS A MALFOY!" Ginny tried to stay calm but her voice began to rise. "He was born with lies in his mouth. He doesn't know how to be any better."

Draco rounded on Ginny with a malicious look. "Considering your upbringing, I am shocked you're not knocked up already with a dirty house of your own brats."

Ginny gasped.

Hermione put her hands up. "STOP! He swore a Wizard's Oath! This is pointless to debate."

Everyone sat down with a look of shock directed at Malfoy.

Blaise raised an eyebrow. "Oh Malfoy, you are fu..."

"Language please!" Hermione glared at Blaise. "It's hardly constructive."

"Well he is..." smirked Blaise.

Everyone couldn't help agreeing silently with Blaise. A Deatheater taking an Oath to defect was a death sentence.

"Can I at least know why?" Harry finally managed to find his voice.

"In exchange I get to... fuc... err... make love... to Granger whenever I want." Draco replied stubbornly.

"You are a fool." Blaise spat.

“How romantic...” Luna sighed.

“Predictable.” Ginny snorted.

Harry and Neville just stared open-mouthed at him in disbelief.

Hermione blushed to the roots of her hairline. Draco wrapped an arm around her waist giving everyone a possessive sneer.

Blaise rolled his eyes. “We are *all* doomed. You know that right? HELLO!!!!???”

The room flickered with the dark glow from the various ingredients in the Potions Stores. The faint scribbling could be heard as the Dark Wizard wrote on the parchment.

The time was nearing towards the end. The stupid Carrows had interfered to long in the progress of the students for there not to be a rebellion.

The D.A. had mostly disappeared and it was becoming obvious that Dumbledore’s request of him was becoming a heavier burden. Snape needed to find the Potter boy and give him the instructions of what to do.

Lestrangle walked into the room, slamming the doors to the side. HOW uncouth. The Potions Master glared.

“Voldemort wants to see you,” drawled Lestrangle as he leaned against the door.

Snape smirked inwardly. The Elder Wand. Voldemort was going to kill him. Snape folded the parchment up and sealed it with wax. Walking to the desk calmly, he turned suddenly.

With languid grace, Snape’s wand extended and Lestrangle’s expression became blank. Snape moved the wand silently and Lestrangle walked to the potions counter.

Snape walked over, clipped a goodly amount of hair from the rangy wizard, and collected the snippings. With a smug smile, he gestured his wand again and Lestrangle swallowed from the bottle sitting at the counter.

Lestrangle shuddered involuntarily as he swallowed the concoction, and his features began to bubble up and suddenly Snape stared at another version of himself. He smiled suddenly, flashing a rare show of teeth.

“I *am* a handsome bastard.” Snape whispered snarkily. Depositing the hair from Lestrangle into the waiting potion, Snape ingested it with a grimace.

“Cest le vie, to the old me.” Snape whispered as his features began to transform into Lestranges handsome visage instead.

“Now, Voldemort wants to see me? He can see you instead. Let’s go SNAPE.” Snape flicked his wand and Lestrangle propelled reluctantly forward, his dark eyes following him out of the hallway.

The scene went pretty much how Snape figured it would. Voldemort was a greedy bastard who had no qualms about killing his most 'loyal' servant to gain use of the wand. Sadly, Voldemort kicked his body to the ground and Nagini escaped all within a few minutes of time.

Snape was pleased. Lestrangle was dead and he had a lifetime supply of Polyjuice Potion to keep up the ruse. He was not a good spy.

He was a bloody, cracking Spy.

Snape tried to find Potter to tell him the news, but instead the idiot boy tried to fight Voldemort without the Deathly Hallows.

That is when things got sticky.

Potter died, and the Wizarding Nation cried and gave up.

Snape knew that Potter was not dead. HOW could he be? Voldemort did not want to kill one of his Horocruks, especially with Nagini missing. Therefore, he kept the boy hidden, carrying out his big plans to bring back the Purebloods vigorously.

The School was the beginning.

Then the plot with Granger.

Now that idiot Malfoy went and buggered it all up.

Thank Gods, he still had Blaise. Snape had continued trying to find Potter, but Voldemort would not give up anything. NOW, Potter has escaped with Granger and everything was going to hell in a hand-basket, as Blaise would say.

At least he finally tasted a bit of Granger. He had a thing for her all through school. Turns out she was a bit into dark wizards, because she held up admirably.

Ah well, now Malfoy had sunk his claws into her and that was hardly worth pursuing now. Unless she had his child.

Then, all bets were off.

Snape walked the hallways of the school. Normally he liked the silence but nowadays it was a result of torture and misery. It was not conducive to learning. Snape knew that behind every dorm room, a Dark Revel in training was commencing. The Carrows had learned their lesson about limiting the *obvious* activities of torture and mayhem. Now the students were expected to participate and then the blame can fall to them. The younger students had it the worst in his opinion. Some days were worse than others and even the Snarky Potions Master was having difficulty coping with the influx of evil around Hogwarts.

This is why the scene that met Snape in the library came as particularly hard to witness. With Malfoy defecting and Theodore Nott being replaced as Head Boy, the world just got worse for the girls at Hogwarts. His predilection ran towards rape and humiliation. The sounds grew as Snape rounded the corner. The choking noise was from a girl that Nott engaged in oral sex. Nott had a stump of a cock and Snape found himself feeling regret.

He recognized the girl as Mariah Higgs, Terence Higgs little sister. Mariah was considered a blood-traitor for being the only Slytherin to stand against Voldemort in the final battle. Rumors had it, she had been in love with Fred Weasley. She was the girl that Hermione had protected her first night back at Hogwarts. Snape knew it was a hundred times worse for her, being a Slytherin and a Blood Traitor.

The girl had been beautiful once. She had long hair that was multi-colored, wheat, blond and red. She had petite, delicate features, and luminous blue eyes. Her body was arguably skinnier then when he had taught her but she still possessed a nice body, full and lush.

The body in question was currently sandwiched between Crabbe and Nott. The girl had stopped sobbing long ago, her eyes vacant and glassy with pain as they used her, grunting and groaning like pathetic animals.

Snape saw it happening. The girl had something fisted in her palms that pressed into the rug. Something metal that she raised and her hand swept up and stabbed into Crabbe's thigh. Crabbe screamed suddenly and ripped away from the girl. Nott hissed and grabbed the girl by her hair, throwing her to the ground and kicking her in the stomach. The girl grunted but otherwise made no noise.

Snape stepped in out of genuine annoyance. "Poorly handled Mr. Nott."

Snape frowned and Crabbe howled in pain from the rusty nail.

"Better go take care of that Mr. Crabbe." Snape murmured silkily. "I will clean up the mess here."

"Yes, Professor Lestrangle." The boys grudgingly said.

The boys both nodded and stepped over the girl who had fallen to her knees at Lestrangle's feet.

The girls head bent forward and her long hair covered her face from his sight. Snape expected to see tears and weeping. Suddenly Mariah looked up and her cold, detached blue eyes pierced his. He saw hatred. Pure, unadulterated loathing directed towards him. Snape did not take it to heart. It was not the first time he had seen such hatred directed at him.

The girl stayed prone on the ground and he towered over her. "Stand up, ." Snape's voice sent a shiver of fear down on her back.

Mariah stared coldly back at the rangy bastard, Lestrangle. He had not raped her yet, but she guessed he was due. So far, she was blessed that she had not contracted any diseases. Mariah stood to her feet, her spine so straight it resembled a broom handle.

"What do you imagine the punishment for stabbing Mr. Crabbe in the leg with a rusty nail should be?"

"I think I should as a punishment, be forced to castrate Mr. Crabbe with that same rusty nail." Mariah's voice was husky and low and Snape felt a strange excitement from the blood lust that permeated it.

Mariah's eyes were guileless as the clear blue sky. Nobody seemed home. Snape smiled, and gave a startled laugh at her cheek. She was rather feisty.

“Perhaps, Ms. Higgs.” Snape circled her and she did not flinch.

“Instead however, I think you should help me label my potion stores.” Snape smirked.

Mariah blinked. She studied Lestrangle for a moment and she almost felt a strange sense of déjà vu. She had never spent any time around the Death Eater so it was unsettling. “As you wish, Professor.” Mariah’s soft voice intoned.

Snape guided Mariah towards the Potions Room and clicked the door shut behind her.

“I understand your desire to stab Crabbe. He is quite the dun... imbecile.” Snape almost cursed under his breath. He was beginning to lose it. He was LESTRANGE. Act more moronic. It was hard to act moronic when he was so intrigued by this hollow girl that now sat across from him.

“Would you like to stay here?” Snape found himself asking before he could bite the words back.

Mariah looked stunned by his offer, the first sign of life in those azure eyes. Mariah said nothing as she watched Snape internally struggle with what devil possessed him to make him offer her that.

“I mean, you would be my slave only. The others couldn’t touch you.” Snape turned to face the chalkboard, anticipating her refusal.

“I might kill you eventually.” Mariah’s husky voice whispered into the empty classroom.

“I am willing to live with that possibility.” Snape gave her a lazy smile.

Mariah shrugged helplessly.

Snape marveled that there was a girl in the world who didn’t want to know ‘why?’ someone was helping them or what motivated it. Then again, the girl could be beyond caring. Either way, it was refreshing. Mariah could help him keep an eye on the school, Blaise will keep an eye on Potter and

Snape will get to have everything he needed to destroy the one man he hated more than anyone else.

He would destroy Voldemort.

Read and review.

Chapter 16

... Somewhere else...

Blaise watched the group leave the small kitchen. They were acting not unlike chickens with their heads cut off. It had been decided, WITHOUT him, that he would be left here, while they gathered food from neighboring stores.

Ginny stayed behind to guard Blaise, in case he escaped. Other than the occasional glare, Ginny had said nothing to him. Blaise simply smiled sweetly at her in response. He was still trussed up like a turkey.

While Malfoy roamed, free as a Hippogriff. The lunatic made an oath to defy the Dark Lord, FOR sex. Malfoy had no scruples.

It was admirable.

Blaise stretched and felt the ropes begin to rub his wrists raw.

"I say, do you think you could untie me now?" questioned Blaise.

"Oh yes, where are my manners? Would you like some tea, perhaps a scone?" murmured Ginny sarcastically.

Blaise raised an eyebrow. "Do you have blueberry?"

Ginny hissed, "No I don't have any bloody blueberry! You're a captive, Zabini!"

Blaise shrugged. "You offered."

Ginny rubbed her temple. Blaise thought she looked beautiful. Tired but fiery and alive in vibrant color.

"These ropes are rather cumbersome," said Blaise tentatively.

"They are supposed to be," answered Ginny wearily.

Blaise turned up the charm a bit. He knew his scent was getting to her, especially without anyone else around them. Her delicate nose was twitching in delight. Her beautiful blue eyes were getting cloudy with unrecognized lust.

"Come on sweet, you know I would never hurt you," whispered Blaise soothingly.

Ginny faltered and she moved closer to him, sitting down on a chair across from him. She peered up into his dark eyes narrowed in concentration. The ropes crisscrossed over his broad chest, and it emphasized his rugged physique in an almost sensual way.

Ginny wet her lips.

"You have me completely at your mercy, Ginerva," Blaise shuddered when she touched her beautiful, pink tongue to her lips unconsciously.

Ginny scooted the chair closer and he could smell her distinct scent. Wild heather, a touch of rose and a female scent that called to all his primal male instincts.

“Untie me,” whispered Blaise slowly. His voice was playing havoc on her nerves and Ginny rose up and stood, staring down at him.

Her soft red hair fell about her shoulders and tickled against his face. Blaise closed his eyes and shivered as her hands reached out and dug through his dark hair.

“You’re my prisoner now, Zabini,” hissed Ginny. “You think I will let you get away with trying to seduce me?”

“Yes?” responded Blaise hopefully.

Ginny’s mouth crashed down on his own, her tongue delving inside his mouth. Blaise moaned as her hands began running over the planes of his chest and the ropes that were binding him. Blaise could feel himself getting ridiculously hard by this strange little scenario.

Ginny had the sweetest mouth, so hot and feverish. Her mouth traveled down to his neck, licking at him as suddenly she straddled his waist, rubbing her hot little body against him.

“I want you to beg,” Ginny moaned into his ear.

“I’m begging, I am begging...” mumbled Blaise feverishly as he felt her hot lithe body rubbing his thigh. “Bloody untie me you saucy bitch.”

Ginny grinned and she began to undo the ties around his wrists. She feverishly tugged at him until he was loose.

Blaise suddenly came to life as he grabbed her waist and slammed her hard to the opposite side of the wall. Blaise’s mouth fell hard over her own, plunging and demanding as he wrapped her legs around his waist. Blaise groaned as he pulled back from the kiss and buried his lips at the top of her cleavage.

“Did you miss me, Ginerva?” Blaise spoke huskily as he nibbled at her flesh. Blaise could feel the nipples pebbling as he rubbed his calloused hands over the tops of her robes.

Ginny groaned from his teasing lips and she nodded. “Oh Gods, yes.”

Blaise pulled up her robes, and found her wet curls between her legs. It felt like soft silk between her folds. Ginny moaned against him as his long elegant fingers thrust inside her.

“Ready for me, my pet. As always,” Blaise pointed out smugly.

“Stop being a cocky prick and fuck me, Blaise,” screamed Ginny as she spread herself wider.

“You like my cocky prick, luv,” Blaise grinned as he slammed himself home, stretching her silk folds to the maximum with his sudden possession of her. Kitchen utensils fell with a clatter to the floor as the wall shook behind her.

“Oh gods, I missed that sexy noise you make when you are stuffed full of my cock, Pet,” whispered Blaise as he thrust whimpered and clutched his shoulders, letting the sensation flood through her.

"I'm going to hell for this," cried Ginny.

"Yes, but at least you won't be alone," Blaise shuddered and began to pump up and into the hot, juicy witch.

Ginny began to scream, with each pounding thrust. Her nails slid into his back, gripping him closer as he pumped her. Another pan fell to the ground ignored by the couple.

Blaise began to sweat from the position and he groaned. "I want you on your knees, Ginny, You have been a naughty minx and you deserve my wrath," Blaise hissed with a combination of pain and pleasure in his hoarse voice.

Ginny whimpered as he slid out and he pushed her against the table, spreading her out from behind. He could see her glistening pink hole, her plush round buttocks up in the air, quivering as she shook from desire. Her flushed cheeks and bright eyes were making him want to explode but he took his time. Pumping his cock once, he positioning at the sweet hot hole, his other hand pressed Ginny's back flat on the kitchen table.

"You're sweet titties look beautiful on this decrepit table. I should take you to the Zabini home in Milan. I would love to fuck you against mahogany floors. With your white skin and pink cheeks, it would look exquisite. Would you like that? On the other hand, perhaps you like marble. Your nipples would be continually hard from cold marble on your flesh, and my hot possession of your beautiful cunt would make a beautiful contrast. There are sexual advantages to obscene wealth like mine. Like the multitude of things I could rub your juicy body on while riding you, my pet," murmured Blaise laconically. Blaise suddenly gripped her hips, spread her out wide, slid up to the edge of the table between her legs, and pushed inside her.

Ginny felt deliciously stuffed while face down on the kitchen table. Ginny's legs spread out impossibly wide and Blaise was between them, pushing inside and stretching the hot little witch out before plunging repeatedly into her.

Blaise's words began to push Ginny over the edge, the imagery forcing her to feel like another possession for Blaise. The helplessness overwhelmed her, as her body recoiled from orgasm, after orgasm.

Blaise grinned toothily as he felt the hot, little witch soak his cock from orgasm. He continued to piston into her, whispering words of possession while he used her hot, tight cunt.

"Oh, gods Ginny," Blaise groaned as he felt her walls clench around the head of his cock and he burst inside her, panting. "Good pet."

Ginny shuddered from another mind-shattering orgasm as she felt him burst inside her, flooding her womb. Blaise eased gently off her and Ginny felt him hauling her off the kitchen table. She could feel his sperm leaking down the crack between her legs and she felt rubbery. Her cheeks flamed at the smug look on his face.

"I told you, you wanted it pet," whispered Blaise. "Was that so bad?"

Ginny felt a huge lump in her throat and to her horror she could feel tears burning in her eyes. Ginny stared down at the table and shakily she tried to stand. Ginny turned away from him and gingerly picked up the kitchenware and replaced it back on the wall slowly, woodenly.

Ginny knew Blaise was using her. She was not a complete dunderhead. Deatheaters destroyed her family, and she had just slept with one. Willingly. It burned inside her, the guilt that was churning in her gut. Ginny blamed Blaise the whole time but really, it should have been herself.

She hated herself so deeply at that moment. She could remember the look on her brother's face when he was killed, as vividly as if he was standing besides her. The lazy wizard who stood across from her probably danced at his funeral.

Ginny grabbed her stomach from the physical pain of her betrayal. It had always been her. She was a slut. No worse, a traitor to her family. Ginny knew that the others would see it the same way. She was so ashamed.

Blaise watched Ginny clutch her stomach and sit down on the floor, holding herself. He tilted his head in puzzlement. "What's wrong, pet?" gently Blaise spoke as he walked towards her.

"Get away from me," whispered Ginny. "Please."

Blaise paused mid-stride. The broken, self-loathing in her tone was evident to him, he wasn't a fool. The please was what caught him and he felt a strange pulse of sadness. Blaise shook it off mentally. The chit was just feeling sorry for herself, obviously, he had given her a great time and she was just sulking.

Blaise shrugged. "Suit yourself." Blaise walked to the bathroom and shut the door.

Ginny heard the door close and she buried her face in her arms and wept. The tears once they began, didn't seem to stop. Her body gave a shudder as she felt her stomach heaving from the pain that she was suddenly consumed with. She had not cried once, never mourned her family in the way that some said she should have. She knew she seemed like a cold bitch to many people. That just was not her way.

Ginny would rather fight then cry and be weak. Growing up with some many brothers taught her that crying did not solve anything. So then why was she crying now? Ginny closed her eyes, sobbing her heart out; gripped by the agony that was overwhelming her. She was betraying her entire families' memory with a Deatheater that was using her for sex. So why couldn't she say no to him? What was wrong with her?

Blaise leaned against the bathroom door, listening to Ginny sob her eyes out. Blaise was a bright wizard, crying after sex was NEVER a good thing. He felt a pain in his chest, listening to her pathetic little sobs that seemed to never stop. Why was she crying? She didn't really think she was a slut, did she? Blaise slid down the door and sunk his head into his hands. This was killing him, listening to her cry. Didn't she know what this was doing for his self-esteem?

Blaise realized he was beginning to be affected by the stubborn girl. Her pain was bothering him. He wanted it to end. Life is better when there was less pain to it. Blaise stood up and opened the door.

The littlest Weasel was not a pretty crier. She looked much better when flying at him in a temper, or sweaty from him making love to her. Err fucking her.

Blaise walked forward silently and he sat down next to her on the floor with a look of distaste for the obvious dirt he was sitting in.

“Ginny, please pet, why are you crying? You’re too mean to cry,” whispered Blaise, as he reached out to stroke her vibrant hair.

Ginny’s sobs gradual begin to slow as she felt his comforting hand stroking her hair, softly as though she was a wild animal he was trying to tame. Instead of that angering her, she felt emotionless.

“Because there is nothing else to do,” helplessly Ginny replied. Ginny lifted her tear soaked face, and Blaise felt a pang in his heart at her heartbreaking expression of self-hatred.

“Being with you is a betrayal to everyone in my family. I know this is a game for you Blaise, but my whole family was massacred by your people. Deatheaters. Now, I slept with one. For what? What’s wrong with me? I’m just a whore, just like you said,” sobbed Ginny, pressing her face into her hands.

“You’re not a whore Ginny.” Blaise stated empathetically. “You are a wonderful witch, vibrant, courageous and a fighter. Your family would be proud of you.”

“Pretty lies from a Deatheater looking to fuck me. Sorry if I don’t buy that one. But I do appreciate your doggedness. Do not want to lose your whore, I understand. Don’t worry I am sure once this crying jag is done, I will be more than happy to spread my legs again.” Ginny’s sarcastic tone was filled with dull pain.

Blaise swallowed hard at her pain-soaked words. Blaise could not think, all he knew was that he had to stop this girl from crying, he shuddered when he thought of his promise to Snape.

“You didn’t betray anyway. I’m a spy,” hissed Blaise. “But you can’t tell ANYONE, Ginny. Promise me. Wizard’s Oath and all that.” Blaise waved his hand at her.

Ginny blinked and swallowed hard. “It doesn’t matter, I hardly knew it did I,” dully Ginny replied.

“Believe me, if I was a true Deatheater, you would have hated my guts. The things they do can steal a person’s soul. I was just having a bit of fun. It’s expected, Ginny.” Blaise looked surprisingly alert and his dark eyes intensely regarded her. “I skate by on the fact that everyone underestimates me. They expect me to be ineffectual. It’s part of my charm.” stated Blaise matter-of-factly.

“Now, swear.” Blaise gripped her arm. “You have to swear not to tell anyone.”

Ginny nodded, wiping the tears from her eyes. “I swear never to reveal your true allegiances.” The Wizards Oath swelled up between them, and Blaise grabbed her and pulled her up against him.

“Now, you HAVE to kiss me,” demandingly Blaise whispered. He kissed Ginny hard on the mouth, tasting her tears still on her face.

Ginny felt hope blossom for the first time in a long time and she tenderly touched the side of Blaise’s face. “Thank you,” she whispered.

Blaise grimaced as he bit her bottom lip, trying to replace the tender moment with something less threatening, like sex.

“Gods, what happened here?” Luna walked inside, staring down at the kitchen pots scattered on the floor. “Oh, Blaise escaped and he is snogging Ginny...” trilled Luna.

Harry burst through the door and pointed his wand at Blaise. “WHAT do you think you are doing, Zabini?” growled Harry.

Ginny opened her mouth and Blaise kissed her thoroughly before releasing her out of breath.

Harry made a face. “Eww.”

Blaise grinned brilliantly. “It’s called snogging, Potter. If you did it more often, you would probably be a happier bloke. Ginerva was just going to tie me up again. It’s inhumane to keep someone tied up as long as you did. I need a walk around is all.”

Ginny looked like she would argue but Blaise shot her a warning look. “Time me up, Weasley,” growled Blaise.

Harry looked annoyed and he held up his hand. “Actually, we decided to untie you anyway. Malfoy says that we can trust you to be too lazy to do much to us. Plus, you could have already killed us all in our sleep,” sighed Harry.

Hermione walked with Draco and he plunked a bag of cans onto the table.

“Your on kitchen detail,” giggled Luna.

Blaise looked horrified. “Tie me up!”

“Please, just tie me up, I prefer it really,” whispered Blaise in horror.

Draco laughed. “What I tell you Potter? It is like Chinese water torture.”

Harry grinned at Draco. “Now, let’s get to work. We have a lot of ground to cover before nightfall.”

Nagini had been thinking rather hard about the circumstances that would ultimately lead to her death. She recognized the look in Ginny’s eyes when she looked at Blaise. Blaise was scowling while he gingerly handled the cans of potted meat. It was rather amusing to watch him, but Nagini could not afford to get distracted.

Nagini grabbed Harry’s hand and gently motioned for him to follow her to the other room. Harry flushed and followed her. Once inside the room, Nagini turned to face him with a solemn look.

“Time is running out, Harry,” whispered Nagini as she pressed his hand into her cheek. “We need to consolidate our plans. There are too many random elements now.”

Harry swallowed hard looking into Nagini’s hypnotic gaze. “I don’t want to lose you,” he whispered hoarsely.

“We don’t have a choice, do we?” Nagini clasped Harry against her, her face pressing into his neck.

“Actually you do,” a female voice spoke from behind them.

Hermione stood and watched them with a sad smile on her face from the doorway. “We could find another way to kill He-who-must-not-be-named. The reason why we need to destroy the Horocrux, is that pieces of the Dark Lord’s soul lie dormant in you both.

“What if we could remove the soul? Then you could be free from his influence and we could stop him without losing Nagini,” whispered Hermione.

Harry rubbed his scar thoughtfully. “It’s worth a shot at least. Repairing a soul is dark magic though. How would we go about doing something like that? Is it even possible?”

“Repairing his soul is a brilliant idea, Harry,” Nagini whispered excitedly. “I have heard of such a thing, in my own country. People come from miles around to bath in the waters of Kashmir. It is said there is a place of such healing that the devil himself will kill prevent those from entering and forgiving their sins in this life.”

Harry looked dubious. “I doubt Voldemort could be cured of evil by water.”

Nagini smiled patiently. “No, but the water would heal the parts of his soul that are missing. It would sever his ties to his Horocrux. Especially if we can combine that with some counter charms, it might work.”

Harry quickly related the information to Hermione who waited patiently while they spoke.

Hermione looked at Nagini with a completely new level of respect. “I need to learn Hindi. I think I could learn a bit from you. Oh, I am such a dunce; I cannot believe I did not think of it before! My Memorization charm!

“Harry! I can get a book of Hindi and we can all learn to speak it. Besides, we will need to learn it if we are going to go to India anyway,” exclaimed Hermione.

Hermione shrugged. “I need to get into the restricted section at Hogwarts. Besides Harry, it is not dark magic necessarily, but powerful, old magic. I had a dream last night. I think I may be right, I do not know why but I do.” Also, I need to get into the potions stores. There is a powerful memory charm that I have used before to memorize whole textbooks in hours, not days. Verbatim.”

“What are you going on about?” questioned Draco, as he popped up besides her.

“I have to go back to Hogwarts—

“— No way,” interrupted Draco.

“Yes! I have to if we are going to defeat him. I need supplies and books,” sighed Hermione.

“Unacceptable, you will be captured,” growled Draco annoyed.

“Hold on a tic, you said Memorization Charm. You little cheat! No wonder you barely had better grades than me. Professor Snape had your number, didn’t he? Caught you quoting directly from the book,” laughed Draco.

“It’s not cheating to use magic in school. I simply accelerated my learning process to match my comprehension level,” huffed Hermione.

“You cheated,” drawled Draco.

“Anyway... that’s hardly the point, is it? We can use the charm to our betterment now,” Hermione pointed out.

Harry felt instant relief. Hermione would figure out a way to solve this mess. He would not have to kill anybody. Nagini relaxed against him, echoing that same feeling obviously.

“I will go to the school tonight,” declared Hermione and she walked into the kitchen where everybody was gathered.

Ginny looked up in surprise at her declaration. Blaise stopped scooping bits of meat onto various plates with cold, canned vegetables. The things he did for adventure was beginning to wear on him.

“Excuse me, what?” Ginny frowned across at Hermione.

“I’m going to Hogwarts to steal potion ingredients and some old books,” replied Hermione calmly.

“You’re daft,” remarked Blaise cheerfully, while he made a face at the smudge of potted meat on his sleeve.

Blaise gasped at his ruined sleeve and Ginny ignored him.

“I think you are very brave,” Luna smiled at Hermione encouragingly.

Hermione gripped her wand tightly in her right hand. “Let’s hope you are right,” she whispered and headed for the door.

Read and review

Chapter 17

Mariah Higgs was a patient girl and the last few hours went by rather quickly. Slowly, her guard became relaxed around the Dark Wizard who was now her Master. He would have been handsome once, dark hair, dark eyes and a rangy, lean build. A handsome but cruel visage, ravaged by his years in Azkaban.

Mariah re-filled the last of the potion bottles and lined them up in a neat row. A soft sigh escaped her lips and she felt her belly growl from the lack of food. Lestrangle heard the rumble from the girls belly and he mentally thought of food.

Suddenly, a huge tray of food appeared before him. A roast chicken, with oyster stuffing, mashed potatoes and sautéed vegetables. A large glass of pumpkin juice, and assorted fruit pies rested on the corner of the tray.

Mariah stared at the pile of food with purposefully blank eyes. So many times, she had been conned into thinking she would have something other than the gruel that they gave the slaves here. Not anymore. The smell of the rosemary and lemon drenched chicken was overpowering the scent of the potions in front of her.

She heard the chair scrape as Lestrangle sat down to eat the feast. She wanted to murder him in cold blood. This was too cruel. Eating that in front of her when she is starving like this. Closing her eyes, she imagined the crispness of the green peas as they popped under her tongue. Mariah was drooling.

Snape watched the girl struggling with her pride. He was impressed, not a single pleading note, pushed past her stubborn red lips. He chewed thoughtfully on a bite of moist turkey.

Mariah turned around to Snape and she bowed her head, the tendrils of hair, covered her covetous expression.

“I am done, Sir,” whispered Mariah.

“Come sit next to me,” commanded Snape.

Mariah’s stomach rebelled at the thought of being denied more food. Grudgingly she walked forward and moved to sit next to him in an empty chair.

“No, sit in my lap,” Snape murmured testing her.

Mariah woodenly moved to sit across his lap. Her legs tucked up as she leaned back against his chest like a child. The food was right in front of her now. Mariah wanted to cry. Great gasping sobs, threatening to push forth from her chest.

Snape felt the girl quiver and he idly tucked back a length of her hair, staring into her blue eyes. “This is for you,” he whispered into her ear.

Mariah looked disbelievingly at him. “Go ahead, pick up a fork.” Snape replied to her questioning look.

"I am not such a pig that I can eat a whole chicken," Snape whispered snarkily.

Mariah picked up the fork and dug into the chicken, and took a bite. A small moan of pleasure came from her mouth as her taste buds burst to life suddenly. Mariah swallowed convulsively. Snape watched her, as she began to scoop more of the food into her mouth, chewing rapidly, barely tasting the food.

Snape gave a rusty laugh at her vehemence in finishing the dish. "You are going to make yourself sick."

Mariah slowly pushed back a mostly empty plate. She placed a hand to her belly that felt swollen, it was so full. Her eyelids drooped as she felt the comforting lull of fullness set in. She had not eaten in such a way in over four long months.

Snape felt the girl droop in his arms and he adjusted his weight slightly. She reminded him of those lazy cats that will sleep anywhere with nonchalance that comes from a lack of caring. The damned girl was practically snoring in his lap. He hooked an arm under her legs and one over her back and he rose up, carrying her to the spare couch in his office. He deposited her on the couch and drew a throw over her exhausted body.

The girl turned to press her face into the couch pillows there with a faint murmur of contentment. The bloody ungrateful chit did not even say thank you. Snape smirked at her cheek and blew out the candle lighting up his Potions Office. There would be plenty of time tomorrow.

Hermione walked outside of the joke shop and she stared down at her shaking hands. The wand clutched in her right hand gave her courage. Suddenly she heard the door open behind her.

Draco stood in the doorway. Hermione took the moment to study his perfect features, long pale hair and sculpted body. He was breathtaking. Hermione sighed as he strode towards her with a determined look.

"You shouldn't be going. You're endangering the child with this little stunt," Draco sighed and pulled her close to him. Hermione could smell his spicy scent flood her nostrils and she closed her eyes as she leaned against him. His fingers came up to caress her wild curls.

She felt so soft and feminine against him, Draco dragged in a deep breath of cold air.

"Please be careful," he murmured softly and he tilted her face up to his, pressing a warm kiss on her lips.

"Take this..." Blaise's voice rang out from the doorway, but he was staring dubiously at the fresh snow on the ground. He tossed a rolled piece of parchment at Hermione. She unrolled the parchment, noting it was blank.

"Thanks...?" Hermione raised an eyebrow.

"Mischief Managed and all that," replied Blaise. He shivered and ducked back inside.

Hermione's eyes lit up and she tapped her wand on the paper. "I solemnly swear I am up to no good."

"Clever motto," Draco stared down at the paper as it slowly revealed the Map of Hogwarts, with the moving figures.

"This is how we kept track of you all those years! I wonder how Blaise got a hold of it?" exclaimed Hermione.

"Who knows? He is a bit of an odd duck, if you haven't noticed," Draco touched her shoulder. "Go now, before dinner comes. That is the best time. Just go," he whispered harshly, pushing her shoulder gently.

Hermione noticed that he was being sweet, but she ignored the butterflies that it caused in her stomach. She pulled back from him and turned to head for the Shrieking Shack.

Hermione turned around once and saw Draco still watching her from afar. His hands were in fists by his side. Hermione felt a surge of love for him that almost made her fall face first in the snow. She was a bloody fool. She was in love with Draco Malfoy and it was going to get her killed. Hermione surged forward carefully utilizing the map to light her way.

The School seemed empty in the halls as usual by this time. The students were in the great hall dining between these hours. Hermione scurried towards the back hallways, narrowly escaping noticing a few times. The Map was saving her life and if Ginny did not kill Blaise first, she vowed to kiss him when she got back to safety. First the Library.

Hermione pushed open the doors and noticed that it was empty; classes were not exactly studious nowadays. No academic tests to promote reading anyway. Hermione snuck towards the Restricted Section. She glanced down at the Map, and saw something that made her gasp loudly. She dropped the map and her wand. Falling into darkness the library suddenly seemed ominous.

Mentally Hermione was screaming, it couldn't be! Hurriedly she lit her wand and stared down at the Map. The name Severus Snape leapt out at her. Severus Snape was dead! Coincidentally he was also standing right next to her.

Hermione screamed. A hand covered her mouth after the first yelp came out and she felt herself being dragged up against a hard male body. Hermione kicked out and threw her elbow into his chest.

With a grunt, Hermione fell to the ground and she took off running, turning only to throw a hex. She slid to the doors of the hallway, but without the map, she could not see where she was or who was coming.

Hermione suddenly felt a wand press into the back of her neck. A silencing charm fell over her and she could not make a noise.

"Now, now Ms. Granger, I can't have you stealing off to ruin everything. Not today," a silky voice whispered in her ear, and the rich baritone was unmistakably Professor Snape.

Hermione trembled but she did not move further. Professor Snape was a killer, and a Deatheater. Plus, he hated her. She was going to die and Draco would never see her again.

Hermione stared at the ground, wishing she could turn around and see the greasy bat just once before she died, so she could spit in his face. Slowly she felt his slender fingers grip her shoulder and his hand traveled down to cup her breast, with the other wand to her neck.

“Still as plump as ever, I wager.” his voice sent shivers down her spine, and a thousand fantasies that she once had came to life suddenly. Hermione turned to face him, uncaring of the wand at her throat.

Hermione blinked at the sight of Rudolphus Lestrange standing there. The shock became too much and she felt the world spinning suddenly and nausea ran rampant. Hermione’s eyelashes flickered and she fell to the floor without a sound.

Severus stared down at the witch collapsed at his feet in a luscious bundle. Bloody Gryffindor. He reached down, picked her up easily, and carried her quickly to his private rooms. Snape unwarded his door and walked inside to his bedroom. He set her down on the bed gently and he sat down across from her and waiting for the witch to wake up. He had a great deal to explain to the girl and none of it was pleasant.

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Hermione’s eyelashes fluttered awake and she knew that she was no longer in the library. She was lying on a four-poster bed with decadent green satin covers and bookshelves lined the walls. Her memories flooded back to her and she sat up with a gasp.

Lestrangle sat across from her comfortably in a large, ornate chair. His slender fingers drummed on the arm of the chair in a casual air of patience. Suddenly Hermione wondered why she didn’t see it before. Perhaps it was because Snape had been considered dead and she had no real knowledge of who Lestrangle actually was, but it was glaringly obvious to her now that her snarky, Potions Master was alive and well under the guise of Lestrangle.

HE slept with her. She had mind-blowing painful sex with Severus Snape. The thought was enough to make her want to faint again.

“If you pass out again, I may take advantage of your inability to move, so you may want to reconsider,” replied the Dark Wizard with a sick smile.

“You’re vile, despicable...——” spat Hermione.

“—— Etcetera, etcetera....” finished Snape as he rose up from the chair in a graceful motion.

He swept towards the bed and pulled her up to a sitting position. “...You did not strike me as particularly dimwitted throughout school, so let me cut to the chase of this dramatic scene,” whispered Snape, as he drew her up against him.

Hermione licked her lips thoughtfully and nodded.

“You are a lovely and seductive witch, that has ensnared my attention since your fifth year,” Snape gently ran a fingertip over her cheek and Hermione could feel her breath stop. “I

took advantage of an opportunity to exercise my lust for you and continue my charade as a Deatheater bastard. I also hoped that Malfoy would see it as a reason to leave you alone.”

His lips caressed her ear as he whispered heatedly into it. “I must admit, I was surprised by the passion you evoked to convince me to help you. It most certainly granted you my respect and... admiration. You were wild in bed and I of course found that entirely too much to resist when later presented with another such opportunity later on.”

“I realize it is entirely implausible that you would return to this place to seek me out, so I can only assume you want something more from my supplies or you would like perhaps, a book to help your quest? You know the price of such a request, and regardless of whom you thought you would be dealing with, you now find yourself dealing with me. Professor Snape, for better or worse. Don’t forget witch, which I can make you wetter then Malfoy ever could.”

Hermione gasped as his words sunk in and she squirmed against him. His tongue flicked out to capture her earlobe and she shuddered.

“You couldn’t possibly expect me to strike a deal with you,” cried Hermione as she scooted back on the bed.

Snape stared coldly at her with a small smile playing on his cruel lips. “Of course I do. Nothing has changed, except that perhaps, you carry my child as well,” he hissed as he advanced on her.

“Leave her alone.” a fierce feminine voice rang out in the quiet room.

The words carried heat and passion and they startled Snape from his victimization. Mariah stood in the doorway, her blue eyes filled with hatred, and she stalked towards Snape.

“I will give you whatever you want, willingly. If you leave her alone,” Mariah said quietly and she touched his arm, encircling it with her small slender fingertips.

Snape stared down at the hand in interest. This was the most emotional he had ever seen the girl. It tugged at his cock. He suddenly imagined her screaming in passion. Her dull eyes alight and glazed with lust. Snape wet his lips, staring down at her.

“No, you’re boring. You wouldn’t even react,” hissed Snape, jerking his arm back from her grasp.

Mariah stared at Hermione with a look of desperation. She was a smart girl and she was helping Harry Potter, the rumors had said.

“You would be surprised by what reaction you could get out of me, Professor Snape.” She whispered, something violent flickered in her azure gaze.

Snape sucked in a breath when he realized she knew who he was. Regardless, this would not be an issue soon. He growled slightly.

“I want you. She does not. You’re not a bad man, Professor Snape, You are just a hard man,” Mariah wet her lips as she spoke huskily.

Snape felt his cock grow hard just staring at the girl. He sneered at Granger for a long moment.

“You cannot tell anyone I am alive. You will kill Potter if you do. Give him this.” Snape strode over to his desk. Snape unwarded it and reached in to pull out a small pensieve.

Hermione shook her head in horror. This girl could not sacrifice this for her. She refused to let that bastard do this. Hermione started to speak when Snape thrust the pensieve in her hands.

Mariah cut a cold look to her that froze her. “Don’t be a *fool*, Hermione, You are our last hope.”

“I need potion ingredients and a book on language charms.” Hermione wet her lips nervously and inched off the bed towards the door.

Snape did not take his eyes off Mariah who was breathing steadily staring back at him. “I don’t care. Just go.” Hermione took what she needed from his private stock, which was surprisingly full. It explained the state of the Potions room.

She felt as if she was in shock, the girl just stared back at Snape; she seemed so unafraid of him. Hermione flicked her wand silently muttering, ‘Alohamora.’ As she passed Mariah’s collar. The girl blinked when she felt her collar unsnapped and she looked at Snape’s wand. Hermione fled the room and quickly moved out to the grounds. Hermione knew that she had done all she could for the girl and ran back to the shop with the Map in tow.

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Severus turned to face the girl that was staring defiantly back at him. “So noble, so brave, I almost mistook you for a Gryffindor.” His silky voice sent a shiver down her spine and she wet her lips as she considered what to do.

“Well, clearly I am a Slytherin, because I have you right where I want you,” whispered Mariah as she looped her arms around his neck and pulled his head down. Her mouth was sweet, hot and responsive as she slipped her tongue in his mouth.

Snape got lost in the pleasure rolling through him and he felt a sudden numbness all over his body. The witch had his wand and she had used a silent body-binding charm. “I am sorry Professor, but as you pointed out, I am a Slytherin. Besides, I told you I might kill you.” Mariah kissed his frozen expression of rage.

Mariah ran out of the potions room and burst at full speed to catch up to Hermione just outside of Hogsmeade. If she was lucky, she would make it in time to catch her.

Severus Snape grimaced from the body-binding spell. He should have known that devious little girl would pull this stunt. Hermione obviously unlocked her collar while he was imagining all the luscious ways he planned to tup Mariah.

He felt like a fool and a small part of him was hurt. Although Mariah had seemed interested in him as well, the real him, of course it was all a ruse. Women did not like Dark Wizards like him. They occasionally liked to fuck and run, but they would never purposefully seek out a wizard like himself for anything more than that.

Snape felt genuine disappointment and rage towards Mariah. He had offered her safety, food, comfort and she repaid him with betrayal. Once he got out of here, she would pay

dearly for that. Snape gritted his teeth and concentrated hard. He wiggled his fingers very slowly, stiffly.

Wandless magic was something that he NEVER used, if the Dark Lord found out he could do it, he would have been executed. However, like Occulmens and Legilimens skills, something was just a gift that he was born with. He called himself the Half-Blood Prince for a reason. Besides, if he did not take the Polyjuice potion soon, he was dead anyway.

Snape was breaking all his rules tonight. Wandless magic and trusting insipid young girls. DAMN! This process was going very slowly. Snape could feel sweat pouring down on his back as he slowly countered the body-binding curse. This was going to take a while.

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Read and Review

Chapter 18

Hermione trudged through the snow towards Hogsmeade and stopped by the trees to catch her breath. A sound of someone running caused her heart to leap into her throat. Hermione ducked down, her wand extended trembling.

The running stopped as Mariah froze, searching out the seemingly empty road before her. She looked down, checked the tracks in the snow, and began to run again when she heard Hermione call out her name. Mariah's head shot up and she saw Hermione running towards her. Hermione threw herself on her in a fierce hug.

"Is he following you?" whispered Hermione as she withdrew from the hug. Mariah seemed frozen and she had not responded to the warm gesture.

"No, I put him in a body-binding curse," murmured Mariah. She raised Snape's wand with a wan smile. "Thank you for helping me."

"I should be saying that to you," exclaimed Hermione and she tugged Mariah by the arm. "Come on, we shouldn't be out here."

The girls hurried back to the joke shop, with Hermione checking to see if they were followed to the Shrieking Shack still.

"No one seems to be coming after us," said Hermione. "Snape is still in his room. Oh! You cannot tell anyone, even if Snape is lying about Harry, I cannot risk him dying. No one can know about Snape, okay?"

Mariah nodded in agreement. The girl looked like a cold, hollow version of the girl she used to be. Hermione remembered seeing her talking to Fred Weasley at the library a couple of times.

"You were friends with Fred, weren't you? That's where I saw you before!" Hermione saw something shuttered behind her blank blue eyes.

"Yes," responded Mariah quietly.

Hermione did not probe any deeper as she opened the door to the joke shop. She moved inside and unwarded the door to the back. Mariah followed her quietly.

Hermione looked inside the kitchen.

Blaise looked up from his untouched meal of potted meat and cold beans. "Just in time to wish you weren't here. Gods, know I do." He stabbed the meat with a disgusted look.

Draco was sipping a cup of tea and he jumped up to walk towards her. "Thank Gods. I was going mad." Draco hissed and he pulled out a chair for her. "Who's the stowaway?"

"Mariah Higgs," said Hermione.

"Are you hungry?" asked Luna.

“No, Professor Lestrage fed me earlier,” murmured Mariah.

Mariah sat down with her back against the wall. Blaise looked appreciatively at the short length of her skirt under the robes. Ginny smacked him in the back of the head when she saw that.

“Lestrage giving out food to prize students. Most generous of him,” laughed Blaise.

“He has his moments,” responded Mariah with a snarky smirk.

“It’s so refreshing to see another Slytherin in here,” remarked Blaise and he pushed the food away from him. “It’s ghastly! I cannot, no I will not eat it!”

“Slytherin? Hermione, what if she is going to betray us?” whispered Ginny.

“I can hear you, you know.” Mariah witheringly said and she closed her eyes and leaned against the wall.

“She saved my life, Ginny,” muttered Hermione. “Besides she was the only Slytherin that was considered a Blood Traitor during the war.”

“What for? We need to know, if we are to trust her,” declared Ginny.

“Well, I don’t exactly know, Ginny,” murmured Hermione. “All I know is she was punished worse than any of the others being held there.”

Mariah sighed. “I betrayed Lord Voldemort during the final battle. I killed one of his Death Eaters protecting my lover. OKAY?”

“So it was an accident.” nodded Luna.

“No, it was purposeful. They were trying to kill him so I struck first. But I failed him and myself and he still died.”

“I don’t recall any Slytherin dying in the last battle from us.” interjected Draco.

“That’s because he wasn’t a bloody Slytherin. He was a Gryffindor. The bravest, funniest, loveliest man that I ever met,” hissed Mariah.

The pain grabbed a hold of her cold demeanor and broke it down, as she was forced to explain herself to these dumb kids.

“Who?” a quiet voice from the back finally spoke. Harry Potter stared grimly down at Mariah with shame etched in his features. His scar showing between the tufts of hair that were coated with grime from being on the run so long.

“It’s my fault, I should know who it was,” whispered Harry gently as Mariah felt cold tears begin to slide down her face.

She grabbed Harry and whispered. “It’s not your fault. You are our savior and you will make his death worthwhile. Besides, he would have hated it if you blamed yourself, Fred wasn’t that way.”

“Fred Weasley? He was sleeping with a Slytherin?” sputtered Ginny.

“Yeah, he was a bloody fool, but he wouldn’t listen to reason. He said he would rather die tomorrow and be with me one night then, spend his whole life pining for me. See what it bought us? Death, and for me, torture, rape and servitude.” Mariah dropped her head in her hands, and she could feel her eyes burning from the tears she managed to squeeze out.

Instead of feeling relieved, she simply felt more numb.

Draco stared across at Hermione, Mariah’s words striking him deeply. Mariah had gambled everything and she lost. Fred had died and Mariah was a victim of her betrayal to Voldemort.

Would history repeat itself?

All the doubts that clouded Draco’s silver eyes were obvious. He turned away from her and studied the book that Hermione brought back.

The room fell silent out of respect for Mariah’s pain but she didn’t seem like the type to share and eventually without the questions being asked, nothing more was said.

Nevertheless, every one of them was thinking of what could happen to their respective partner.

Sometimes love does die.

In fact, most of the time.

After the rather pathetic looking dinner, everyone bunked down for the night. Reluctantly Ginny agreed to watch Blaise and Luna offered to help her. Neville took watch outside and Harry, Hermione and Nagini began to study the books, while Draco began making the potion that Hermione had instructed him to make. Mariah fell asleep in one of the spare bedrooms.

Draco went into the kitchen and took a decrepit pot and transfigured it into a cauldron. Draco started carefully measuring out the ingredients.

It would be about an hour before the potion would be ready.

In the other room, Hermione had begun to flip through the book when she felt Harry’s eyes on her.

“Will this work?” whispered Harry. He looked to Nagini who had fallen asleep while waiting. His expression was etched in worry.

“I don’t know,” replied Hermione with a sigh. “We have to hope, because the alternative is ghastly.”

Hermione blinked, “Oh, and I found this in the Potions room.” Hermione dug out the small pensieve and handed it to Harry.

Harry stared down at it and he nodded. He stuck his fingertips inside the globe and Harry’s eyes went carefully blank as he reviewed the events.

Hermione worked in silence for the next twenty minutes until Harry yelped, pulling back from the ball. Tears began to work their way down his face. Hermione gasped and grabbed

him. "Harry, what is it?"

Harry's voice was hoarse when he spoke. "Snape was innocent. These are his memories. He did everything for my mother, Lily. He loved her so much; he suffered countless times to keep me alive. I know how to kill Voldemort. We were right; I need to kill Nagini and myself to kill Voldemort. Once I am dead, he can be killed and he won't ever be able to come back."

Hermione grimly nodded, she had suspected as much, but to find out Snape was a hero was alarming and made her feel funny.

"Then we must continue with the plan then. We can stop him without killing anyone. Dumbledore may have been willing to sacrifice you, but I am not," declared Hermione with an enraged look.

"Snape resented Dumbledore for sacrificing me. Snape was protecting me the whole time and now he is dead. I am failing all of them by running away from my destiny," whispered Harry brokenly.

"That's not true. We can stop this thing and we will," Hermione hugged him to her and rested her forehead on his.

"Also, I know who has the Elder Wand," murmured Harry, grabbing her arms to hug her tight to him.

"Hermione, Draco Malfoy was the true owner of the Elder Wand."

"The one that I stole and just gave back to him? That is the most powerful wand in the world?" gasped Hermione. "Oh Gods, he could kill us all!" Hermione sucked in a deep breath.

"You think I would do that, Hermione?" Draco's idle tone sent a cold shiver down her back.

Draco stared coldly down at her and Harry from the doorway.

His beautiful, silver eyes had narrowed in hurt and suspicion, as he surveyed Harry's arms around her shoulders, holding her up against him.

"This wand, eh?" Draco whipped out the wand and he idly rolled it between his fingers.

"This wand can do anything? I could change the outcome of the war, and save everybody with this wand."

Harry and Hermione pulled back from one another and stared fearfully at Draco.

"Draco, please...", gasped Hermione.

"Oh now it's Draco please. Before it was Draco do this, and listen to me," hissed Draco. The lure from the wand began to grip hold of him. Draco's eyes gleamed in the moonlight, but Hermione their beauty was a cold, icy one.

"I suppose you want me to just give it up? Don't you understand, Hermione, with the wand we could escape and leave all this behind! Voldemort would never find us. Not me, you or the baby," Draco said feverishly.

Hermione's eyes were huge and sad in her face as she watched the power and greed that the wand inspired play on all of Draco's wants and desires. "What about everyone else?" she whispered.

"You want everyone to be safe? Okay luv, I can give you what you want," murmured Draco thoughtfully.

Hermione launched herself at Draco, with a scream. "No!"

Draco concentrated, gripping the wand and suddenly everything went white.

A loud POP was heard in everyone's ear in the shop and then there was nothing.

The joke shop was dead silent inside. Everyone was trying to grab hold of his or her bearings. Luna opened her eyes and gasped.

"Oh Gods, Neville was outside!" screamed Luna as she got to her feet.

She ran for the door to the front room of the store and jerked it open, and she saw Neville sitting up, holding his head in the main storeroom.

"Oh my gods, you are okay!" whispered Luna, as she grabbed him and kissed him full on the mouth.

Neville blinked in shock but quickly kissed her back passionately. After a moment, Luna pulled back and stared dreamily into his eyes. "I love you Neville," whispered Luna.

Neville choked and looked back at Luna with a warm smile. "I love you too, Luna. I always have," he whispered back and he went to kiss her back and stopped cold.

"What the devil?" stammered Neville.

Neville tugged her to her feet and Luna noticed the sunshine streaming through the windows of the shop.

"I thought it was nighttime?" whispered Luna in awe.

She walked towards the windows and rubbed the dirty pane to clean it. She peeked through and gasped. "Sand, miles and miles of sand."

Neville's eyes were wide, as he hugged Luna, staring out into the sudden desert surroundings. "Where are we?" pondered Neville aloud.

Hermione opened her eyes and stared across at Draco, who was still holding the wand. He stared down at her with a strange expression. "What did you do?" whispered Hermione.

Hermione moaned as she got to her feet. Hermione frantically looked around and saw the others unconscious or getting to their feet. Hermione checked her body carefully for damage. Nothing hurt that she could tell.

Draco strode towards her. "You really thought I would hurt you, Hermione?" His voice was soft as he studied her face. "I thought you trusted me." The hurt became obvious with that last statement and Hermione sucked in her breath.

“Draco, I didn’t know what to think,” replied Hermione, her eyes wide with sorrow.

“I gave you what you wanted. I brought us to Kashmir, to find a cure for the Horocrux. I am trying to save Harry and Nagini,” hissed Draco, before he turned from her with a look of disgust.

“It didn’t work,” sighed Hermione as she looked around the room. “You cannot disapparate so many people, even with the Elder wand. It’s impossible, especially for such a long distance as India.”

“Who said it didn’t work?” murmured Draco silkily.

Hermione gasped and ran towards the entrance of the shop. Neville and Luna were standing by the windows, staring at the sunlight streaming in.

“YOU DISAPPARATED the ENTIRE STORE?” screamed Hermione.

Draco shrugged. “We need a place to live while we are here,” muttered Draco.

“I added some more rooms, everyone can have their own room now, and we have a full pantry. No point in starving ourselves. If I am going to die saving Harry Potter’s mangy life, then I want to do it in style. Besides, you need to eat to stay healthy for the baby.” Draco pointedly glared at her flat belly.

“We are just outside of Kashmir, near the dunes. To Muggles, this looks like an old broken down bus. We really don’t want the locals to give us stranger looks than normal,” grimaced Draco.

Hermione felt flooded with love for the scowling boy in front of her. She beamed at him happily and went to hug him. Draco stepped back with a look of hurt.

“You didn’t trust me Hermione. I did not think that would bother me as long as I am getting what I wanted from you, but I was wrong. It hurt more than anything I have ever felt. Oh, and I am keeping the wand. So don’t bother pleading for it,” hissed Draco.

Suddenly he turned on his heel, heading down a hallway that Hermione knew for a FACT, was not there before.

Harry sat up, holding Nagini who looked excited. “I smell the desert. Where are we? I can almost taste the sand,” hissed Nagini excitedly.

“Apparently we are in India!” exclaimed Harry with a startled laugh.

Nagini squealed and hugged him. “You will love India. Trust me, it is so beautiful.”

Hermione stood watching the exchange and then she gasped. “Nagini, why can I understand you? Oh gods, did he make us all Parselmouths?”

Blaise stood up and straightened his jacket with a low whistle. “Don’t be daft, Mione. We probably used a spell to make us all speak Hindi. It only makes sense,” chuckled Blaise. “Damn Malfoy, I didn’t think you had it in you.”

“I have an announcement everybody! Draco made this joke shop into our new home. He said there are rooms for everybody, I am assuming that means individually. I think we should

rest and regroup tomorrow morning. I don't know about everyone else, but I am exhausted," stated Hermione, with a grimace.

Hermione looked at Blaise. "Clearly you can escape in India, but I doubt you will try so you can have your own room."

"I want to share with Ginny," Blaise cut her off with a smirk.

"That is entirely up to her.... Obviously. Oh, and the pantry was stocked full. So now, we should be able to get some real food in us," murmured Hermione as an afterthought.

Blaise whooped and ran into the kitchen. "I'm bloody starving!"

Ginny rolled her eyes and followed him. After a moment, everyone had moved to the kitchen and Hermione stared down the empty hallway to where Draco had fled. Taking a hesitant step, she walked tentatively towards the doors that lined the hallway.

"Draco?" whispered Hermione, her voice echoing in the long hallway he created.

Suddenly at the end of the hallway she saw the last door, she somehow just knew that was where he would put them. The door was the furthest away from the other doors and they would be able to make as much noise as they wanted.

Hermione swallowed hard and walked to the door. Leaning against it, she put her hand up to it gently as she slowly sat down outside the door. She knew that Draco knew she was there, but he still did not open the door. Obviously, she had terribly hurt his feelings. Funnily, Hermione never considered that she could.

The door suddenly opened and she fell back onto the floor, staring up at the ceiling. Draco's face was upside down but and he seemed to be smiling. No wait, that was a frown.

"What are you doing here?" muttered Draco. "You have your own room now."

Hermione struggled to sit up and she turned to face him. "The agreement was that I would be with you," said Hermione, nervously. Draco's face was as cold as granite.

Draco felt the pain of her use of the term, 'agreement.' Was that her only reason for being here? Obviously, she still was under some delusion that she needed to prostitute herself to a man whom she cared nothing at all about.

Draco felt sick and he closed his eyes.

"I don't want you tonight. There, your obligation has been met." Draco hissed bitterly and he pushed her out the door and slammed it shut.

Hermione stared at the door hard and although she knew the reason for the harsh words, they still cut into her.

"Draco, I'm sorry," whispered Hermione through the door. She rested her head on the cold wood and sighed.

No answer came from the cold, wooden door.

Hermione felt exhaustion drag over her and she lay down outside the bedroom door, tucking her knees up against her chest and she hugged herself, gradually she fell asleep.

The group from the kitchen made their way down to the hallways, feeling deliciously stuffed by the food Blaise prepared.

Evidentially Blaise was more than apt at preparing food,
Muggle style.

Blaise deftly moved about the kitchen, pounding chicken, tossing flour and in a dizzying array of speed, a feast of Chicken Milanese, oil and garlic pasta, bread and a chopped salad with lemon/vinegar dressing sat before the starving kids. When questioned as to this knowledge, Blaise simply replied.

“There is nothing better than sex, food and magic. Why skip out on the best part of any of those? Do you use magic to have orgasm?” purred Blaise.

The answer to which everybody was too tired to respond.

They made their way to different doors, some people separating and some staying together. Blaise looked down the hall where Hermione was asleep on the floor.

“Wow Cara, their relationship is even more buggered than ours,” whispered Blaise to Ginny.

“We don’t have a relationship,” hissed Ginny. Ginny jerked a random door open and saw the bed there. Blaise followed her and she shoved him.

“You just don’t realize we do yet...” persisted Blaise and he leaned on the door frame.

Mariah walked past them arguing and headed to another door. “Unless you prefer I stay with Mariah?” chuckled Blaise.

Mariah overhearing this news rolled her eyes slightly at the door.

Ginny gasped. “You wouldn’t force yourself on her! She is practically my family!” spat Ginny and she jerked him through the door and slammed it shut.

Mariah felt warmth spread through her at catching Ginny’s words. Almost family, if anyone asked her a week ago if she thought she would feel even remotely happy again, she would have called him or her a liar. Still, she smiled at the thought of a family.

Mariah shut the door behind her and collapsed on the bed.

Draco paced in his room. He was afraid to let Hermione come in the room right now. He was furious with her. After everything he had done to help her, she still did not trust him. Maybe he was being unreasonable. Draco ran a hand through his hair, stripped to his pants alone and sat on the edge of the bed. He would never get to sleep tonight. The softness of her tone was bothering him. Hell, everything was bothering him right now. He felt edgy, moody and angry. Draco stood up again and strode to the door jerking it open.

“Her...” Draco stopped mid-sentence when he saw Hermione. Her curly hair spilled out on the rug around her, fanning her beautiful features. Her short legs had pulled up to her belly, her body curled up in sleep. Her mouth was open and a faint sigh from her breathing echoed in the empty hallway.

Draco cursed under his breath, and he leaned down to pick her up in his arms. Hermione’s head fell back on Draco’s shoulder and he got a view of her creamy throat and cleavage. Draco could feel himself getting aroused. She felt soft and warm in his arms.

Draco stalked back into the room, gently shutting the door with his foot. Draco took the opportunity to study her features, unnoticed. Her straight nose, arched brows, beautiful long eyelashes, pink cheeks and soft creamy skin all combined to make a beautiful Gryffindor warrior.

It was hard to believe that she was carrying his baby.

He doubted it was Lestranges, simply because it could not be, his heart would not be able to stand it.

The child was his, just as Hermione was his.

Draco gently laid her on the bed, and pulled up the covers over her, after removing her shoes. Draco slid onto the bed gently on the outside of the covers. Propping his head up on his elbow, he watched her sleep. His hands itched to touch her and he could feel his heart pounding.

For once the world had stopped.

Draco Malfoy was lying next to the woman he wanted to fuck more badly than any he has ever had in his life, they were temporarily hidden and safe from Voldemort and she was dead asleep.

“You’re so bloody proud, Mione. You are proud and strong enough to make grown men fall to their knees and beg for your forgiveness. You will be my greatest weakness and will get me killed,” whispered Draco.

His hands desperately entangled in her soft, wild curls and he laid his head down, content as long as he was touching some part of her. His thoughts of rage and hurt slowly disappeared, until his mouth finally relaxed and his eyes drooped closed in sleep.

Hermione was having a marvelous wet dream.

Hermione felt tremendously aroused and she could feel warm, male skin pressed against her own. Slender fingers were delving through her slick folds and a tongue lapped eagerly at the sweet spot between her legs. Hermione arched and gasped, her eyes flew open and she could see Draco’s head between her legs, licking and invading her. Hermione grasped his silky blonde hair and pressed his face further down.

“Oh, more...” moaned Hermione. Her breathy cries excited Draco and he was glad he decided to start the day like this. Draco grinned wickedly at her, and he pushed her legs apart

wider, and thrust suddenly inside her. His cock was pulsing hard and she moaned as she felt her walls stretch to allow him access.

“Oh Gods, you feel so big right now,” breathed Hermione and Draco bent his head up to kiss her mouth.

She could taste the sticky sweetness on Draco’s mouth from her own body and she licked along his tongue, exploring the hot, ready male that was pounding between her legs, thrusting and claiming her for all his worth.

Draco panted as Hermione bore down on his cock, squeezing as he thrust through, opening her up, petal by petal, as he sought the nectar between her legs with a furious vengeance.

“You are so sweet, so ready for me, Hermione. Just as I like it,” growled Draco.

“Oh Draco, please...” Hermione arched as her cries filled his ears.

Draco loved fucking her from the front. He could see her beautifully expressive face as she rolled towards orgasm, the way she bit her bottom lip, her begging looks and breathy exclamations, as he possessed her.

Gods, she looked wild as she squirmed beneath him, bucking and giving him everything she was. He loved... the way she gave up everything in that moment of pleasure. That is all he wanted from her. Everything. Why couldn’t she give it up to him? Why hasn’t she said that she loves him? Why!?

Draco began to furious pound inside, harder and harder, her moans becoming screams of pleasure as he rode her. Sweat rolled off his back, as he arched and drove into her, hitting her cervix, shaking as she broke orgasm after orgasm, soaking his cock, repeatedly. Draco shuddered as he knew he could not hold back anymore from her.

He arched and yelled her name as he bucked twice, spurting her womb, filling her up with his cum. Draco still rocked back and forth as she sobbed beneath him in ecstasy, whispering his name lovingly, her arms gently stroking his biceps, as he working to relieve the last of himself inside her.

Draco panted, pressing a kiss into her neck, biting down to mark her there. His, she was all his. But it wasn’t enough. He wanted more. Draco just did not know what.

Hermione closed her eyes, her body sore. Draco had never been that voracious before and she was a little scared by how much she had enjoyed it. She was sure she was not into pain. It just reminded her of Snape. The way he had used her, so rough and hard, that it felt like she was dying before she orgasmed.

Draco rolled off her and he looked into her whiskey colored eyes that were lazy from satisfaction. Hermione blushed slightly at his frank perusal.

“You were asleep outside my door like some ragamuffin,’ whispered Draco.” So naturally, I had to take you in. It was a bit pathetic.”

Hermione smiled slightly at his teasing words. “I will never again say a Malfoy cannot be charitable. You have given me more then just a bed this morning,” replied Hermione with a soft look.

Her expression grew serious and she wet her lips nervously. “Draco, I’m sorry. I want so badly to trust you but you have to see that given our history, I cannot.” Hermione said quietly, her eyes darting to meet his own.

Draco shrugged, but he felt bereft inside. “It’s fine. I’m a Malfoy, I am used to it,” said Draco bitterly.

Hermione’s eyes widened at his tone and she threw her arm over his shoulder and pulled him closer to her.

She suddenly wanted more than anything to feel him against her.

“I happen to like this particular Malfoy. In school, I always use to get annoyed by how beautiful you were, so arrogant and perfect looking. Now I get this body all to myself whenever I want. I can’t help thinking you got the raw end of this deal,” sighed Hermione, her fingers stroking his hair absently.

It felt like cool silk between her fingers and it made her shiver to recall feeling it brush across her nipples as Draco kissed her belly.

Draco watched her snuggle up to him and he gave in to the feeling and wrapped his arms around her, tucking her head onto his shoulder. Draco breathed out slowly, feeling the warmth of her flushed, curvy body against him. If nothing else, Draco knew she was attracted to him, but he also knew that he fucked up irrevocably and nothing appeared to change that.

Chapter 19

Mariah woke up to the sound of a scratching on the window inside the room. Mariah blinked, becoming suddenly alert. Sitting up she walked to the window and saw a small crow sitting at the window. Instinct combined with sleepiness caused her to automatically open the window and take the missive in the bird's beak.

A rolled bit of parchment fell into her hands.

By the time she realized what she had done, the parchment was unrolled.

Ms. Higgs,

Your flagrant disrespect and betrayal disappoints me to no end. You have continually struck me, as an honorable person who would uphold any bargains made. Since you obviously cannot be trusted to do so, extreme measures will be taken.

Rudolphus Lestrangle.

Mariah gasped scanning the letter. A feeling of dread sat rancid in her belly at the words written. The script was neat, precise and unmistakably the Potions Master.

Mariah unrolled the rest of the parchment and her fingers touched on a feather that was taped sneakily to the bottom of the letter.

With a scream, she felt herself suddenly spinning out of control, flying away from the place and she shut her eyes, and fell with a hard thud onto hard impacted snow. Mariah hissed in pain and tried to stand up but she was sure that she had sprained her ankle with that stunt. Mariah lay face down in the snow and shivered.

The bloody clever git had used a port key. GODS, she was so stupid.

Mariah turned over with a gasp of pain at the throbbing in her ankle. She screamed as she saw someone standing in the shadows.

"Go ahead, wake the neighbors," murmured a silky voice.

Suddenly Severus Snape loomed out of the shadows, wearing Muggle clothes. Black silk pants, black wool sweater and a button down leather coat that fell past his knees. His black hair fell about his face in silken waves, emphasizing his trademark sneer, his pale face with black liquid eyes and his long roman nose.

Mariah felt something warm uncoil in her belly at the sight of her old Head of House, alive and well, even if he was a snarky bastard. The implications of overhearing Hermione and him talking had not occurred to her yet. I

F she was the only one that knew he was alive besides Hermione, he might kill her. Hermione was important; she had heard the rumors about Voldemort's desire to raise an heir off her. Mariah was nothing but a liability to the scowling wizard across from her.

"Very clever, Sir. A port key," whispered Mariah dully.

"I must confess I expected you to ignore the missive but the dunderheads must be rubbing off on you," purred Snape as he advanced on her.

Mariah was trapped and his words just made her feel stupider.

Her ankle felt like it was on fire, and the snow was slowly freezing her limbs into lethargic bundles of muscle. She looked up at Snape as he moved closer and his liquid eyes narrowed into small slits.

"Why aren't you running from me? I thought this would be a bit more fun," hissed Snape as he reached down and grabbed her shoulder.

The movement put pressure on Mariah's legs beneath her and she cried out in pain from the sudden weight on her ankle.

"Well, I didn't bloody know I was going to be in a port key, did I? I smashed my ankle falling out of the sky unexpectedly. So I cannot play rabbit to your wolf," murmured Mariah with a look of annoyance mixed with pain.

Snape leaned down and his slender fingers grasped her chin, tilting her face up. "I should leave you here, like you left me," growled Snape.

"Probably... I should like to die here at... Um, where are we?" Mariah asked uncertainly.

Her eyes darted around the dark trees and snow. It seemed they were in a forest of some sort, but she could see lights in the distance.

"Spinners End," supplied Snape. He sighed deeply and scooped her off the ground up into his arms.

The wiry professor was a lot stronger than he looked. Mariah could feel his lean muscles straining as he pulled her up against a surprisingly firm chest.

No, Snape was not weak at all. Just pale, sleek and deadly.

Mariah sighed and her arms wrapped around his neck, his greasy hair tickled across her arms and she stole out a chance to touch it. It was not greasy, just shiny and incredibly soft to the touch. Mariah closed her eyes, breathing in the scent of sandalwood and something spicier that she could not identify.

"You are going through an awful lot of trouble for someone you are going to kill," whispered Mariah.

"What can I say? I am a man of complex motives," smirked Snape and he carried towards a small house to the left. He swept inside of the door and deposited her on a Victorian chaise in the living room. Mariah coughed when the dust flew up.

"The house of a dead man is rarely clean," murmured Snape as he removed her shoes. His delicate fingers gently probed the swollen ankle.

Mariah gasped from the impersonal cold fingertips and the pain.

“You did not bring my wand, did you,” stated Snape. He withdrew an unfamiliar wand from his coat pocket and swished. “Episkey,” Snape drawled and her ankle began to glow and then the pain faded.

“Good as new,” hissed Snape as he rose up, his coat billowing around him as he turned to move into another room.

Mariah took the opportunity to look around. If Snape was going to kill her, why bother healing her ankle. It was a good sign in her opinion. Escaping was not an option right now. THEY were in India.

Without the port key to bring her back, she was screwed.

Snape walked back, carrying two glasses and a bottle of Fire-whiskey. “To celebrate your new found vocation,” the wizard murmured snarkily.

Mariah gave him a dubious look, and reached out for the glass he offered. “Poisoning me?”

“Don’t be daft; you were the smartest girl of your class once, what happened?” Snape said in annoyance.

“I became a whore, besides I was being hopeful,” whispered Mariah and she tossed back the whiskey with a grimace.

Snape felt something twist inside his guts, looking at her calmly stating such a horrid thing. He resented her for lying and betraying him, but she was a little pathetic when she spoke like that.

“Yes, that’s right. You are, to be precise... my whore,” murmured Snape and he took a seat across from her, lounging as he watched her with a cold interest.

“You agreed to be my whore; so far, it has failed to be a satisfactory exchange.” Snape slid the jacket off his shoulders and Mariah felt her heart begin to pound with dread. He looked like a sleek predator of some evil, foul kind.

His eyes reflected cold, shiny obsidian as he studied her.

“I’m sorry Sir; you have to understand that I would be a fool if I hadn’t tried to escape. I had intended to hold on to my end of the bargain. I have no reason to lie to you,” murmured Mariah softly.

Yesterday began to seem like a dream, humor, food, family and all of it was gone in the cold reality of morning, just like a puff of smoke.

The devil had come for his due.

Mariah stood up suddenly, her face a mask of indifference. Her breasts were round and full, under the sweater she wore. Her torso was lean and muscled, if not a little skinny from lack of food. Her legs were short and curvy, and Snape felt himself getting hard just staring at her defiant face.

Her tricolor hair spilled around her shoulders as she stood up suddenly and darted for the door. She was sick of running from people trying to get at her, but being with Ginny and the others gave her hope. She could not go back to the hollow shell she was before. She felt too much hope for that. Now, all she felt was fear and anger and it was coursing through her.

Snape leapt to his feet as she made a move for the door. He could see all the anguish and indecision on her face and he knew that she was no longer going to be apathetic to his advances. Her mind was an open book to him. Hope, fear, and anguish seemed to dominate her now. Something happened when she left with Hermione. Snape grabbed her by the arm and twisted her around to face him. He pressed the wand up against her breasts.

"You are so vehement in your escape attempt, Ms. Higgs. I must congratulate you, though. You were quite the consummate liar. I genuinely believed that you wanted me," the words sounded bitter to Mariah's ears.

She paused in the struggle to get free. His tone cutting into her, and she looked up into his dark eyes and saw the loneliness and rejection that was making him so enraged with her.

"Now everything has changed and I can't ever be what you want," Mariah cried desperately, and she pushed against him but his arms were like iron bands that wrapped around her as he pulled her against his chest.

"Nothing has changed; you are still a deceitful little whore that used me for her own purposes. I was kind to you, whether you believe it or not," hissed Snape, and Mariah felt his words coming at her slower.

"I would have protected you, cherished you... but then I discovered you were a deceitful little bitch, who simply wanted to use me. Just like everyone else," murmured Snape but his eyes were bleak with anger.

Mariah began to feel dizzy and she looked at Snape with hatred.

"You didn't deny me when I asked if it was poison," whispered Mariah as her eyelashes fluttered. Snape released her to the ground with a smarmy laugh.

"Well, opium is a type of poison, it dulls the senses and clouds judgment. I knew you wouldn't willingly give up anything to me. You are a liar and a nasty little girl, as we have already established." Snape hissed down at Mariah, who was stumbling to get to her feet.

"Now, run rabbit... run," Snape purred at Mariah and gestured to the open door.

"This wolf is very, very hungry."

Mariah stumbled out of the door frame and began to run. His words chasing her as she took flight. The snow caught her up as she dodged through trees and she saw another Muggle House. With a hiss, she began to advance towards the Muggles front lawn. She reasoned that Snape had not considered this a possibility.

Mariah threw herself into her sprinting and she made it to the edge of the well cut lawn in very good time. Her foot went to cross the border and she yelped as she came up against an invisible wall, her shoulder slammed into the air and she was flung back on the ground.

Panting, she turned around and hissed, Snape probably threw up a shield around the whole house. Mariah darted towards the trees in the backyard. She froze and hid behind a huge, old

oak tree that sat on the edge of the property. She clawed the bark and shimmied up the tree, and balanced up on the outspread branches above. She held her breath as she waited in the dark, unable to see a thing anymore.

She felt strange; the opium was heightening all the wrong senses. Her vision was blurred from her eyes being so dilated. Her sense of touch and smell was enhanced and the bitter cold had a taste to it that was frightening her senseless. She drew in a ragged breath after a moment, and the sudden sound seemed incredibly loud to her.

Watching, silently Snape followed the snow trail with his eyes until it stopped just outside a huge tree on the end of the property. Snape snuck forward and grabbed Mariah's foot, jerking her weight to fall down to the ground.

"Got you..." Snape grinned malevolently down at the girl, as she rolled beneath his feet in the snow. Suddenly, she kicked out at his back leg and he fell down beside her, with a grunt.

"I don't usually like to play with my food, but for you my dear I will make an exception," purred Snape, and he grappled her body, pushing her deeper into the snow.

Mariah could feel the hardness of his cock rubbed her through her clothes and she could smell the spicy scent of sandalwood and fir as his hair tickled her nose. She bucked up against him, and tried to shove him off, but it only sank her deeper into the cold snow. Her violent, rage-filled expression only excited him more.

The reactions she was causing with the fighting was intoxicating Severus and he pressed his hands onto her wrists, holding her there. His dark eyes began to gleam with lust, as he felt the warmth of her body up against his own, despite the icy snow.

Mariah pushed weakly against him again, panting hard, but he was unmovable. Snape lowered his cruel mouth down onto her own lips, blue with cold. He tasted them gently, his tongue licking the inside of her mouth, slowly, teasingly and then with hard possession that began to take hold of her stomach, causing a havoc of butterflies to unleash painfully. Snape gripped her wrists harder, bringing her back to the reality that he was going to rape her, not make love to her.

WAKE UP, MARIAH!

Mariah felt the last vestiges of hope and anger, begin to flee. She was back to having no choices again. Even though she would have willingly given him all of her before, the force was breaking a part of her that she had not thought she had left.

He was the only kind person in that completely rotten place. He was her Professor, and she had worshiped his sensual, intense voice for hours through Potions class. She had continually had fantasies her entire teenage life about Severus Snape, A stupid girlish dream that had nothing to do with reality.

Even Fred, whom she had loved more than any other boy she knew, had never caused the kind of thrills that the wizard who currently was trying to rape her had wrought with a well-placed word.

It was killing her that he was doing this to her. Using her, hating her, for her seeming betrayal of him. He obviously felt betrayed by her. Maybe he had felt something for her, something small but now that was destroyed.

Severus Snape was hurting her worse than all the morons at Hogwarts combined.

Suddenly a dam burst inside her, she could feel a great, gasping sob break loose through her lips, and she nearly howled with the pain of it. Instead, she whimpered softly, under his punishing lips. Silent tears began to seep from the cracks of her eyes, that she slammed shut from the shocking pain in her chest.

Severus stilled against her lips. A foreign wetness clung to his lower lip and he opened his eyes to stare at the girl pressed beneath him. He was gobsmacked. This self-professed whore, who offered herself to him, as coolly as a Queen would to a peasant, was now crying pitifully. He had not even done anything yet.

Severus felt like he had been slapped. A dull ache formed in his chest as he watched this unflappable, cold girl give into her obvious pain. Suddenly Mariah's mouth opened and words spilled forth, unstoppable.

"I didn't want to leave you. What kind of person craves a Deatheater who will eventually kill her? How sick would that have made me, to stay there and be willingly tortured? I took the only chance I had to get out. I have always liked you Professor Snape, I did not lie, I do not think you are a bad man. I just could not take being used anymore, I cannot breathe, and I hate myself so much for being so weak all the time. Just finish it. Please." she mumbled numbly, her teeth chattering from cold and shock.

Severus felt her words like stinging cuts against his shriveled heart. He felt a tug from her self-loathing, recognition of a sort, from deep inside himself. Suddenly in her eyes he saw every woman from a Dark Revel, staring through her anguished azure gaze that begged him for death.

Severus felt sick; she was not a strong woman playing a game, but a scared little girl who had pulled the Devil's tail with no idea of how to handle the repercussions.

"Shhhhhhh... Don't speak Mariah," whispered Severus, and he slowly pulled her to her feet. He wrapped his cloak around her wet body, and whispered, "Arefacio."

Mariah suddenly felt dry and warm, as she pressed helplessly against his chest.

Severus grabbed hold of her and disappeared back to the house with her. Mariah continued to sob against his broad chest, not caring if she looked stupid. Her pain seemed to break loose and she felt uncontrollably wild with pain.

Suddenly, it became too much, maybe it was the drug or something else, but Mariah tilted her tear-stained face up to stare into Severus's black, fathomless eyes. She looped her arms around his neck and pressed a tentative kiss against his harsh lips.

Snape jerked in surprise at her sudden kiss. His mouth opened and her tongue slipped inside, teasing at his own. He shuddered, as her desperate hands delved into his hair and he felt her press her shivering body closer to his own. The gentleness of her fingertips stunned him.

Her hands explored his hair, her fingers curled through the silky locks, as she explored his mouth, licking and teasing his tongue into responding. Severus could taste her salty tears on his tongue, and he moaned low in his throat in pleasure.

Mariah ran her fingers down from his hair to his chest, exploring until it reached his pants. She delved her fingers in to the waist of his pants and he grabbed her wrist with a sucked in breath.

“What are you doing?” he hissed, his dark eyes widened in surprise.

Severus felt uncomfortably aroused, and for the first time in his life, it shamed him. The girl was obviously wounded deeply, and he already ceased the attack. He was not going to take advantage of her vulnerability, not anymore.

“No...” murmured Severus and he pulled her hand back from his pants.

“You coward, you wont let me have pleasure from you, but you can take it?” Mariah gasped in pain. “I am throwing myself at you and you refuse me? You’re sick.”

The rejection and pain was swimming in her blue eyes, and Severus growled under his breath. “I am trying to do the right thing here, if you hadn’t noticed. You do not have to give me anything. Just leave, I’m letting you go, foolish girl.”

Severus closed his eyes because he could no longer pretend indifference towards the girl. He was beginning to be affected by her pain, it called to him. He knew her almost as well as he knew himself.

He had spent a lifetime in misery.

“I don’t want to go.” Mariah whispered hoarsely, and her hand caught his own slender fingertips and she pulled his hand up to cup her breasts. “I want you to take away the pain, S...Severus. Help me forget them, all of them. Show me something real.”

Severus felt his knees buckle when she huskily said his first name. Her voice was doing things to him. Hoarse and full of raw emotion, it sung sweetly to him, almost like a siren’s call.

“I am not a good man,” he groaned.

Suddenly Severus opened his eyes, and stared across at her. The black, glittering orbs showed her the anguish rolling through him, the loneliness, and the raging, lusty, possessiveness that was surging through him.

“No, but your what I want,” murmured Mariah, her own eyes, brilliant with tears and anguish.

Those words broke over him and he shuddered from the pleasure of them. He was what this girl wanted. Not Rodolphus, Not JAMES POTTER, but him, Severus Snape.

Severus captured her mouth and sucked on her lower lip, nipping and licking softly, as he slowly shed her clothes. Mariah moaned under his skillful mouth, his cruel lips now softened and tender. Mariah felt heat between her legs as he began to shrug out of his clothes.

He pushed her backwards towards the bedroom, the sheet covering the bed was ripped off and he gently laid her down on the top of the bed.

“I need to just look at you,” whispered the Dark Wizard, as he ran his delicate, slender fingertips over her body, almost worshipping the contours and curves that made up her frame.

Mariah closed her eyes and sighed deeply.

Severus began to press feathery kisses onto her hips, his fingers, stroking lightly, gently and almost lovingly all over her breasts, he encouraged each of her nipples harden, lightly flicking the soft, pink peaks until Mariah arched, spreading her legs out to him.

"I am going to erase every foul touch that came before me, Mariah." Severus, whispered into the hot flesh behind her ear, his hair tickled out to trail over her. Severus lowered himself between her legs, and Mariah, jumped startled from his position.

"What are you doing?" she whispered, her breathing elevated from his dancing fingers.

Mariah had never felt more exposed but it was building a strange trust between them. She felt strangely wanton, spread wide, with his hot breath easing between her legs, and teasing across her wet folds. Gods, he made her feel so hot. The pain from before seemed a distant memory when Severus grabbed her hips, and she could feel his voice, vibrate from between her thighs.

"I want to bring you pleasure." He murmured silkily, and then he stuck his tongue between her folds, licking and stabbing inside, causing darts of pleasure to consume her.

Fred had never done this before, she had done this to girls before, always through force, but she had no idea of the pleasure that happened when it was happening to you. Suddenly, Severus flicked her nub, and suckled on it, lapping deeply of her juices as she suddenly spasmed, feeling her first orgasm roll through her.

He nudged her clit with the tip of his nose, and sniffed appreciatively as he became to grip her hips harder. Suddenly, Mariah gasped, arching as she felt a painful ache, slowly growing, and building, until it burst inside her and she bucked wildly under his tongue.

"Good girl, you taste lovely," murmured Severus, as he spread her folds wide, thrusting his long, smooth fingertips into her tight hole, wiggling them as she bucked, and thrust.

Guttural moans began to escape from Mariah as she felt herself loosing it again.

"Oh Gods, Severus have mercy on me. Please, I need you inside me, NOW," she panted, her hands pressing his face deeply between her legs, greedily. Severus laughed, and lapped her wet folds with a evil laugh.

"Well since you insist, witch." Severus pulled himself upright with a satisfied, smug little smile and he pulled out his cock.

"Gods, your huge," gasped Mariah, staring down at the weapon in the Potion Masters hand.

Severus smiled snarkily at her, and pumped his cock, squeezing it hard.

"Don't worry, witch you will fit me," he whispered, and he crawled on top of her.

He positioned himself at the apex between her legs, the tip of his cock rubbed the wet folds, near her clit and she moaned, dropping her head back on the bed.

Her beautiful hair spread out around her, and Snape stared down into her passion hazed blue eyes. He felt struck by her eagerness, her obvious desire for him, the old nasty Potions

master. She was a balm to his soul as much as he was to her's.

Severus shuddered as he slowly pushed inside her, her pussy was incredibly tight, and he knew that it would hurt her a bit. He licked her mouth and pushed all the way inside. Mariah made a breathy noise, her heart pounding as Severus stared into her eyes.

His eyes up close were not black, but the darkest, richest brown color with thick lashes that gave him a wicked look. Now, those eyes were heated with searing lust and she almost orgasmed on the spot when he finally pushed all the way inside her.

"Kiss me," she whimpered against his mouth. "Don't stop kissing me, Severus."

When she said his name he almost came right then and there. She should be illegal, her breathy moaning was undoing all his tightly wound self control. He began to slowly move inside her, rocking her gently, and then the wetter and hotter she became the harder he moved.

Mariah groaned as he began to claim her. His cock was sliding in and out of her at an agonizingly slow speed, teasing, readying her and then WHAM, he began to piston into her and she shuddered with delight, shrieking from the building ache, thrusting up against him, clutching him to her.

"Oh Gods, please... You are so perfect, just don't stop. Don't ever stop," she moaned clutching his back, digging her nails in as he worked her.

Severus jerked from her nails and he relished the pain, it gave him something to concentrate on other than the burgeoning desire to explode inside the beautiful girl writhing beneath him. Soon, the Dark Wizard was sweating, moaning from the tightness contracting around his cock. He kissed and licked her lips, possessing her repeatedly, until he finally bit down on her neck.

Mariah screamed as she bucked up, the pain and pleasure of his fierce possession broke her down. She orgasmed hard, she gripped his strong shoulders as she screamed out his name. "...Severus... please!!!" she screamed, and Severus felt his cock flood suddenly. It coated his cock in hot, tight slickness, and that coupled with her screaming his name, made him finally explode deep inside her, soaking her womb.

He held her to him, pressing his lips to her neck, unwilling to let her go before he had too. He jerked, gasping as he finished and he rolled her to lie on top of him. Mariah sighed in pleasure as she rested across his body, breathing in his unmistakable scent. Severus's hand reached up to gently play with her hair, coiling the different hair strands through his pale fingers.

"Your beautiful, Mariah. You know that. You are not a whore to me. Just a survivor," he whispered intently. His quiet words struck her hard, and she felt her chest squeeze suddenly.

"You too," she whispered, sliding to the side of him, her fingers delving into his silky hair. "I've fantasized about being able to touch your hair, most of my school life."

"Because you wanted to see how greasy it was?" scowled Severus and Mariah laughed.

"No. I just wondered how it felt. How your lips felt. Everything," she murmured sleepily. "Of course, there wasn't a single Slytherin girl who didn't."

"Silly chit, I would have eaten you alive," he smirked.

“You practically did,” pointed out Mariah. Severus scowled.

“Are you complaining?”

“No, I definitely want it to happen again,” sighed Mariah dreamily, remembering it.

Her words made Severus think. He could not leave her here. He could not even have anything remotely with this girl. What was he doing? Voldemort would kill her, the instant he realized she was here. He felt a small part of him close off. He closed his eyes.

“It won’t happen again. It cannot happen again, Mariah. You have to go back to your friends. For your own safety.” Severus said woodenly.

“What?” Mariah sat up and stared at him in shock. “Don’t you want me to be with you? I can help you!”

“What? Be part of a Dark Revel?” he hissed sarcastically. Severus sighed at the look of eager hope on her young face. Too many young girls died because of him before. He WOULD NOT, sacrifice Mariah.

“No, besides it was all in good fun you know.” smirked Severus. “You wanted a quick lay and I was glad to have a clean smelling woman like you in my arms. I appreciate it and you no longer owe me anything.”

Mariah gasped from his suddenly calm demeanor.

“Listen you snarky bastard, I am in Slytherin too, I know what you are trying to do and it won’t bloody work. You can’t cheapen this. You fucking wanted me, and now you are scared to death. Fine. You want me gone, I get it. Show me the door.”

Mariah rose up angrily, her face frozen and without expression.

Severus pointed stiffly to his pocket. “Inside is the port key back to where ever you were before.” He replied, staring at her face, memorizing her features.

Mariah picked up the coat and before her hand dove into the pocket, she stared across at him.

“You make me angrier than anyone in my entire life, Severus Snape. AND I dated Fred Weasley! I know you think you are protecting me, but you could be helping us instead of playing house with Voldypants. I like you, I genuinely like you. But why do I hate you at the same time?”

Mariah looked down, tears spilling off her cheeks as she whispered the last part. Suddenly, she dove her hand into the pocket, closing around the coin, sitting there.

She was gone.

The coat floated to the stared across at the coat, he rubbed his burning eyes, and punched the wall next to him.

“No more than I hate myself, love.” His voice sounded raw.

Except nobody answered him back.

Chapter 20

Neville awoke to a pair of guileless eyes staring riveted at his face. Luna was leaning half on his chest, and half on the bed. It was rather shocking that he had not felt her before. He must really be exhausted.

“Luna, go to sleep,” murmured Neville sleepily, his hand moving up to stroke her blonde hair.

“Rubbish, it’s a perfectly good morning in India. How can you possibly sleep?” responded Luna, excitedly.

“It’s really hot,” sighed Neville, pushing the covers off. He also began to realize that his shirt had been removed at some point. He looked across at Luna with a faint blush.

Ever since that night when Goyle raped her, he had kept his distance from Luna, allowing her time to heal from the attack. The pretense of being lovers was easy enough to maintain since they spent all their time in the room back at Hogwarts. Now that they were safe, the charade was no longer necessary.

Neville knew that Luna felt indebted to him for saving her life, so he was shocked when she had said that she loved him. He did not lie to her when he said he loved her. He had felt gobsmacked the first time he had saw her. He hated not knowing if she was just suffering from indebtedness or something more real. In addition, he was responsible for her suffering, in a small way that to him was unforgivable.

“Luna, I’m going to shower and get dressed. Maybe you should make something to eat for everybody?” said Neville.

Luna nodded happily, but her eyes trailed over his chest in interest. “Okay, Neville.”

Neville waited until she left before he got out of the bed, sporting a serious erection and a bad case of bed head. Neville supposed there was worse ways to start the day.

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Ginny was having a wonderful dream, a wet dream really. Harry had her pinned to the bed, his hands encircled around her wrists, and his mouth was suckling on one of her nipples, trailing his tongue over the hardened little bud, flicking encouragingly as her body arched, aching for him to finish by finally thrusting inside of her, claiming her as she had always fantasized.

“Oh... gods, Harry.. Right there...” hissed Ginny, pushing the dark head to her belly.

“Harry?!” a familiar voice cried in outrage.

A distinctly pissed off male voice was speaking, and Ginny snapped her eyes open.

Blaise was on top of her and her shirt removed. She could even see wetness on the nipple that he had been suckling.

Ginny gasped and pushed him out of the bed.

Blaise landed with a thump on the floor, but his expression was affronted, insulted even. "How dare you say that tossers name while *I* am in bed with you?"

"How dare you start fondling me when I am dead asleep!" cried Ginny, her face flaming with embarrassment.

"So you think about him still?" Blaise replied quietly to her complaint.

His dark hair fell forward into his eyes shielding his face from her and he looked disturbingly beautiful, even on the floor, half-naked.

"Of course! He was my boyfriend, until he found out about you!" hissed Ginny in her defense.

"You ruined all that, of course. He could not stand the thought of us being together after what happened," Ginny replied dully.

She meant of course, after she had been a slut.

Ginny drew up the covers, and tucked her chin onto her knees.

Blaise felt a surge of guilt, for the destruction of her relationship.

It was a rare feeling.

Ginny still did not know he was part Veela and that particular tidbit of information would probably make her feel better if nothing else. However, it was better she was not with Harry; the wanker was in love with Padma Patil's third cousin. Blaise rationalized that they would have broken up either way.

"Then he is a complete tosser, just like I said. Nobody should blame their girlfriend for things beyond their control. Obviously, I am one of those things," pointed out Blaise and he crawled back up on the bed.

"You deserve better Ginerva," murmured Blaise, and he pulled her up against him with a serious look.

"Listen, I will only say this once, so pay attention. You're a beautiful, talented, dangerous witch, and to be honest, you would have been bored with Harry in a month."

"But..." interrupted Ginny.

"Shhhhhhh..." cut off Blaise. "It is true, whether you believe it or not. Trust me, I am always right. Now, never think about Harry having sex with you again."

"What?!" Ginny stared at him dubiously.

"It is imperative that you do not, otherwise you may give me a complex and that is bad for my complexion," replied Blaise smoothly. "Also, I may be forced to ensure you never, ever think of anyone but me inside you and we really need you to be able to walk for the next few

days, think of the good of the team. Ginerva, it is inherently selfish to ask me to tupp you senseless simply so you will forget something as small as a sodding name.”

Ginny slowly smirked at Blaise, comprehension dawning in her eyes. “You’re jealous.”

“Pfft!” Blaise inspected his nails.

“You are... that’s why you are acting like this,” purred Ginny.

Ginny gave a very prim smile as she rose up from the bed, and walked towards the bathroom. She slinked inside the bathroom and turned to give Blaise a smug cat-who-ate-the-canary smile before shutting the door.

Blaise Zabini was in big trouble.

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Mariah fell to the ground on her bedroom, the port key dropping to the ground. She felt sore and well used, but nothing compared to the breaking feeling that was overtaking her heart. Severus Snape was such a tool. Mariah was arguably the greatest fool ever.

Mariah dragged herself to the bed and flung herself face down in exhaustion. She could smell the wanking potions master on her skin. Strangely enough it was comforting and soon she fell fast asleep.

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Nagini crept from the bed where Harry was sleeping. They had made love last night, tenderly, fiercely and Nagini was even deeper in love with him then before. She now had memorized his taste, his scent and his expression. He was such a fighter, unrelenting and brave. Voldemort would never be able to stand against him. Not if she was dead. It was a sobering thought. It was ironic that her last hope for survival rested in India. The solution was in the mystical waters of the Kashmir River.

Nagini left the joke shop, transfigured to look like a broken down bus. She took to the sands and The Muggles were at war with each other. The same old fight, over land, religion or profit.

Muggles never saw nothing, they did not want to and Nagini was content to move about through the deserts with ease. The heat did not bother her at all, she was accustomed to it.

Harry woke up and realized that Nagini was gone. He felt strangely bereft without her familiar warm body pressed up against his own. It was strange how tragedy was bringing all of them together like this. Pain is a common enough denominator, and each of them had their own version of it.

The only thing that healed any of this tragedy was love, affection and desperate hope.

Harry ran his fingers through his hair and pushed it up, looking at the scar. His mother’s love saved his life. Now, he could save everyone’s life if he simply died with Nagini.

He was not ready to cock it just yet. Not now.

Harry pulled on some trousers and a button down shirt from the closet and made his way down to the kitchen.

“Hiya Harry,” exclaimed Luna, while she toasted up some bread.

“Harry,” nods Neville, while taking a sip of tea. “So when’s the meeting going to start, do ya think?”

“Not sure. Seen Nia around, Neville?” murmured Harry, poking his nose at the windows. He could see nothing but desert for miles. The heat from outside pressed onto the windows and his nose began to burn from the sun warmed glass.

“No, but I definitely need something to wear besides my jumper. It’s dead hot here,” declared Ginny, marching into the kitchen.

She had pulled on a simple dress of green cotton. She looked very fresh and comfortable. “The only thing I have to say is why are all our clothes in Slytherin Green? Even my knickers, it’s a bit annoying really.”

“Because dear Ginerva, Draco has the best taste in knickers of any lad I know.” Blaise replied with a smarmy grin as he followed her inside the kitchen.

“Ha-ha, you’re a riot,” smirked Ginny.

Harry stared out the windows ignoring their banter. He gasped as he saw a figure that looked suspiciously like Nagini, walking back towards the shop through the sand dunes.

Her face was flushed from heat, and she was carrying two, coiled baskets on her shoulders, supported by a bamboo rod. Harry pushed open the door and ran out to help her.

“You went by yourself?!?” Harry exclaimed and unloaded the heavy baskets that seemed to be filled with water.

“It’s easier then trying to explain all you white people, in the middle of a war. Muggles tend to notice different raced people, more then wizards anyway and you would all stand out.” Nagini pointed out and she let Harry carry one of the baskets.

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Blaise watched from the window as Nia and Harry carried back the supposed cure-all for Voldemort. He was an optimistic wizard but come on, MAGIC WATER?! These kids were deluding themselves. Blaise sighed, and looked towards Ginny, who was helping Luna make breakfast.

Ginny looked up and caught Blaise staring at her. His dark chocolate eyes were darkened in thought, and he had a scowl on his usually cheerful face. Ginny bent over to get into a lower cabinet and she flashed him purposefully, enjoying his bad mood. He really was ticked off that she said Harry’s name. Jealous, actually.

Blaise caught the flash of pale green silk panties clinging to a luscious bottom and he turned back to the window. He needed a cold shower.

Ginerva was behaving like a little tart. Who talked about their knickers at the breakfast table anyway? It just confirmed what he believed about her. She was a delicious flirt, without an ounce of respectability. It was what he liked about her.

What he liked about tugging her anyways, Blaise mentally corrected himself. Blaise did not care what devious ideas were clattering around in that thick skull of her's. He did not admire her rather reckless affection for tosser Harry Potter and her relentlessly rebellious attitude that was borderline suicidal.

Bugger. Since when did he start noticing her personality?

Blaise abruptly left the kitchen, and headed back for the room for a cold shower. Obviously, he was still suffering from his morning wood and needed a good wank. Sigh.

"You are both well suited," Luna said with a dreamy look. "Actually we all are. It is strange really, all the couplings, almost like we were meant to be. Just like the Snorkack can find their mates, even if it's an unlikely pairing, the scent of the other draws them to be together, against all odds."

Ginny clucked her tongue. "Hmm... Cherry or Strawberry Jam?"

"Oh Cherry!" enthused Luna.

Ginny darted a look at the now distracted Luna. Her words however strange, rang true. Ginny felt sure they were all being manipulated. Come off it, Draco the sensitive type? Blaise-lazy-Zabini, a spy? Nothing was making sense. Harry and that girl he has known for barely five minutes, who by the by, he was supposed to kill? Not by the bloody Snorkacks scent or whatever, but something more devious.

The door opened and Harry and Nia walked inside carrying the water. "She went by herself and got the water!"

Harry sounded inordinately proud and it sent a pang through Ginny's heart. Regardless of what Blaise or anyone else thought, she did love Harry and it irked her that she was not the right one for him.

They all sat down at the breakfast table to eat, cheered by the thought that they may be able to go home soon, now that they had the water.

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Draco was having difficulty breathing, Hermione was smashed up against his ribcage and she was clenching his cock so tightly between her slick walls that he was sure he was going to fall to pieces in any minute. Granger had really taken this whole, owning his body thing seriously. Draco was not going to complain.

"So beautiful..." breathed Hermione, as she rode on top of him, her wild hair tickling his face. "you know that don't you."

Her adoring words sent Draco over the edge and he yelled out as he pushed up into her, expelling himself, and she shrieked from the sensation, wringing out her own orgasm. She

reached down, licking the side of his neck, as she rode him to completion. His pale hands moved up to cup her buttocks, holding her against him.

The rough sound of panting faded slowly from the bedchamber as she calmed down. With a content smile, Hermione slid off of him and rolled to the side of him, her hands immediately going to play with his hair. Draco turned to face her with a smirk. "Now that you have had your wretched way with me, what is next?"

"I study for the next twelve hours. The books that I took from Sn... The library are barely cracked. We need to find a solution for expelling the Horocrux. Not an easy feat," whispered Hermione as she traced the shell of his ear with her fingertip.

Draco's playful look vanished. "What about the baby?"

"The baby is fine. I just experienced some temporary bleeding. You healed the damage so everything is right as rain now, I suspect." She traced his lower lip with her fingers. "You really want this baby, don't you." It was not a question.

Draco nodded. "Even if it's not mine. I want it."

"As far as I am concerned it is yours." Hermione wanted to tell him about Snape but she was terrified that it would endanger Harry. She sighed and pushed herself up. "You should find the others and go get this water also. Not that I believe for a second about this water, but I do think we need some place to hide out while I research the properties of the water, and these books."

Draco considered her for a long moment. "If you don't believe in the water, why did we come here?"

Hermione paused and then hesitantly answered. "Because I want to believe..." Hermione captured his mouth in a soft kiss. Draco got the sense that she was referring to more than just magical water. It was that infernal Gryffindor optimism overriding her good sense. For once, he was glad. It meant hope for him.

Draco kissed her back and then reluctantly pulled away. "I will go help the others. Let me know if you need anything," replied Draco, as he threw on some clothes and then eventually left.

Hermione closed her eyes and felt a rush of love for Draco that threatened to choke her. She knew he ran hot and cold but at least this way she was always in control now. It was safer that way.

Safer for both of them.

Hermione rubbed her stomach thoughtfully, before pulling down the books, and diving into them.

Blaise heard the distinct male voice of his old Professor, coming from the pocket of his breeches, over the water of the shower. He pushed his head out of the stall and turned the water off. He pulled on the coin in his pocket and flashed it. The head on the coin began to speak.

"Zabini, where the devil are you?" questioned Snape, via the small coin.

“We are in Kashmir, India,” sighed Blaise.

“The girl Mariah has a port key to me. Go get it. It is a quill feather. The Dark Lord is questioning about you,” said Snape.

“Tell him I am working on getting Potter to him. Don’t worry, these pillocks have nothing that can defeat the Dark Lord,” murmured Blaise, and it was the truth as far as he was concerned.

“How are your efforts with the Weaselette going?” the silky voice questioned.

“Fantastic, she is absolutely enthralled with me,” replied Blaise.

“No, I bloody am NOT!” screamed a female voice as he felt something connect with the back of his head that felt like a bottle of perfume.

Blaise went down like a wounded hippograph in all his naked glory from the cosh on the back of the head. Ginny grasped the coin from his hand and saw a small miniature version of Professor Snape’s big nose glaring back at her.

“You wanker! You are still alive and working for Voldemort. How thick can you get? Sod off you big greasy bat. Your precious spy is now in our hands, and you can believe me, he will tell me what is going on.” Ginny flicked the coin down the shower drain.

She grappled Blaise to his feet and shoved him through the bedroom door.

“I can’t believe I was beginning to trust you! Oh Ginny, believe in me, I am a spy, oooooooo... You must think I am a complete prat!” She was so red in the face that she was beginning to match her hair.

Ginny felt perilously close to tears and she was brandishing her wand now with all the vehemence of a machete.

Blaise stumbled back to the bed and grabbed a robe belting it around the middle. He was desperate and purposefully released the pheromones and Ginny wavered slightly. Her nostrils sniffed and she sighed, struggling to hold onto a reason to be mad at this gorgeous, sexgod standing in front of her.

The bedroom door burst in and Draco and Harry were staring at them. “What happened? We heard shouting?”

Draco wrinkled his nose up and glared at Zabini. “Okay you sot, turn it off.”

Harry blinked slightly at Blaise and he wet his lips, staring at his chest. “I, I didn’t realize you were so muscular, so manly before...” He sounded hoarse.

Draco brandished his wand in Blaise’s face. “As amusing as it would be to see Harry toss off to a wizard, TURN it off now Blaise.”

Ginny looked confused at Draco. “Turn what off?”

“He didn’t tell you? He’s part Veela; he has pheromones that override all common sense, like a lust potion or something,” replied Draco.

“No, he didn’t. Must have slipped his mind,” Ginny’s face went pale as he realized how thoroughly Blaise had betrayed her. She slipped to the edge of the bed and sat down, holding her head. “This whole time he was using pheremones.”

“Ummm, Actually not.....” interjected Blaise with a frown.

“SHUT UP!” screamed Ginny, and a small trickle of tears poured down her cheek. “Nothing about you is real. NOTHING. He is a sodding spy. He works for Professor Snape, who is ALIVE, I might add.”

This time both Harry and Draco stared at him in shock.

Blaise had the grace to at least look abashed at this news.

“Snape is alive? Where has he been hiding?” Harry whispered.

“In plain sight,” replied Blaise wearily. “Under the guise of Rudolphus Lestranger.”

Draco hissed. “I’m going to kill that wanker.”

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Read and Review.

Chapter 21

Severus Snape was annoyed. Blaise compromised himself, and now the kids would get distracted and possibly this whole thing could fall to crap in a few very quick movements. Since he had no other options, Snape reached down for the coin that Mariah had dropped to the floor, hours ago. His hand closing around it, he felt the world blur familiarly.

Suddenly, with a thud, he fell to the floor of Mariah's bedroom.

Mariah jerked awake at the sound of a huge crash on the hard wood floor of her temporary bedroom. The Potion Master was flattened to the floor next to her bed. Mariah gasped seeing him there, and she spilled out of the bed, and fell to her knees next to him.

"Severus?" She gingerly poked him.

"That was most unpleasant. I suggest you go outside before using the port key. I almost got shred to pieces upon entry." Severus Snape pushed himself up to his feet, and loomed over, shaking off her assistance.

"Now, where is Blaise Zabini's room?" he murmured almost pleasantly.

Mariah looked bewildered and she pointed across the hallway, following him as he swept from her room.

Snape heard the voices arguing and he gently pushed open the door with his bony fingers. He distinctly heard Draco declare 'he was going to kill that wanker', when he pushed open the door.

"From what I recall, you lack the ability to kill anyone, Mr. Malfoy," hissed a familiar silky voice, that struck fear in the hearts of many a child.

Severus Snape stood in the doorway, in flesh and blood.

The Potions Master was looking rather ill, his haggard face pale, and hair as lank and greasy as ever. His black robes seemed to fit rather snugly against him and he intimidated the hell out of everyone in the room.

Mariah wedged her way through the door next to him, sandwiching herself between the rest of them and him, much to everyone's shock and grudging admiration.

"What do you want?" demanded Mariah, as she placed her hands on her hips. Her eyebrows drawn together in a scowl.

Severus pinched the bridge of his nose with his elegant fingers and sighed. You tup a young girl and suddenly, she gets uppity.

This why he made it a practice to never tup young girls....usually.

“Nothing you can spare, you infuriating chit, now get out of my way,” hissed Snape.

Harry stepped forward and put his hand on Mariah’s shoulder. “Let me talk to him.”

Snape’s beady eyes watched as Harry’s hand pressed into Mariah’s shoulder and he fisted his hands.

Severus mentally counted to ten and exhaled.

“Yes, let me talk to Potter,” drawled Snape.

“I’d rather you talk to me, you greasy rapist,” growled Draco and he swished his wand at Snape. “Get out of the way, Mariah!”

“Rapist, that is a strong accusation, Mr. Malfoy,” smirked Snape as turned towards him.

“You raped Hermione, you bastard,” hissed Draco.

“No, he didn’t,” cried Hermione behind Snape, stepping through the doorway. She stared across at Draco, with a blush on her face. “I bargained with him. It was never rape.”

“He took advantage of you,” hissed Draco, still glaring at Snape.

“So did you, Mr. Malfoy,” murmured Snape and he folded his arms. “Besides, this is all highly irrelevant, Potter come with me.” Snape turned on his heel and walked back out into the hallway.

Harry responded to his request, instinctively feeling like a schoolboy who was going to detention. Nagini looked up from the water basket, as Harry followed behind a man who looked exceedingly familiar.

“You’re not dead,” whispers Nagini, when Snape walked by, unable to help herself.

“Who are you?” Snape raised an eyebrow, staring at the girl who just hissed at him in Parseltongue.

Harry turned white, he still could not be sure if he could trust Snape with Nagini, he shook his head at her and she shrugged to him.

“She speaks Parseltongue. She could be a spy, you realize,” Snape murmured silkily.

“Not in my book,” replied Harry. “Now speak.”

Snape raised his eyebrow at the irritating prat, how like his father he was.

He resisted the urge to ram his foot up his arse and began to speak. “You obviously have received my missive; otherwise you would be trying at great lengths to push me forth from this mortal coil. Everything I said is true, and Zabini is not a spy for Voldemort, he is a spy for me, and to an extent, Dumbledore. Blaise is important to your group, and I would recommend convincing the Harpy of that.”

“By Harpy, you mean Ginny,” replied Harry, with a look of impatience.

“Yes. The prophecy that I am familiar with, spoke of seven who defied Voldemort. Seven who stood for the light and triumphed evil? Blaise makes up your number seven. He is clever,

and not a bad person, unlike most that joined in Voldemort's ranks. He is trustworthy," declared Snape.

"Draco is less trustworthy, since his motivations are of a selfish quality. He wants Hermione Granger, bad. Watch out for that one, I dare say he may lose heart once or twice before this ends." Snape rubbed his chin thoughtfully for a moment.

"Parseltongue, that wouldn't happen to be Voldemort's snake would it?" Snape's dark eyes glittered under the bright lighting in the kitchen.

Nagini thankfully did not speak English, so she did not respond at all to the question. Harry cleared his throat. "What will you do?"

"I must retrieve the Elder Wand from Mr. Malfoy. I believe that Dumbledore intended me to battle Voldemort, but in order for me to truly win, Voldemort's Horocru克斯 must be dead and gone," hissed Snape with another look at Nagini.

"We are working out," replied Harry, rubbing his scar. "We are researching older methods of removal. Cleansing rituals and the like."

"That's utter rubbish. It would never work. Love spells are hard enough but cleansing Voldemort's tainted soul? It's too much!" declared Snape with a sneer.

"Hang on a tick, who is doing love spells?" questioned Harry with a glare.

Snape gave a wave of impatience with his hand. "No one, you foolish boy. I refer to a common enough legend that love conquers all and all that trap. Dumbledore believed that love conquered all in the end. Love is reputedly strong enough to grant protection from Voldemort, why couldn't it also defeat it? It is all a load of bullocks of course."

Snape smirked slightly at Nagini, while she was speaking.

"Hi Nagini," Snape murmured calmly to the girl sitting off to the side.

Nagini looked up, smiled slightly to him, and waved.

Harry groaned, slapping his forehead.

Snape raised an imperious eyebrow at him with a shark-like smile. "You are sloppy, Potter, you always have been. However, you have never struck me as masochistic. Why are you playing house with the one person you need to destroy to defeat Voldemort?"

Harry stared across at Snape with undisguised hatred.

His cold words were effect in reminding him that he was doing precisely that. Harry was pretending that the problem did not exist. He was pretending that he was not going to have to sacrifice her eventually. Harry felt the cold swish down to his belly.

"Get out!" shouted Harry.

Severus Snape was not a fool.

He saw the look blazing on Harry's face as clear as day. He had possessed a similar look once a long time ago. The pillock had gone and fallen in love with her. Severus's lip coiled in disgust and pity. They were going to kill everyone because of this. Snape rubbed the bridge of his long nose in thought.

Blaise, Neville and Luna walked in to the kitchen. Blaise was rubbing the back of his head warily. Neville looked disgusted at him. Luna looked like, well Luna.

"What can I do to help?" The words seemed to be forced out of Snape and sounded jumbled coming from his usually eloquent mouth.

The group blinked. "What?"

"He asked what he could do to help, Harry," murmured a female voice from the corner. Mariah had stood there quietly watching them the whole time.

"We are currently exploring the books to find a way to push out the Horocrux's, short of destroying them," replied Harry.

Severus paced the room, his coat billowing out behind him. "We don't have much time. Voldemort will surely begin making moves to find both of you. I was going to go back, but now that makes little sense."

"You can stay here," sighed Harry. "If you don't try to kill Draco in his sleep."

"The little sot will probably try to kill me first you realize?" replied Snape scathingly.

"Why did you sleep with Hermione? The more I think about it the less sense it makes," muttered Harry.

"It is painfully obvious if you are even remotely inclined towards manipulation of any type," replied Mariah from the corner.

"Draco was with Voldemort but clearly he fancied Hermione. Having a threat to their relationship, simply solidified Draco's feelings and made him defect by default. His jealousy was the catalyst to them being honest about their feelings. Professor Snape simply pushed it along," replied Mariah, rather flatly.

"You slept with a young ex-student because you wanted to make Draco jealous?" hissed Harry in horror.

"It wasn't exactly the worst assignment ever. She was quite good, if I recall correctly," replied Snape with a smarmy smile.

"And when you tuppied Ginny in the detention hall? Oh, that was just for kicks," Snape gave a smarmy smile.

"You sonuvabitch!" cried Blaise. "You slept with Ginny?"

"Yes! You were there, what's wrong with you Zabini?" frowned Snape with a glare.

"The bloody hell I was, I would recall you sleeping with Ginny," yelled Blaise, his complexion that was usually olive-toned, became florid.

Harry turned a deep red and raised his hand. "Oh, that was me. I was using Polyjuice potion, to look like Blaise."

"It was a standard detention Zabini, don't get your knickers in a twist," hissed Snape.

Blaise struggled to regulate his breathing and not imagine Ginny with his Head of House buried deep inside her. He was failing miserably. He sighed and slumped onto the couch.

"Can I get my knickers in a twist?" a low mean female voice said directly behind him.

Snape turned to face the owner of the voice and reeled backwards when a fist connected with his nose.

Snape yowled and held his abnormally large nose that was split across the bridge now, blood trickling from his left nostril.

"OH Gods, Ginny you hit a Professor!" cried Hermione as she ran in from the hallway with a gasp.

Draco grinned slightly as he followed, staring at Professor bowled over by the Weaselette.

"Yeah, guess I am expelled from Hogwarts. Tragedy," laughed Ginny, as she watched Snape flounder for his wand to repair it.

"Nice one, Weasley," murmured Draco appreciatively.

Harry rolled his eyes. "EVERYBODY stop."

"Snape is a hero; he is just doing this to help everyone. Sadly, no one can see the bigger picture because he kept everything to himself! He is going to help us, Ginny, you know he had no choice. Voldemort would have definitely questioned why he did not do it. Draco, he never meant to kill you. It was all a test. Everybody, just grow up!" glared Harry.

The circle of people all gathered around Harry who was shouting at them.

Some with unrepentant grins, scowls and solemn regard.

Eight people, the last standing against Voldemort.

Harry felt a rush of gratitude that he was not going to be alone anymore.

He knew that even the sodding Potions Master was going to help him.

"Lets get to work on finding answers. Please," whispered Harry. "Our lives all depend on it."

Snape was annoyed and bleeding. The little brat had gotten in a clean shot at his nose. Not hard to miss he realized but still it was irritating. He repaired his nose with a swish of his wand. Gingerly touching it, he scowled at the group of kids.

This was the new order. It was laughable.

No, actually it was not, it was bloody tragic. They were going to get themselves killed. Once again Snape was going to have to but his nose in.

His gaze darted towards Mariah who watched them all with a calm eye. She was quite still in her corner but he knew she was alert. Mariah caught his eyes and he looked at the ground

quickly. Better to reject all forms of contact. It was important that they all made it out of this alive. Even if he would not. That was okay, Snape was used to it.

Ginny watched Blaise with suspicion, he had seemed genuinely upset to hear that Snape had used her in detention. If Hermione was telling the truth, then Blaise really was a good spy, and not a bad one. Still, he had lied to her about so much lately, she knew it was not going to work, she was realist at least.

Severus Snape was sitting quite uncomfortably at a table with seven children, young adults, immature wizards, and surprisingly not a Hufflepuff among them.

It was not unlike a meal, One Meaty Ravenclaw, several side helpings of carb-laden Gryffindor, a bevy of sumptuous Slytherin, and not a single leafy green Hufflepuff among them.

Severus had always held the opinion that Hufflepuff was a group solely provided to train Mediwitches and House witches.

This just nailed it.

Severus took a delicate sip of the rather good tea that Luna poured, aware that he was the sole source of entertainment for the group currently. He tucked a length of greasy hair back behind his ear, sighed in that slightly effeminate and entertaining, yet frightening way of his, and studied the eager faces surrounding him.

Strike that, not all of them were eager, Malfoy and Zabini looked rather menacingly at him.

A small hint of a smile tickled his lips at the reason for the discord. He had ridden both their witches, and that thought made them livid.

Severus smiled into his teacup, and then choked when Luna plopped right down next to him, peering at him with undisguised amusement.

“How did you escape dying? We all saw the body,” Luna sang out cheerfully.

“I used Polyjuice Potion to send Lestrage to my death,” murmured Snape, with a small cough. Snape dabbed his thin lips with a napkin.

“Exceedingly clever, Professor Snape!” enthused Luna, and she poured him more tea.

Professor Snape was unaccustomed to such student approval and it made him slightly ill.

“Yes, well I have my moments of clarity. Death is one of those motivating factors.”

“Since you have defected from Voldemort, you will need to change your appearance obviously. Draco made it so we can all speak Hindi and he disappeared this entire bus, with us in it! I bet Draco could give you a new appearance, transfigure your hair or something,” whispered Luna, with a dubious look at his greasy locks.

Draco smiled faintly at Luna’s words,

“She is right you know, Voldemort cannot know you are still alive,” Draco said, with a quick movement, he withdrew the Elder Wand.

“First things first, we need you to be able to speak Hindi,” said Draco, and he swished and flicked the wand towards Snape.

Snape felt a burning sensation and then a popping sound in his left ear, and in the back of his throat.

“Say something in Hindi,” demanded Snape, with a worried look.

“You just did,” replied Harry in Hindi.

“Clearly the Elder Wand works according to legend although why it chose Mr. Malfoy is beyond me,” murmured Snape silkily, his hand going to his ear, to stave off the ringing sensation.

Draco laughed, “One of *many* things, Professor. Now, rise up. Let me alter your appearance to remain undetected. Actually, on second thought, we should all look a bit more Indian, except for you Nia, of course.”

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Draco made them all line up, and slowly he transfigured all the people there into slightly more Indian features, darkening hair and skin tone, but the facial features were all the same. Draco finally reached Snape and he looked very serious.

“Being so OLD, I may have a more difficult time with you,” grinned Draco.

Snape looked murderously at Draco.

Snape gritted his teeth and clenched his bony fists. “GET on with it, Malfoy,” hissed Snape.

Draco closed his eyes and concentrated for a moment and then they all heard a ‘POP’. Draco smiled in satisfaction at Snape. He looked around and everyone of them had their eyes closed.

“Whoops,” declared Draco, with a small frown.

Everyone gasped and opened their eyes staring fearfully at Severus Snape.

Someone gave a bark of laughter.

Draco was not sure who it was.

Draco looked down at his handiwork.

“Not a single Death eater will recognize you,” whispered Draco and for just a moment, he wondered if he should not have done it.

Severus Snape stared down at his hands.

His hands possessed small, slender fingers, delicate almost, with round, shiny nails. That was when he noticed his breasts. *MEN, do not have breasts.*

Severus growled under his breath, and he heard a distinct female purr, roll out of his chest.

"I think I just got hard," exclaimed Blaise in bewilderment, staring at his former Potions Master.

Severus Snape made a very attractive girl.

Long, waist length black hair, high cheekbones, a narrow straight nose, plush lips, and her best features were hypnotic, inky black eyes with long thick lashes. She was relatively tall, with wide hips, round breasts and long legs.

Severus looked down at the sari that Draco had created around him, electric blue, and deep purple, it accented the dark, honey colored skin. Severus calmly walked to the windowpane and stared into his new reflection. Her inky black eyes narrowed into microscopic slits.

"Malfoy," breathed Snape, with a guttural, strangled noise.

Mariah stared, her eyes widened in shock.

"Sir, no one would ever suspect!" backpedaled Draco, and he scrambled behind Hermione with a serious shit-eating grin.

"Great, hide behind the pregnant lady," chuckled Hermione.

"This is TOO crippling, Malfoy, We may have to fight Voldemort soon and I cannot function in a body so very different from my own, regardless of your amusement and Zabini's erection!" The Snape-girl replied scathingly, her delicate fingers forming small fists next to her side.

Harry felt strange staring at the girl. He was terrified of her, Snape and mostly the bizarre combination that they seemed to be now.

Nagini mostly seemed confused.

Ginny burst into giggles with Hermione and Luna. They collapsed to the floor, laughing hysterically, until Hermione got the hiccups.

"Ha-ha, very amusing, young ladies," hissed the girl Snape, before turning and stalking to Draco and pointed a perfectly manicured fingernail in his face. "Change me back!" purred Snape, with a dangerous smile.

Neville nudged Draco. "He's *right* scary like this, Change him back," whispered Neville nervously.

"Yeah, the thought of wanking off to my old Potions Professor is killing what libido I have left," declared Blaise, as he rubbed his crotch uncomfortably at the second purr that erupted from the girl.

Snape-girl glared daggers at Blaise and Draco. "For the good of the mission, I must ask you to reconsider, serving this group such a handicap," frowned Snape-girl. Snape crossed his legs, the urge to suddenly use the bathroom began apparent. OH Gods, sitting down? What kept it from just spilling out everywhere?

Snape felt a squeeze on his kidneys and he sighed, waiting for Draco to see reason.

Silently plotting murder, of the first rate kind.

Draco waited a whole thirty minutes, while the others simply could not stop laughing, before turning around. "FINE. However, if you ever touch Hermione, I will transform you, for GOOD. You get me?" Draco hissed in a low mean voice.

"I am perfectly willing to accept those terms," hissed Snape girl and he crossed his legs again, weaving slightly from holding it for so long.

"Very well," murmured Draco and he concentrated and swished his wand twice, and then Snape closed his eyes, praying he did not transform into a Hippogriff.

Mariah gasped first upon seeing Snape's transformation. Mariah found a seat and plopped herself down. Luna clapped her hands happily. Hermione and Draco looked wary and Harry, Neville and Blaise sighed in relief.

"Well?" purred Severus Snape, holding out his hands and looking down.

He was immensely relieved that he no longer possessed breasts. He seemed to be his same old slender build, tall, he saw tendrils of inky black hair, and his hands were slender and pale, but no longer possessed wrinkles, or age spots. "Did it work?" Snape murmured bewildered.

Draco nodded. "I changed you to look our age. Like a student, so they would not suspect. Also similar to all of us when Muggles see you you will look Indian."

"Which student profile did you use?" hissed Snape, staring at the shocked faces of the students.

"Yours. You look like you did in school," murmured Draco, gesturing to the windowpane reflection.

Severus turned back, his liquid black eyes, glared back at him from a rather interestingly attractive face, long broken nose, high cheekbones, his thick black hair hung about his face in shiny color. His hands were delicate and long, perfect hands according to Lily Evans.

Snape hissed through his teeth, showing a surprisingly, white menacing smile, before the ravages of old age and far too many Crucio's had broken, and rotted most of his teeth. In short, he looked like a rough edged teenager with a taste for dark clothing and fighting.

He felt displaced and lost without his protective layer of old age.

Draco looked at the Potion's Master uncertainly, it was a definite improvement as far as appearances go, and he could not be mad, since it was his own appearance.

"Professor Snape?" questioned Draco uncertainly.

"It's fine." His voice came out rough, and bit less laconic, but he flicked his dark eyes up to Draco's face. "It's only temporary anyway," hissed Snape.

Snape cleared his throat. "Also, given the circumstances, you should be calling me Severus. Not Professor, obviously."

Luna sighed dreamily. "You were very good looking Pro..., Severus."

Mariah silently agreed with the Ravenclaw.

Her heart could not stop pounding, staring at the dark eyed boy across from her with the evil, thoughtful smile.

They just do not grow Slytherin like they used too.

"Well, that is neither here nor there, is it?" murmured Snape, with a sneer. "Nia, you were going to take us to your family, while we researched the water properties? I need at least three days to thoroughly work through all the varying elements." Snape stroked his chin idly, with his long, blunt fingers.

Mariah felt strange warmth forming between her legs, staring at the boy who emulated all the poise of the Dark Wizard, with none of the ill effects of age and scaring. It was a positively lethal combination. Even Hermione and Ginny seemed temporarily enthralled by his sudden change of appearance

"I don't know mate, he looks too good for his age," whispered Blaise, into Draco's ear. "The witches are all staring at him."

Severus overheard this and gave a small snarky grin; he had not managed to pin down a Gryffindor princess like Evans for no reason. It just so happened that she had not liked his taste in the Dark Arts.

It was not because he looked like crap in school.

Okay, he did a little but he made up for it in other ways.

Severus scowled slightly.

"Yes, Severus, my family survives in varying parts of the country. However, I would prefer we stay with the priests, at least they can try to protect themselves if necessary," replied Nia. "They live in the mountains of Jammu in the nearby Kashmir Valley."

"Then we should go to their temple. If it is a genuine temple, perhaps the Dark Lord will hesitate to invade there," nodded Severus in thought.

Draco concentrated and suddenly everything went white_____.

"You little dunderhead, that thing is NOT a toy!" muttered Severus, while picking his face off the floor.

Hermione groaned slightly, and glared at Draco. "That was irretrievably stupid," grimaces Hermione and she gingerly sits up.

"Look, we are here though!" exclaimed Nia and outside the joke shop windows, they saw a lush mountainside of flowers and rioting plants curling and engulfing the shop, with a voraciousness that startled them. "This place is known as 'paradise on earth' to my people."

"It's beautiful," whispered Neville in appreciation of the varying flora and fauna that threatened to press into the windows.

"It's alive though," murmured Harry.

"It's responding to the strong magic in the Wand, I am sure," declared Hermione, standing up.

Mariah had fallen to the side of the kitchen table, hitting her head and she groaned sitting up, her hand moving to rub the back of her skull. Suddenly a hand shot out in front of her face and she blinked at Severus, who was staring intently down at her.

Mariah grasped his blunt fingers and he jerked her to her feet, and she stumbled and pressed against his chest. Her heart leapt suddenly at the contact, and a soft sigh escaped her mouth.

Severus licked his lips at her soft noise, and stared down at Mariah. "Are you alright?" Severus grunted.

Mariah nodded and pulled back from him with a small smile. "Right as rain."

"Right then, Malfoy..." Severus drawled out, turning around. "Expelliarmus!"

His hand coiled and he flicked his fingers commandingly and the wand shot out of Draco's hand and Severus, mentally whispered Accio Wand, and the elder wand shot directly into his fingers.

"You can do wandless magic!" gasped Hermione.

Severus ignored her and he inspected the wand, giving it a swish, the teapot reassembled from its cracked state. "Thank god, otherwise we would have to put up with Malfoy as the owner of the Elder Wand for all of eternity," murmured Snape silkily.

Draco shrugged, and clasps Hermione to him. "Are you okay? I did not think about the child at all. I am so sorry, Mione," whispered Draco, and he pressed a kiss to her temple.

Blaise rubbed his head. "Not even going to fight the man over it?"

His hands waved towards the Elder Wand that Severus rolled between his fingers.

"Why bother? Whoever has the wand will end up dying, defeating Voldemort," replied Draco in amusement.

Snape gave a sour smile, and nodded. "As *usual* Malfoy, you surprise and disappoint me in the same breath. Bloody coward."

"You're the Hero," Draco smirks. "Besides, I am going to be a father soon. I have to look out for my family." Draco's hands slid to her belly and cupped Hermione against him, protectively.

"You're dedication is *breathtaking*," sneers the young Snape. It somehow does not hold the weight of the older version and no one seems impressed.

Luna walks to the door. "I bet there are Double-billed Snorkacks out there, and Higgledy Puff snappers. I think they are in India."

Nia smiled at her. "I do not think I know of these creatures."

"Neither does anyone else," replied Harry with a smirk slinging an arm over Nia's shoulder.

Nia blushed and rested her head on his shoulder.

“I cannot wait for you to see the temples, Harry. You will love them. They worship snakes here, like the way Muggles worship the little Jesus man,” said Nia.

Chapter 22

Luna turned back to stare at Neville. She folded her arms and lowered her gaze thoughtfully. Neville and she never touched each other, at least not as easily as Nia and Harry did. It must be her, after what happened he could never seem to look her in the face.

Goyle had ruined her for life. Luna still had nightmares of what he did to her. How much it hurt, and how she had never felt so dirty in her life.

Luna suddenly teared up, and she whispered, "Excuse me," before darting to the bathroom and shutting the door.

Neville watched Luna walk hurriedly to the bathroom and he tilted his head in concern. She had been acting strange lately. Neville darted a look to the others but they all seemed busy. He walked to the door and knocked on it once, hesitantly.

"Luna...?"

Luna sniffled on the other end of the door. "Yes," she warbled out.

"It's me Neville, can I come in?"

"Of course," sighed Luna and she wipes her eyes, looking expectantly at the door.

"What's wrong?" Neville ventured forth nervously, watching the girl of his dreams, wipe tears from her eyes.

Neville sat on the bed across from Luna. His expression was warm, and soooooo Neville. That strange kindness and gentleness that he always possessed that had made him the sole proprietor of her heart so long ago.

"Do you think I am ugly?" whispered Luna bluntly.

"No!" exclaimed Neville quickly, and his arms went around Luna to hug her. Luna felt the tenderness in the way he was holding her so fragilely and she sucked in a deep watery breath.

"Then why don't you touch me? I want you, I love you, can't you please just look past what Goyle did to me?" murmured Luna, as she pressed her face into his neck.

"That's not why I haven't been touching you Luna," whispered Neville thickly. He could feel spurts of hot breath on his neck, and he felt himself getting aroused.

"Then why? Is because I am strange?" Luna straightened and looked at him bewildered.

"No, never that. It is because I do not want to hurt you, Luna. I care about you too much. I don't want to remind you of Goyle," Neville said huskily.

"You never could!" Luna shoved him in annoyance. "You thickheaded pillock! I have been waiting for you to make your move this whole time. You drive me nuts!"

Luna turned on him quickly and pressed her soft mouth onto his own. Neville felt suddenly like he was starving for her. Luna's stomach fluttered from the deep, drowning kisses that he

was pressing into her mouth.

“Gods, Luna, I want you so damned bad,” moaned Neville, and his hands slid down to cup her buttocks, drawing her closer to him. Luna’s hand reached out and she caressed the bulge through his trousers.

“Neville, you swore,” giggled Luna, and she pushed her pelvic area up against his cock through the material. “You make me want to swear, Luna,” murmured Neville and he licked her neck, peeling off her clothes slowly and torturously.

Luna began to pant heavily, her blue eyes glazed over with need. Luna unbuckled the trousers and pulled him out, as Neville began to suckle on one of her nipples. Luna felt a pulse of pleasure between her legs and her knees buckled.

Neville caught Luna as her head tilted back and she moaned. “Oh sweet Luna, spread yourself for me, my love,” whispered Neville, as he pressed the palm of his hand to the top of her panties, grinding against her clit. Neville could feel the panties getting soaked as she responded beautifully to him. Just like before, except now, he would finally be the one.

Luna gasped, “Please I need you to give me everything, Neville. I need you too.”

Neville obliged, his tongue lashed out against her neck, teasingly, while he pushed his cock up against her wet, silky curls. He slid in slowly, pushing, testing her limits and at her enthusiastic moan, he thrust the length of himself inside her.

Neville pressed his face into her blond hair that smelled oddly of cinnamon. Slowly he began to move, thrusting harder and harder, Luna began to shake underneath him, her body clenching around his cock like a fist. Then suddenly it happened. Luna jerked and bucked under him, soaking his cock suddenly in her orgasm, her first. She screamed in pleasure and he howled in the possession of her.

He felt his balls slapping against her slick folds and he saw the glazed pleasure in her eyes, before she closed them. Her soft mouth was making breathy moans of delight as he took her repeatedly, riding out the pleasure of her wetness until he finally could not hold back anymore and he burst inside her, coating her with his seed.

“Gods, LUNA!” yelled Neville, pressing his mouth hard over her own, capturing a bit of her soul as he finished shuddering.

Neville limply placed a kiss on her forehead before rolling off her to pant besides her. Luna looked star struck, and she pressed her hand to her mouth.

“No wonder Harry looks so happy all the time,” whispered Luna reverently.

“This also is why Snape looks so sour,” replied Neville ruefully. Luna laughed and hit his chest playfully. “Not for long, I suspect,” murmured Luna back, with her usual Ravenclaw clarity.

Neville shrugged, he could not care less about Snape, all he cared about was Luna, and she seemed extremely pleased with him. “I love you so much,” Neville turned to look seriously at Luna. Luna stared back and her smile widened. “I know that now.”

Snape studied the specimen of water with a dubious look.

Mariah sat next to him playing at assistant.

Snape tucked back a length of dark hair over one ear and she had to resist the urge to sigh.

Looking at this version of Snape was hurting her heart.

Hermione bustled up behind them. "Find anything unusual?"

"Besides the fact that *no* living breathing wizard or Muggle should drink this water? No," replied Snape coolly. "The poisonous bacteria alone is worthy of a basilisk challenge."

"The locals are probably immune to the dangerous elements," replied Hermione thoughtfully.

"Find anything in the books?" questioned Mariah, once she stopped staring at Snape. She flushed slightly at Hermione's knowing look.

"Just one thing. Something about love being the most powerful ingredient that can counter the evil that is brought forth when a Horocrux is created. This is probably what caused a piece of the Dark Lord's soul to leave him in the first place without his knowledge. Lily Potter's love, saved Harry, and thus created a Horocrux, but it was done to protect him. Ancient magic suggests that we could counter the effects of the Horocrux, using a combination of potions and spell work, but some of the ingredients are very hard, if not impossible to get. Not to mention enough for two. I have never seen a more complex potion, and spell."

"Why the use of both?" murmured Mariah, thinking.

"Because, the potion removes the evil Horocrux by expelling it from the body physically. The soul that becomes missing from its removal requires more than physical repair. It is spiritual in nature, this sort of damage, and that is where the idea of love magic comes in. It can heal the damage done to the soul."

Severus looked Hermione with something akin to respect. "You truly live up to your heritage at this moment. I am impressed." He lowered his eyes back to the water and sighed.

"Lets split up the list of ingredients among the people here. Everybody should equally be useful," sighed Severus and he pushed back from the desk.

Hermione scribbled down a list of items.

List

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Ashwinder Eggs

Asphodel

Crushed Snake Fangs

Romanian Longhorn, Dragon Horn (Powdered Form)

Wormwood

Valerian Root

Hellebore.

Mother Tears

Virgin Blood  
Unicorn Blood  
Snake blood

~~~~~

"Luckily, we can pick up most of these in the average store," murmured Snape under his breath.

"Virgin's blood?" Hermione raised an eyebrow.

"Knockturn Alley," supplied Mariah flatly.

Snape looked at Mariah in surprise and then concealed a smile.

"Yes, well Mother's tears should be easy. Hermione the next time Draco is being a prat, you can just cry into a bottle for us," laughed Ginny.

"Ha-ha, Ginny," sighed Hermione, and she darted a look at Draco. Crying was not unlikely when he was around, but it had been better in the last few days. He was really acting rather stand up and strong.

Draco scowled at the whole lot of them.

Nia spoke up, "Well, I can get some snake blood and fangs easily enough. The temple has hundreds lying around. Harry and I should go since we both speak Parseltongue."

Harry nodded. "I would agree with that idea."

"Ginny and Blaise you should still go with them, just in case there is trouble," murmured Snape, idly examining the list. "I will be going to Knockturn Alley to purchase what I can."

"Mariah should go with you," suggested Hermione.

"Why?" Snape pinched the bridge of his nose, and the arrogant teenage version of Snape glared at Mariah.

"Because you never know what could happen," replied Hermione, echoing his own words back to him.

"Fine, at least she still looks Indian," hissed Snape and he grabbed her arm.

"Where's Neville and Luna?" questioned Ginny with a smile.

Everyone grinned stupidly at the sounds that all their research and discussion had successfully covered up until that moment.

"Go Neville..." grinned Ginny.

Nia blushed slightly. "Ginny, just as a warning, girls are considered to be good sources of possession with the priests. They believe that the spirits communicate best with brainless, naïve creatures. I don't want you to be targeted."

Blaise laughed.

Snape sneered with a laugh, "Girls considered brainless creatures, what utter rubbish. Why, Granger here is about as brainless as a stalking panther. Blaise would be a much better

choice.”

Ginny laughed and Blaise frowned.

Ginny smirked and she tucked her arm through his own. “Don’t worry Blaise I will protect you from the evil spirits.”

Blaise looked at the arm that Ginny unconsciously just hugged, and he threw his eyes heaven forward and smiled. “Yes, Goddess Ginerva, save me from a fate of being eaten by strange Muggles and possessed by their little spirits,”

Blaise turned and kissed Ginny on the mouth, hard. Stealing the advantage of her closeness and Ginny responded for a second before pushing him off.

Red-faced, Ginny tried to breath. “Why did you do that? You don’t need to pretend anymore with me,” sighed Ginny, her hand pressing against her racing heart.

Blaise looked into her beautiful wary eyes and he smiled slightly. “I never pretended with you, Ginny.”

“This is SOOooooooooo touching. Can we please get a move on? We have evil dictators to destroy,” hissed Snape with ill-disguised annoyance.

Mariah smirked slightly at his obvious distaste for affection. Then why was he so affectionate with her? Although to be fair, he was clearly under duress and arousal was a big motivator. Mariah sighed and picked at her sleeve.

“Let’s go everyone, tell Neville and Luna where you are going. Mariah and I will be back soon,” Snape grabbed Mariah by the wrist and jerked her against him with a smirk. Mariah’s eyes went wide and she clung to his shirt as he Disapparated with her.

“I wonder if they already boned....” mused Blaise, watching the couple pop out.

“EW... He’s an old man,” murmured Ginny with a look of disgust. “Maybe as a boy, but not before.”

“He is a Slytherin, dear, we do have our many charms,” replied Blaise thoughtfully, before he cupped Ginny’s bottom.

“I’m sorry I lied to you, but I had too. I didn’t think you would believe me about anything if you knew I was part Veela,” he murmured huskily, his mouth pressing close to her ear. “You are a hot tempered, unruly witch with far too much passion for your own good, and you should know that I adore you, despite your many flaws.”

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Draco watched Blaise smooth his way out of another problem life threw at him.

His blond hair spilled forward into his eyes and he surveyed Hermione under half-mast eyelids. Soon they would be alone. To deal with all the blows sent to them.

Draco had been very patient for the last three days.

He was letting Hermione lead him about by the nose, but he saw the way that she had looked at Severus, after the change. Draco was sure that she harbored some lingering feelings for that slimy bastard.

Hermione looked up from her research as the other people filed out the door.

She caught Draco's eyes as he stared down at her with an intense look.

Hermione quirked an eyebrow as Draco sat across from her.

"We need to talk."

Draco studied Hermione for a long moment.

The way her hair curled wildly, the softness of her bottom lip, the scent of hyacinth that seemed to exude from her now, and he concluded that during school he had never really looked at her.

He just saw her as Mudblood companion to Potthead, an annoying member of the Golden Trio, intent on making his life hell. If he had really seen her, then things would have been different, he argued with himself. He would have been a better person, maybe.

Hermione wet her lips, staring back at his silver orbs that were devouring her features in detail.

"Draco?" whispered Hermione; her eyes rounded widely, her eyebrow quirking.

"You are so beautiful to me; it's just amazing that I never realized it in school, so perfect, every wild tendril of hair seems to have a purpose of making me happy. So tell me Hermione, you are a clever girl, whose child is it? Professor Snape seems too casual about it. He must think it is not his," purred Draco with contentment.

"I suspect it is yours," whispered Hermione hesitantly, her eyes dropping to the book splayed in front of her.

"This child will be the heir of Slytherin and Ravenclaw, as well as the Malfoys. As far as parentage, there are worse options, I suppose," Draco stroked his chin thoughtfully, his eyes glittering as he watched her.

Hermione felt an air of cold soak through the back of her shirt, despite the oppressive heat. Hermione tilted her head and stared across at Draco's intense gaze.

"Are you feeling okay, Draco?" Hermione worried her bottom lip, watching a sweat break out over his forehead. His pupils dilated slightly and he smiled widely to her.

"Of course, my heart," replied Draco, as he pulled her up from the chair.

"What are you working on?" Draco blinked slightly, glancing towards the list of ingredients on the desk. "Clever girl, your such a clever girl," murmured Draco under his breath and he turned away from her, dropping the paper to the table..

His silver eyes traveled over the length of the walls, studying everything with a curious detachment that made a feeling of dread roll through Hermione's stomach. She flicked her eyes downward to the list and she flicked her wand, catching the list on fire.

Draco turned around with a hiss. "Why did you do that, love?" His words were drawn out and sickly sounding, as Draco rounded on her pressing her into the table.

"Oh, you know, I don't like clutter," whispered Hermione, feeling nauseous at the rather lame excuse, but for some bizarre reason Draco did not press her.

His delicate fingers pressed into her abdomen gently. Hermione felt her heart leap into her throat at the actions, somewhere in her head, warning bells were sounding off.

"Draco? I think I feel ill, I am going to lie down for a bit," murmured Hermione, not looking into the icy eyes that seemed to be staring through her.

"We are alone, dear heart. Let us take advantage of it," Draco pressed his erection against her thigh, he slowly walked her towards the bedroom. "Unless you can give a reason not too? Don't you love me? Don't you want me? Voldemort is winning and we need to take all the chances we get to be together," Draco murmured, pulling off his shirt as he advanced towards her.

Hermione froze. Draco NEVER said Voldemort's name.

Whether it was a remnant of his time as a Death eater, or a fear of the jinx, Draco referred to him as the Dark Lord. Something was not right and she was genuinely afraid. Something small had changed Draco and she was not sure what it was. Nothing was different that she could remember.

Hermione began to tremble involuntarily from Draco stalking towards her.

The Dark Mark stood out against his pale skin, it seemed to be more menacing than usual, pulsing black ink as it wriggled in his skin. It occurred to Hermione that she had never wondered how Draco escaped being called back to Voldemort. He seemed so strong, almost incapable of influence the entire time she was there in Hogwarts.

What was different?

Hermione's mind scrambled as Draco moved up behind her. He dropped a gentle kiss on her shoulder, his hands shredding the top she was wearing.

"You are going to make a beautiful mother, Hermione," Draco whispered, and he bit down at the pulse of her neck. Hermione shuddered, her sensitive nipples beading at the sensation, despite her fear.

Hermione stayed still, and she could feel Draco's long fingertips cupping her bottom as he pushed his erection up against her. The thickness startled her as she jumped slightly. Her nerves were on end.

Draco whispered, "Why so nervous love?" his tone grew suspicious sounding and he pushed her onto the bed. "Get on your knees; I want to worship the mother of my child. That's not so terrible, is it?"

Hermione bit down on her lower lip, PRAYING to God that someone came back soon.

"No, I want you..." whimpered Hermione in reply, and Draco misinterpreted the sound.

Draco laughed and stroked her slick folds from behind, his hands gripping her buttocks, as he butted his cock up against her. "Say you love me," hissed Draco.

Hermione trembled slightly, and she forced the words out.

Draco looked speculatively at Hermione.

He ran his fingertip from the bottom up to the hot pink entrance of her cunt, and then his thumb pressed on her anus, pushing open that hot, tight hole. Hermione whimpered in pain slightly and she squirmed.

"No, I think it's safer this way for the baby," Draco grinned maliciously.

"Please Draco, it hurts me," Hermione trembled, her buttocks clenching as she stayed on all fours.

"So? Pain is good, sometimes, it is the only thing that is real about a person," replied Draco, and he pressed his cock where his thumb was, and pushed inside slowly, stretching out her ass. His other hand went down and began to thrust slowly inside her pussy, wriggling teasingly.

Hermione felt extremely stretched and full of his wiggling fingers, and she moaned low in her throat, her body shuddering at the humiliating position. She felt utterly exposed to him and vulnerable. From this position, Draco, or whatever was inside of Draco, could destroy her easily from this position. Still, Draco was being surprisingly careful with her, despite the pain that he was causing.

Hermione gasped as he pulled out his fingers, and he began to thrust more completely into her ass, the pain began to build without the pressure on her clit and she moaned hoarsely. "Please..." shuddered Hermione.

"Please..." Draco laughs as he begins to pummel his cock deeply inside her ass, riding her hard, allowing her to experience only the pain. Hermione began to cry, the pain from the coupling was making her tense up more and she could not relax against the onslaught of his punishing cock. Hermione was beginning to feel faint from the everlasting pain and she almost missed his thinly veiled words. Words that set her heart on fire.

"I dare say, this will not be the first time you say please to me, Cousin," whispered Draco maliciously and he jerked her head up behind her hair. Draco grunted, as he pounded viciously into her repeatedly until finally he jerked. Draco pulled out and showered her in wet stickiness, staring down at her with a leer.

"Cousin, you will realize that regardless of what fantasies that Dumbledore fills your head with, I am the new ruler of this Utopia," hissed Draco maliciously, but for the first time, Hermione could see the truth behind his eyes.

Voldemort was lurking in the shadows of his beautiful, silver eyes; the Mark was oozing black blood down Draco's arm. Hermione felt her tears frozen on her face as she tried to sit up, but it hurt badly.

"No cousin, I like you on your knees," hissed Voldemort, through Draco's eyes. "You realize the depth of the damage I can do to you lover, don't you?" his tone was musing.

“That is why you haven’t reached for your wand. After the death of so many Death Eaters, through defection, and various other problems, I changed the binding contract with the Mark. I am now able to possess and control my minions. It certainly prevents defection and the spilling of secrets. Lucky for me, Malfoy was a newer recruit. Although he failed to respond initially, I knew that eventually, Malfoy would be mine to control,” hissed Draco with a sneer.

Hermione’s mind worked quickly to figure out how Draco initially fought off Voldemort’s control and she nearly cried.

THE BLOODY ELDER WAND.

Once he gave it to Snape, Draco was unable to protect himself. Draco probably had not even realized the importance of the wand the whole time. He had always had it, since the sixth year.

Obviously, Draco was concealing some things; at least he was fighting Voldemort. He still believed Severus was dead. She did not think that he could do Occulmens in this form.

Hermione lunged across the room, grabbing her robes, with her wand inside and ran down the hall. Draco looked surprised as though, he was not expecting her to try to escape him.

Hermione threw herself into the nearest room and locked the door. Hermione knew it was stupid locking out the world’s darkest wizard, but since it did not burst open immediately, she figured he could not find a wand. Hermione gave a desperate laugh at the thought of a Muggle lock keeping out Lord Voldemort.

Hermione looked around and she realized that she was in Harry’s bedchamber. Hermione eyes caught on the pensieve gleaming on the desk. Snape’s memories. Hermione pulled Snape’s memory from the pensieve with a swish, and she promptly pulled her own memories of everything since they had left Hogwarts and inserted it inside the pensieve. Hermione threw the pensieve under the bed and turned to the door, with her wand at the ready. She would try to stupefy him if she could. The sound of footsteps came towards the door.

Draco strolled casually towards the door.

“I will kill you lover in the most painful way you can imagine if you do not come out,” purred Draco through the door, holding a butcher knife up to his throat, pressing the tip in so blood trickled out. “Beheading is just as efficient as wizard wands, as you well know, Muggleborn. Throw the wand under the door.”

Hermione closed her eyes and tears spilled silently down her cheeks. Harry had everything that he needed to destroy Voldemort; she could not let Draco die this way. Hermione slowly lowered the wand to the ground, and with a sob she rolled it through the door.

The door blasted open with a cry of ‘Alohamora!’ and Draco stood staring across at her. His pale hair fell into his eyes, now almost entirely black, his beautiful face was grinning dementedly at her. His body was tense; his hand gripped her wand as the Dark Mark coiled and writhed, pulsing blackness from his pale flesh.

“Now discussion time is over, Hermione,” murmured Draco with a chiding tone. “You are wasting my time and I don’t appreciate it.” Draco strode towards her and grabbed her by the hair.

Hermione cried out from her the painful hold and Draco laughed.

"I like it when you cry, Hermione. You will have to do it more often when we go home," purred Draco and he licked the tears spilling from her face. "Lovely."

"Home?" whispered Hermione with a moan of disgust.

No sooner had she said that, Draco tilted the wand down to the burning, coiling serpent Mark on his arm, and she felt him grab tight to her. Hermione's body pressed reluctantly against him, and then everything spun out of control as they Disapparated, leaving India far behind.

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Everyone filed back into the joke shop a few hours later. The group was surprised to see it empty.

"Hermione?" Ginny called out as she pushed into the kitchen, stopped at the sight of the kitchen block spilled, and knives spread out on the ground in a jumbled mess. "Oh gods, something is wrong," whispered Luna. She pointed to the smashed door to Harry's room.

Nia bent down and looked at spots of black inky looked blood that littered the floor in the hallway. "Look, there is blood here," whispered Nia in horror.

"And here..." Blaise murmured grimly, staring at the bedroom doorway.

"There was a struggle in my room. Why my room?" questioned Harry with a puzzled look. "I didn't have anything in here except the pensieve, which is now missing...." He trailed off and began to search the room.

"Found it!" Harry's muffled voice came from under the bed. "I wonder..." Harry stuck his finger inside the crystal and suddenly he became quiet.

The group watched him become sleepy eyed and still. Suddenly Harry burst out with a gasp.

"Voldemort! He took over Draco and he must have taken her. Gods, the things he did to her," rasped Harry.

Ginny grimaced and fisted her hands. "We have the rest of ingredients, we just better hope that Snape makes his way back soon with what's missing."

Luna clasped a hand over her mouth. "Poor Hermione, she must be so frightened."

Ginny turned to Blaise, with a panicked look. "What about you? Can Voldemort come here through you?"

Blaise raised an eyebrow. "I never took the Mark. I gave the Dark Lord substantial financial assistance, and he was waiting until I had proven myself. Besides, you think I would mar this handsome body with that gross mark?"

Ginny smiled faintly. "I just assumed you were hiding it."

"As many Deatheaters did," murmured Blaise with a small frown.

“Now, we just have to wait until Snape arrives with Mariah,” Harry sighed.

Chapter 23

Severus Snape was a cheap bastard.

The shopkeepers had never been argued with so much in their lives. Snape glared, grimaced, scowled and contemplated murder, at least a hundred times since they began their shopping excursion. Mariah watched the teenaged wizard with the soul of a cranky old Potions Master, wheel and deal with the ease of a professional.

Mariah leaned up against the doorjamb outside of the last shop; she hugged herself, thinking about all the ingredients that they had with them.

Snape had not paid for a lick of it.

The Elder wand had transfigured rocks into Galleons before they even reached their destination; it was the principle to Severus Snape. Mariah secretly thought that he liked to argue and cause problems, but whatever.

He was magnificent to watch, Mariah sighed.

Snape pulled out of the store with a gleam of avarice, glittering in his dark eyes. He was grinning like a maniac as he thrust the final purchases at her.

Mariah grunted as she juggled the bags. "You could help, you know?" growled Mariah.

Severus tilted his head to the side curiously, "Why?"

Mariah glared at him.

Severus felt the irrepressible desire to begin snogging her right then and there. She looked so sexy when she was angry. Her eyes darkened to a stormy blue, and her mouth set in a flat line.

Severus grabbed some of the bags back from Mariah, his blunt fingers brushed against her arm and she shivered reflexively.

Severus licked his lips as he stared at her mouth, silently wondering if she would reject him if he pushed her into the wall and began fucking her right there in the alleyway like a tart.

"Come along, we are on a time schedule," Severus murmured, pushing the traitorous thoughts aside.

Mariah nodded numbly, and followed him.

Snape moved to the outside gates of Daigon Alley and he grabbed her close to him.

"Hold on," he whispered roughly against her ear.

Then just as quickly, Severus licked her mouth and Mariah gasped in shock as suddenly, they blinked out.

Pop!

Draco dragged Hermione by the hair towards the tunnel leading to Voldemort's lair. He had not said a thing since they Disapparated outside of the school. Hermione stumbled behind him, struggling not to cry. Hermione's scalp was on fire from his rough handling and she could feel a distinct ache in her body from the rough sex. He grabbed her upper arm and shoved her through the water, and she came to a stand still outside of the tunnel.

Hermione saw the broken cage that Nagini was held in, smashed on the floor. Voldemort was sitting on a throne, with his supplicants surrounding him. His liquid serpent eyes were closed shut and his bony, spindly fingers gripped the sides of his chair as he concentrates. Draco shoved her forehead towards the group of Death Eaters, with a smirk. Hermione fell to her knees before Voldemort, and one of them grabbed her hair and forced her face up to him. Draco handed his wand to Pansy, who was grinning maniacally at him, with her hand outstretched. Pansy used her wand to magically bind Draco with a partial body bind. Draco sighed and closed his eyes.

Voldemort opened his eyes and rose from the throne. As he descended, his robes licked and curled about him as he walked towards Hermione. Draco's eyes shot open and she could see the whites of his eyes as he strained against the invisible bonds.

"I am impressed Malfoy. You somehow managed to escape with your darling, and get off school property. You must have known this was all going to end badly," a rich silky voice hissed out as Voldemort, reached down to touch the top of Hermione's head.

"How far along are you now, Cousin?" murmured Voldemort, eyeing Hermione's flat belly.

"Three days?" Hermione responded sarcastically.

Voldemort nodded at her tone and then with a quick strike, Hermione felt his backhand reach out and connect with the side of her head. Hermione could feel her ears ringing from the slap.

"Now cousin, your mother would be disappointed with your dimwittedness," the silky voice continued. "You took an aging potion to leave the school grounds. How much time has passed for your lovely baby?"

Voldemort's hands cupped her naked breasts, and she struggled against the Death Eater that was pinning her down. His thumb stroked across the nipple and Hermione wept, as her breasts that had been sensitive began to pucker and swell, against her control. Voldemort bent his head and began to suckle at the nipple, pulling obscenely on her.

Hermione cried out and tried to pull away, but to her shame, drops of milk began to bead up and Voldemort licked at her, tenderly, in his own grotesque way. Hermione could not breathe, as she felt the wizard begin to feed off her. Witch's milk is very powerful as a potions ingredient. Voldemort was not a fool and he pulled her up against him, suckling hard as would a babe.

"Please don't," whispered Hermione, her cheeks flaming, as she finally begged him to stop..

Voldemort motioned with his wand and Hermione cried out as Voldemort slashed at her, dropping her Concealment Charm. Hermione stared down at the ground, and the Death eaters gasped around her.

Draco stopped struggling and stared at her in amazement.

Hermione's belly jutted out slightly with a rounded bump, her breasts leaking, she looked about six months pregnant.

"My, my... with the right potion, we could be popping babies out of you, every month," hissed Voldemort and he cupped her belly, pressing the spindly fingers to her swollen flesh.

Hermione said nothing but the tears rolled rapidly down her face, and she felt shame burning into her features as all of the Death eaters stared, leered and gawked at her naked form.

Draco's eyes glittered with tears and rage, his beautiful lips pressed into a flat line as he struggled against the bounds but nothing budged, he slowly panted and spoke with the utmost loathing. "I will kill you TOM RIDDLE; you will die by my hands for what you do today. Remember that," spat Draco.

"Very threatening coming from a bound, wandless, pathetic excuse for a Death eater. We are all familiar with your ineffectual attempts at murder," hissed Voldemort scathingly.

Pansy stared at Voldemort with a terrified look, and he held up a hand to her.

"Pansy! Bring the rest of the potion," commanded Voldemort. Pansy slunk forward with a mean expression and she handed the flask over to Voldemort. "You have pleased me, my good servant," murmured Voldemort as he surveyed the skinny witch.

"I agreed to grant you one favor for this service. You may have it," whispered Voldemort as he probed the dark little witch's thoughts. "Does your wish remain the same?"

Pansy licked her lips and nodded solemnly. "So be it. He must forget everything. I want him LOYAL, this time witch, do not screw it up," hissed Voldemort.

Pansy looked over at Draco and the Death eaters parted as she walked to where he was held.

Pansy pinched his nose and tilted his head back. His throat gasped in surprise as Pansy began to suffocate him. He held his breath, while Pansy's glittering eyes laughed at him.

"Open up, Draco," Pansy waited until he was gasping for breath, and she poured the contents of a vial down his throat.

Draco gasped, choking on the liquid, trying to cough it up but somehow the liquid poured into his gullet helplessly. Pansy released his bonds and Draco fell to his knees, choking and coughing.

Pansy bent down with a look of feigned concern.

"Draco, lover, what's wrong?" said Pansy sweetly, her hands stroked Draco's hair affectionately and he finally bent upwards, straightening under Pansy's touch.

“Nothing love, just something in my throat,” replied Draco. His eyes widened as he took in the naked and pregnant Granger, and Voldemort and everything else.

“Who knocked up the Mudblood?” whispered Draco in surprise. His hands moved to caress Pansy’s shoulder, and he smirked.

Any trace of the Draco Malfoy that Hermione Granger knew seemed gone.

Hermione gave a scream of pain and anguish, as she stared into the empty gaze of Draco Ferret Malfoy. “No!!!!”

The scream broke over the Deatheaters nearby, and she felt a roll of raw magic pour forth from her broken heart.

Hermione gasped for air and Voldemort took a step back from the girl, his eyes surprised by the current of magic, the witch was radiating. Hermione’s eyes grew dark and she fell forward to the ground holding her belly protectively.

Draco stared at Granger who was spasming at the Dark Lord’s feet, a twinge of regret uncoiling in his belly. She looked so pathetic and sad, not at all like the fiery, know-it-all that he recalled.

“I love you, Draco,” whispered Hermione quite clearly and the room stopped moving. Everyone shifted nervously at her bravado.

“Sorry what?” Draco’s eyes widened in shock, at the statement rolling off her lips. What unnerved him was the truth that he read in her eyes. She looked stricken by the image of him with Pansy, her huge amber eyes glistened bright with anguish.

“Ignore her,” commanded Pansy, but Draco continued to stare across at Granger.

“Okay, Cousin, time for a little private chat,” whispered Voldemort and he pulled her up off the floor. He clicked his fingers and Wormtail came forward with dark robes, Deatheater Robes.

“Put this on. We don’t need to shock the children,” laughed Voldemort as he handed her the clothing. Hermione did not take the clothes; she just stared at the space above his head. Voldemort made a noise of impatience and he draped the robes around her.

Draco stared at her Hermione with unabashed curiosity. Pansy kissed his ear and he pulled her against him. “Not now, witch,” he pushed her off.

Hermione looked up and felt a thrilling hope, with those words. Maybe he was not lost to her yet. Maybe, she still had a chance. Except not with Voldemort alive. She knew that now. She really hoped that Harry could do it.

She would hate to have to kill Nia.

Nevertheless, she would, if she had too.

Snape popped back in with Mariah and all hell had broken loose in his absence.

Voldemort had stolen Hermione and Draco, the rooms were in shambles and the kids were a wreck of nerves, anger and depression.

Did one single Potions Master have to do *EVERYTHING*?!

Severus listened to the rambles of the children before turning to Blaise.

“We need to start on this potion immediately. Voldemort will be wondering where we both are, Blaise. If Voldemort can get Hermione to talk, it will be a small matter of time before they come looking for us. Where is the spell that Hermione was working on?” questioned Snape.

Luna handed him the book that Hermione had dog-eared. “I will get to work on this claptrap, and you will work on the potion Blaise. The rest of you, plan a way to get us into Hogwarts without dying.”

The kids all nodded and went to work. Severus had a pounding headache from looking over the spell. He pressed his fingertips to the pounding pulse in his forehead and tried to read the scribbled garbled mess.

Mariah suddenly whispered next to him, “Let me see it.”

Snape jumped at her sudden voice, but he grudgingly handed her the spell book. “Its utter rubbish, an act of pure love can counter the Horocrux. Who sacrifices pure love for a bloody Horocrux?”

Mariah stared at the spell and then sighed for the obviously challenged Potion Master. Snape was clearly a selfish sort that had no idea what propelled people to sacrifice themselves for others. “They have to love someone enough to give up a piece of their soul in exchange for nothing.”

“Harry and Nagini feel that way about each other already. This should be a piece of cake,” murmurs Mariah, carefully reading the crumbling inscriptions.

“Yes well, they are both nutters,” murmured Snape, and he looked at the progress Blaise was making with the potion. “You need to give it roughly three hours. Everyone should get some sleep; we are going to need it.”

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Everybody went to their respective bedrooms to take his advice, except, Mariah.

She sat down watching him stir it occasionally, checking the temperature gauges and coloring. Currently the color was a bright turquoise.

Snape had the same focused glare he had possessed all throughout Potions, but on the teenager version, it was almost sexy. His hair fell into his eyes as he checked the boiler and she had to genuinely resist the urge to tuck his hair back, so she could see his black, hypnotic liquid eyes.

Mariah sighed softly, but Severus heard her.

Severus Snape was sweating bullocks, the beautiful girl next to him was staring at him with a fixated fascination that he had never experienced before. He peeked into her thoughts and jerked as he saw her flushed face pressed against a wall as he rammed into her from behind as he pushed with all his might.

Snape blinked.

“You are trying to be difficult,” hissed Snape, and he spun around. He grabbed his arousal through the Muggle trousers in annoyance. ‘Do you honestly believe this is going to help me concentrate, Mariah?’

“Besides, I told you, I don’t want you. Get the hint,” sighed Snape, and he adjusted himself.

Mariah was shocked by how much it hurt when he said it bluntly like that.

Mariah’s body stiffened with hurt and she went very still.

Her eyes closed and her heart ached suddenly. She knew she was a fool but suddenly, with everything that was happening she almost did not care.

“I love you, Severus Snape,” whispered Mariah flatly.

After the words fled from her lips she felt relieved.

The relief came from it being the truth; she had been worried that she would never be able to love again, after what happened to her.

Snape sucked in a breath at her words. So artlessly cruel and everything he wanted to hear. He clamped a hand over her mouth.

“Don’t ever say that,” commanded Snape with a panicked look, but Mariah ignored him and kissed his fingers. Snape pulled back his hand in shock, staring at her mouth.

“I said, I love you, Severus,” murmured Mariah and she gently touched his hair and entangled the ebony strands in her fingers, pulling him down to kiss her.

“I don’t care how bad you were or are. I want you and that is good enough for me.” Mariah claimed his mouth, her hands running up to his chest under his shirt and she spread her legs apart and pulled him up against her in a feverish passion.

Snape was really trying hard not to respond, but this girl was driving him crazy. He grabbed a hold of her hands and pushed her off him.

“Mariah! Get a hold of yourself. You are simply reacting to the life threatening adrenaline and my teenage body. *Clearly*, I am not the sort of wizard that can offer you anything except a good tup now and again. I am cruel, avaricious, and selfish and to be honest, a bit depraved,” hissed Snape with a dark scowl.

“Considering I am in Slytherin, you are a *fantastic* catch,” replied Mariah, with a smirk.

Snape’s expression grew black with annoyance, “This isn’t a joking matter! I will return to my battered, old body...——”

“——Which I also find extremely arousing if earlier events are any indication,” interjected Mariah, her hand dropping to his belt buckle to unhook it.

“WOMAN! You are being stubborn,” complained the young Snape, with a surly look through his long eyelashes.

“Your eyelashes should be outlawed on males...,” murmured Mariah pleasantly.

“Are you suggesting I am too feminine!” demanded Snape murderously.

To Mariah delight, Snape looked deliciously miffed.

Mariah lowered her own eyelashes and stared at his chest, with a nervous look. “Well...”

Snape glared hard at her, and grabbed her arms, tugging him up against his chest, “I assure you I am completely male,” whispered Snape huskily.

His mouth descended upon Mariah’s and he lashed her mouth with his tongue, teasingly, exploring the hot wet contours with a brutality that was definitely male.

Mariah gasped as suddenly Snape pushed up her skirt, ripped down her knickers with one hand while the other explored. His long, beautiful fingers found her center, and he thrust inside of her, his wiry frame pressing her flat against the wall. After a few brutal thrusts to assess her readiness, Snape smiled almost demented with need.

He ripped the buckle off his trouser and pushed them down and he whipped out his cock, pushing past her slick folds to the hilt. He grinned triumphantly possessive as he thrust inside her, his other hand capturing her wrists, holding her up against the wall as he pounded inside her repeatedly.

Mariah lost count of the time, but soon she was dripping in sweat and begging Severus to finish her off, pleading broken cries into his ears as he continued to pump inside, in long deep, brutal strokes.

Finally, for both of them, the end came, in an explosive, brilliant light, and both collapsed against the wall, Snape’s nose was gently brushing up against her ear, nuzzling her as she shook from the aftershocks of his possession.

Snape murmured softly with a glimmer of respect, “Madam, you are positively Machiavellian.”

“And you lover are positively male,” replied Mariah with a moan of pleasure escaping from her swollen lips.

Snape could not even be mad at her manipulations of him, he felt to damned good.

Snape reluctantly pulled back from Mariah.

Snape pulled up his pants and sighed. “You are exceedingly stubborn. Are you sure you weren’t a Gryffindor?”

Mariah slowly eased off the wall, licking her lips as she wobbled towards the kitchen table. “I am not sure of anything right now.”

Snape hid a smug look and turned back to the potion that was turning iridescent silver in color. “Right on time. The potion is nearly finished.”

“So Harry and Nia ingest it? Then what?” Mariah pulled back her messy hair into a ponytail. She felt sore, but well loved and it was strange to feel this comfortable around Snape, even though he technically looked non-threatening now.

“That’s when it gets sticky. The Potion thrusts the Horocrux out of their soul. I need the others to put up a protective circle, to prevent the souls from being invaded by anything else while there. Then I cast the love magic. However, if I cast the binding love spell between them and there love is authentic then the two missing halves of their soul will fill the other. They will in essence become each other’s half, and they will make up for the missing part of each other’s soul.”

Mariah nodded solemnly, thinking how lucky they are that she and Severus are not required to do this.

She would end up with a missing part of her soul, and probably would be dead within minutes.

She could only hope that Harry and Nia were strong enough.

She would not be.

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Draco stared as they dragged Hermione away. His head felt fuzzy, almost displaced. Pansy was smiling so hard, her cheeks probably ached. Hermione loved him. What nonsense is that? Draco rubbed his temple and she turned to him.

“Poor Draco, the mudblood was trying to appeal to your softer nature,” purred Pansy, her spindly fingers clutched his upper arm.

Draco sighed, and stared down at her grasping fingers. “I do not possess a softer nature,” growled Draco, disengaging Pansy’s fingers. “Who knocked her up?”

“Rudolphus Lestrangle,” replied Pansy with a mock gasp.

Draco felt his skin crawling at the thought of Granger being ridden by that mangy bastard. What did he care though? She loved him. She said it so honestly. Draco felt strange. Pansy was lying to him. Something felt all wrong here. Draco was going to figure it out.

“Pansy love... Can I see you in my room in twenty minutes? I need a moment to freshen up, and then I intend to fuck your brains out, if that’s all right?” murmured Draco, and he dipped his mouth to kiss her intensely.

Pansy shuddered from his rough, idle, tone. Pansy gasped as he released her and pushed her towards the hallway. Everything was perfect now. Draco was finally back and she was going to get to feel him once again. Just like it was before the MUDBLOOD, spoiled everything.

Draco watched the dazed witch stumble towards her rooms. Draco looked the way of Voldemort’s cronies went, and he quickly walked towards the potions stores. After rummaging for a few minutes he found a practically empty bottle of Veritaserum tipped on its side. “Bullocks...”

Draco pocketed the vial and made his way to Pansy's room. Theodore Notts walked towards him, opposite him in the hallway and he paused. Notts had been a good friend for the last seven years. Notts smirked at Draco. "Off to bugger Pansy?" murmured Notts.

Draco shrugged slightly. "Perhaps, what are you up to?"

"Oh, I get to have a go at the Mudblood. Voldemort is trying to break her to reveal the location. He figures that endangering the baby's life through buggering is as good a torture as any, and, we are all out of Veritaserum. They are saying she knows exactly where Potter is,"

Draco nodded slightly, but his mind was racing. He had the Veritaserum in his pocket, enough to make Granger spill all her dirty little secrets. Potter, last he checked was dead. Things happened and he cannot recall any of it.

"Notts, get me in the door, mate," whispered Draco. "I have wanted to fuck with Granger since primary age."

Notts looked uncertain and Draco decided to play it up. "I bet that whore has a great sucking power, after all she was the brightest witch of her age, eh?"

Notts laughed darkly. "So, Crabbe is finding out right now. All right mate, I will get you in."

Draco followed Notts down the hallway and he wondered at the queasy feeling in his stomach. Something was putting him on edge, and he was determined to find out why. To his complete annoyance, it seemed that Granger was at the root of all of this. Besides, he had not lied to Notts; he HAD wanted Granger since primary.

That infuriating little know-it-all had turned into an unattainable, princess of Gryffindor with the best tits in school. If nothing else, Draco would be able to exercise a niggling demon inside of him that had been denied for so long.

Hermione Granger felt outside of her own skin at the moment.

Hermione was calculating the differences in Arthimancy between the Agrippan and Chaldean methods of study. As far as she could tell, Voldemort was a wanker in both methods of study.

It was surprisingly easy to concentrate despite the sensation of being forcibly penetrated by multiple wizards, in her mouth, anus and vagina. Hermione continued to calculate each number and divide, ignoring the grunts of pleasure, and filthy words being shouted at her. She felt stuffed in every orifice and all she could think about was numbers.

The Deatheaters sweated over her in aggravated movements, Crabbe was holding her head and bobbing her on his cock while one Deatheater was beneath her, shoving inside her and slamming her down on his cock, while another rode friction into her anus, thrusting painfully in and out. Hermione however could not feel a thing.

Voldemort stomped, leered, and questioned her every time a particularly painful thrust happened. Hermione simply stared at him blank faced, a hint of pain lurking in her eyes, even when all three forcibly came at once, dripping semen into all of her entrances. The Deatheaters collapsed and staggered back from her and Hermione waited for it to happen again.

Voldemort was becoming frustrated and began to Crucio the surrounding failing Deatheaters and they lined her up again, relentlessly. The door opened and more poured inside and Hermione counted the number of people in the room to the number of holes, and once again, the safe world of Arthimancy began to cocoon the witch and she was gone from them.

“NOTTS, where have you been,” purred Voldemort dangerously, his hand caressed his wand thoughtfully as Draco appeared behind him.

“I arrived as quickly as I could my Liege, Malfoy has requested a turn so he accompanied me. What is the progress of your ingenious plan?” Notts truly possessed a serpents tongue and he soothed the agitated leader easily.

“Our progress is dismal because I am surrounded by failures. Not one of them has gotten a sound from the girl. She sits like a lump and says nothing. I cannot do my usual techniques of torture, simply because we cannot endanger the child, she is too progressed. She is unnatural,” hissed Voldemort, staring down at her.

Notts and Malfoy looked at Granger. She looked pathetic, her belly rounded pleasantly but slick with cum, her face flushed red, her swollen lips dripped white liquid, her legs and thighs bruised with marks from fingers or thumbs pressing too hard. She was muttering numbers on her breath, her eyes half-mast and her eyebrows drawn together in concentration.

“What is she saying?” questioned Notts.

“Numbers, she is quoting Arthimancy numbers. At first we thought she had cracked but she has shown no awareness of us at all. If only we had some Veritaserum this would all be done with,” hissed Voldemort in disgust.

Draco was transfixed by the vision of Hermione in such a state. He felt a punch to his guts at the inherent grotesqueness of the situation. Hermione blinked and looked up at Draco suddenly and her expression became so anguished that he felt a piece of his heart slice open from the pain in her amber gaze.

Voldemort’s serpentine gaze traveled to Draco and then back to Hermione. “She is responding to him. An excellent idea, Notts.” Voldemort secretly realized he had underestimated the effect of Draco on Hermione and mentally agreed never to do so again. Draco was loyal to him, The Pansy chit had promised.

“Go ahead boy, take your turn,” murmured Voldemort, with amusement.

Draco walked slowly towards Hermione and then turned back to Voldemort with a wary look. “Scourgify!” Draco whispered, extending the wand from his pocket. It did not even look like his wand; NOTHING was making sense. Draco could feel sweat beading up on his forehead as he approached Granger, who now seemed clean but was crying profusely as she watched him.

“Not you. I couldn’t bear it,” murmured Hermione huskily, her voice thick with tears. Her hands began to claw the silvery bonds that tied her legs and arms to the floor. She could barely stand up with the thin chains that wrapped around her and she bucked and strained as he moved closer.

Hermione stared into Draco's empty silver eyes and she felt the world break inside her. Her heart felt as though it had been removed. Draco hesitantly reached up and cupped her cheek, but the tear flow did not cease.

"I'm not going to hurt you Granger. Just play with you a bit. That's all," whispered Draco. "I've wanted you for a long time and I will get my just rewards. I always told you that I would get what I wanted from you. Remember fifth year?"

Hermione felt shame that she did not realize she still possessed flood her cheeks.

Voldemort stared hard at the kid's interaction. Voldemort frowned. "Too gentle, Malfoy..." declared Voldemort, "We are in a bit of a hurry. Notts, help him out."

Draco shrugged carelessly and Hermione stared at his eyes. The lack of possessiveness struck her raw and she realized that Draco really would share her, with anyone. The reason was simple. He didn't love her, didn't know her, and she would be the only one who was hurt by it. She couldn't be his shared whore, it was killing her to even contemplate. Before, Draco's possessiveness had annoyed her a little, and now she was dying without it. Voldemort was breaking down every feeling she had ever possessed, all to get at her friends. She could not let them down. She had to try to reach him.

Draco smirked in amusement at her tears and he licked them off her face, gripping her closer. "You said you loved me, whore? If you love me, you will not fight against Notts there. If you love me, you will tell the Dark Lord everything he wants to know. In exchange, I will let you serve my friends and me as my bit o' spare. What do you say to that?"

The words fell like daggers against her flesh and she moaned trying to struggle despite the uselessness of her actions. She needed to physical respond to him. Draco bit her on the side of the neck, drawing blood as he tweaked her nipples hard with his rough fingers. A droplet of milk spilt from the pink tip and Notts wet his lips staring at it.

"That's witch's milk. It's said to increase magically potency and it acts as a aphrodisiac," whispered Notts hoarsely. "Please let me, Draco." Notts rubbed his cock that bulged through his robes.

Draco smirked casually and shrugged. "Just leave some for me."

Hermione gasped and struggled against Draco and the bonds, as she cried softly. The first time had been almost painfully and horribly shameful, but Draco giving her to Notts was beyond even that feeling.

It was her child's future that they were stealing. The milk was what created a power base for the little witch or wizard. Stupid men did not realize that. Gods, if she bore a squib, the child would be used solely for reproduction and would have no way of defending itself. Moreover, Draco was the one doing it to their child.

The pain was starting to blend and she moaned hard, as Notts eagerly bit down on her nipple, suckling from her like a leech. Draco came to the other side of her and she felt him bit down, sucking and nursing from her. The pleasure that shot through her from the familiar touch of Draco was countered by the degrading feeling Notts provided and she was coursed with a mixture of revulsion and desire.

Hermione gasped as she felt Notts fingers thrusting inside her as he suckled, and pulled on her nipples. Draco moaned softly, and Hermione closed her eyes, trying to count again to escape but she could not.

Voldemort began to laugh. Draco and Notts looked at him questioningly. "The witch is unable to retreat, she cannot summon the concentration. She has been successfully deflecting my attempts at Legilimens to retrieve the information. You two boys are taxing her mightily. Ready to surrender witch? I will leave just enough milk in you to provide for your child, and I will even let you have time with Malfoy and Notts whenever you want."

"Never..." rasped Hermione and she gave a cry of pain as Notts bit down harder, blood mixing with the milk now.

Draco growled under his breath, drawing out the last of milk, and Notts raised an eyebrow slightly and pulled back from the other nipple. "Mate, I need access to her pussy NOW, I am going to bloody explode."

Draco hissed slightly, he could feel magic coursing through him and he felt more clearheaded then before. Notts had grabbed Hermione from behind and he thrust his cock inside her, hard. Notts grabbed her hips, and began to draw her back on his cock, pistoning inside the hot, wet, little witch.

Draco stared hard as Hermione looked up at him, her rounded amber gaze, ripe with anguish, her heavy breasts swaying as Notts fucked her in front of him. Despite his initial disgust for this whole scene, he was heavily aroused and he pulled out his swollen cock. He moved towards Hermione's face and slapped his cock up against her cheek.

"Mmm... Your mouth looks perfect, whore. I bet you gave this to Potter every night. Where is he?" murmured Draco idly and he shoved his cock through her swollen pink lips to the hilt, and he began to slowly fuck her face, holding her hair captive as she choked on his length. Tears rained down her cheeks as he used her mouth as a battering ram.

Hermione closed her eyes and imagined the Malfoy that she had come to love, instead of the icy stranger glaring at her, with undisguised lust, hatred and pity. Hermione drew on the last vestiges of her strength and she pushed all her love out and lashed into Draco's mind. Forcing her way inside him.

Draco's eyes widened as he suddenly felt someone pressing into his mind, his thoughts and he saw Hermione's eyes almost black with concentration as she stared across at him.

Draco pushed her to her knees with one hand. "Suck harder, Pansy does better in her sleep," his tone rang out commandingly, and Voldemort nodded in approval, not noticing the exchange between them. Draco's words cut into her, and she sobbed and choked as both boys began to come together in unison. The two wizards drove and thrust from both directions, her body threatened to break under the pressure.

To her utmost horror, she felt a searing pulse in her cunt, throbbing and begging Nott, pulling on his cock. Her cunt milked him now as she felt a reluctant orgasm begin to roll through her. Hermione screamed as the painful orgasm broke over her and she bucked suddenly under Nott's maniacal grip on her hips.

Nott screamed, “Gods, the little whore is actually coming for me! Oh Merlin, I am going to bury this tart in my cum.”

He jerked twice and shot up inside her as Hermione shuddered underneath him and she screamed in agony. Hatred began to fill her for everyone there. Draco was dead to her; he was not even trying to hear her anymore.

Hermione sobbed as she concentrated one last time. Hermione tried to reach his thoughts, her screaming had stopped and she fell suspiciously silent. As Draco began to shake, his cock pumping faster into her numb mouth, she shoved her memories of the last three months, like a flash pulse through his brain.

Suddenly, Draco began to fiercely thrust harder and harder, until he pulled out and suddenly spurt all over her face. Hermione dropped to the ground, her eyes closed in humiliation as the cum dripped off her cheekbones.

Eventually, both boys withdrew from her. Draco stumbled off her, pulling his robes together and he stared down at her with a shuttered expression.

“You were passable,” sneered Draco and he turned on his heel and fled the room.

Hermione pressed her face into the ground and wept, but she could not summon any more tears. Her last chance had fled with Draco and the vultures were closing in on her, even now.

Voldemort reached down, grabbed Hermione’s chin, and forced her face up to him.

“WHERE IS POTTER?! Tell me, or I will take my chances with your child and soon you will realize what real pain is. You are trying my patience,” hissed Voldemort, and he let go of her and she fell to the ground with a thump, and sobbed.

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Chapter 24

“Oh gods, that was so awful. Malfoy was playing with her the whole time,” whispered Luna with tears streaming down her face. Ginny was also crying, and even Mariah’s eyes looked red. Neville and Harry looked murderous and Snape looked contemplative.

“Silence! I know we have the Elder Wand, but I am not God, they could see or hear us,” hissed Snape.

They group was currently hidden under a powerful Invisibility Charm.

After the initial disappearance, it took the group little time to arrive and conceal themselves within Voldemort’s chambers. It was what was taking place inside that left them broken and dumbfounded.

Snape waved them over to one of the unguarded tunnel entrances and he pushed them inside, and swiped silently with his wand. A huge silencing barrier lifted between the teenagers and him.

Mariah watched with a dawning horror.

She threw herself up against the barrier and pounded hard on it, screaming something but Snape could not hear what she said. Tears began to stream down her red face and she threw herself up against the barrier but it did not budge.

On the other side, Mariah screamed, “He is going to get himself killed! He needs help and the fool left us trapped here.”

Mariah turned to the others and they seemed shocked by her vehement reaction. Blaise hugged Ginny close to him and frowned.

Blaise regarded her curiously. “He told us that this would happen. We need to take the potion and guard Harry and Nia. This was the best protection he could provide us.”

Mariah began to cry, silent tears streamed down her face as Severus grimly stalked away from the tunnel watching the proceedings with Hermione.

Ginny nodded almost to herself. “Don’t worry, if anyone can survive this thing intact, it’s Snape,” replied Ginny softly as she placed her hand on Mariah’s shoulder.

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Outside in the hallway Draco stormed about twenty feet from the door and tucked into an alcove.

He pressed himself into the hallway and hit his head on the back of the wall so hard, that he heard a crack. He flailed in silent agony, clutching his throat, holding back the screams from erupting. Tears slid down his agonized face as he relived the nightmare that was overtaking him.

He remembered everything in those last moments.

He looked down to see Hermione's beaten expression as he raped her along with Notts. His anguish at recalling the abusive scene he had walked in on.

He should have been killed but she still loved him.

She had said it, as if it was the only thing keeping her sane.

A desperate cry for hope, in this cruel maelstrom that Hogwarts had become.

The only blessing in this macabre nightmare that seemed to never end.

Gods, it hurt so much.

Draco drove his fist into the wall and sank to his knees.

She could not forgive this.

No one could.

Pansy had drugged him, that little bitch.

Draco grabbed for the bottle of Veritaserum and half stumbled to her room.

Draco threw open the door to Pansy's room and he looked around. She was in the bathroom, so he walked to the bottle of firewhiskey and poured a glass, throwing the rest in glass. Picking it up, he made his way to her door and shoved it open.

Pansy was naked and in the bath. Draco smiled down at her skinny body, silently wondering why he had ever found her attractive. "I brought this for you. With the Mudblood business going on, its been a long day, love," whispered Draco with a sensuous smile.

Pansy smiled slightly and accepted the drink, taking a sip of the liquid before putting it down. "You were gone a while," murmured Pansy.

Draco nodded, his pale hair falling into his eyes, he waited a minute and then smiled. "Are you jealous of Granger?"

Pansy shook her head no, and then said, "Yes."

"I mean, yes." Pansy looked baffled and she put her hand up to her mouth. "What did you do!?"

"Nothing," replied Draco, looking confused.

"Get dressed love. I want to show you something." Draco offered her his hand and pulled her from the tub. "Voldemort wants to see you. He has decided that since you are such a loyal servant he is going to reward you by letting you be his mistress."

Pansy jerked back in horror. "WHAT?"

"Yes, it is a great honor to you. Come along." Draco gripped her arm and hauled her out of the bathroom, throwing her robes at her.

Pansy nervously put on the robes, her mind a flurry of disgust. Voldemort was powerful but he was ugly and gross. Not like Draco at all.

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Harry turned to Nia, and he pressed his forehead against her own. His fingers tracing the bottom of her lip. Her golden eyes were ripe with worry and he hugged her against his own lanky frame.

“Do you love me, Nia?” whispered Harry in Parseltongue.

Nia gave him a heartbreaking smile. “More than life itself, Harry,” she hissed back in their mutual language, her arms intertwining to pull his head down. She pressed her soft lips against his and they turned to Blaise, their hands together.

“We are ready, Blaise,” claimed Harry.

Blaise did not think they looked ready; they looked like they wanted to puke, but maybe that was just being in love. God knows, sometimes he felt like that. Blaise unscrewed the two separate vials and gave them to each of them. “Neville?”

Neville grabbed Luna’s hand, which grabbed Mariah, who grabbed Blaise, who grabbed Ginny, who grabbed Neville’s hand. Harry and Nia stood between them and Neville threw up a shielding charm, along with the others.

Harry and Nia tossed back the vials and they stared at each other, fiercely. Each of them daring the other to try to fall apart. Harry fell to his knees first, he could feel a burning sensation that was not physical. Suddenly he felt something dark, inky and black, boiling up to the surface of his throat and he tried to push it out, coughing and choking as the mass began to tendrill down past his lips.

“He looks like a cat with a hairball,” murmured Blaise, rubbing his chin.

“BLAISE, this is SERIOUS,” glared Ginny.

“He SERIOUSLY looks gross,” sniffed Blaise. Luna whacked him in the shin with her foot. “Shhhhhhh.”

Blaise yowled but did not let go of the circle. “Concentrate...” panted Neville and Nia began to convulse also, sputtering as she began to pour forth a black liquid from her mouth as well.

Both parties refused to let go of the others hand and Harry and Nia curled into each other, eye to eye. Nia began to cry as she felt pieces of her soul ripping forth from her and Harry gripped her hands until they became sweaty. “Hold on love,” whispered Harry. The black mass began to crawl towards each other, and began to meld.

“NOW!!!!” screamed Neville, and Luna, kicked the basket over and the water from Kashmir began to pour forth of the blackness, and it squealed, melting and dissolving into a gray dark mass that eventually faded to clear.

Ginny and Blaise began to chant, words of an ancient charm, their wand moving in perfect synchronicity with the other. The ancient words poured forth over the two fallen kids, who still gripped one another. Harry and Nia began to gasp and hiss, their skin rippling and burning.

Luna methodically gave a swipe with her wand, and Harry and Nia's palms sliced open. The blood began to spill over the palms and into each other. Blaise and Ginny chanted harder and the magic moved in like an almost physical being and swooped down upon them. Nia and Harry fell limp and still, palms bloodied, pressed into one another.

The circle broke wide, the kids were thrown back three feet into the wall, and everyone collapsed. Somewhere on the left side, Blaise staggered to his feet and he wiped his sweaty brow. "Gryffindor are freaking crazy."

Suddenly timed to start up again and Luna threw herself at the couple on the ground. "HARRY! NIA!" screamed Luna, and she began to shake them.

"Last I checked we were still hiding from Voldemort. You might want to keep a lid on it..." Harry said groggily, rubbing his forehead. "Nia?" Harry leaned down and grabbed her and Nia's eyes were shut.

"You should kiss her mate," pointed out Blaise.

"Pardon?" muttered Harry looking up at him.

"Well, it always works in fairytales," shrugged Blaise with a shameless grin.

Harry bent down and pressed his warm lips to Nia. His hand stroked back her long length of black hair and he deepened the kiss, unsurprised to see tears streaking down his dirty cheeks. "Please wake up, I just don't work without you, Nia."

"Especially not now..." groaned Nia, and she lifted her head weakly, to kiss him back.

The teenagers gave a whoop as they realized that they did it. The Horocrux were destroyed. Except that Hermione, Draco and Snape were all in grave danger and Voldemort was still alive.

However, the brief moment of happiness was not one they took lightly.

Blaise and Neville grabbed their counterparts and snogged them senseless in triumph.

Except, after a moment.

"I say, are we in a sewer? That is highly unromantic," grouched Blaise, pulling back from Ginny's lips.

"Shut up," declared Ginny, and she began to kiss him back feverishly.

"No, really... it's bad for your complexion to be surrounded by refuse," sighed Blaise.

"But you are in Slytherin," pointed out Ginny.

"Ouch."

Snape gingerly held onto the wand, tense and ready to strike. The kids had broken through the Horocrux successfully. Mariah had indicated it was time to kill Voldemort. Snape had been ready for the last 14 years so this was no sweat.

Snape watched Hermione sob on the floor, her belly was enormous and she looked defiled beyond repair. He felt an immense pity for her but he quickly stamped it out. Focus, Severus. DON'T get yourself killed.

Suddenly Draco stormed back through the door, carrying a wet cat, oh, Pansy Parkinson in robes.

Draco led her down the hallway and pushed her into the room, not looking at Hermione. "My Lord, Pansy would like to thank you in person for the honor you bestowed upon her tonight."

Voldemort looked amused at Pansy and then back at Draco. "Very well, I can spare a moment. Yes Ms. Parkinson?"

Pansy stared at the serpentine eyes looking at her and she blinked in fear. "I cannot sleep with you, you old ugly snake." Pansy wet her lips and everyone in the whole of the dungeon went still.

Drip.

Drip.

Drip.

Voldemort hissed, recoiling and he roared at Pansy. "What did you say witch?"

Pansy blanched and she spit the words out. "I SAID, I cannot sleep with you, you old ugly snake."

Draco winced outwardly but inside he was grinning. He had heard Pansy talk about Voldemort enough to know a bit of Veritaserum would easily seal her fate.

Voldemort swished his wand with a calm blank expression. "Avada Kedavra," he murmured quietly.

Two things happened.

The first thing, Pansy screamed and pitched forward in a flash of iridescent green light. Her body fell unnaturally, her arm crooked and her leg twisted under her. A span of black hair fell to the floor, fanning out and covering her body in death.

The second thing, Severus Snape revealed himself with a subtle movement, his arm arched as he cast expertly towards Voldemort and connected, as Pansy hit the ground with a thud.

Voldemort hissed in pain, with a screech. "Severus SNAPE?!? You fool, you will only put death off, but I will come back..." Voldemort fell to the floor in a anticlimactic lump.

Severus Snape, esteemed wizard, Snarky, Brooding, Potions Master, Deatheater, Traitor, Spy, walked up to the Dark Lord and kicked him square in the face, busting his now quite dead nose.

“Not today, Riddle. You are ended. Ad vitam paramus,” purred the young Snape, brandishing his wand towards the other Deatheaters. “Flee now or face worse than him.”

“He’s right,” spoke a voice behind him, and the teenagers stood there gripping their wands, tightly, backing up Snape, and Draco noticed that most of the Deatheaters were disarmed during the confusion.

“This reign of terror is over,” declared a familiar voice, of one very dead Harry Potter.

Most of the junior Deatheaters fled leaving behind the Carrows in a cowardly fashion.

“It will never be over, you foolish boy,” hissed Amycus, with his sister guarding his back.

Draco stepped to them and turned on Potter, joining their circle.

“That’s right Potter. As long as we survive, so does the Dark Lord. Would you kill us all then?” laughed Draco, and he turned to Alecto and smiled smugly. “We can escape through the tunnels.”

“Oh, good precious boy, we knew you would help us. Friends of your father. Dear friends, that is,” whispered Alecto frantically and she let Draco behind her and brandished her wand menacingly.

“My father taught me about many things... one thing such as loyalty,” hissed Draco, a cruel tilt curling up his lips.

Snape and Harry paused nervously, their wands on Draco. Hermione began to weep heavily; everything was lost, even though they had won.

“And that among Deatheaters, there is none. Avada Kedavra!!” murmured Draco, viciously, and he shot her in the back, Alecto fell to the floor with a gasp of pain, and then moved no more.

Snape hissed as well, striking out towards Amycus, but he was too slow.

Hermione screamed as Amycus formed the words to send Draco to his final death. “Ava...”

However, a female voice cut across his own, and its intensity was bone chilling with hatred and rage.

“AVADA KEDAVRA!” screamed Mariah, her wand shot across and the green light lanced through Amycus with wicked clarity.

Amycus fell next to his sister, and ceased to move.

Mariah panted heavily, her chest heaving as she tremblingly held the wand in place.

“AVADA, AVADA!!!” she screamed hoarsely again, and again, her eyes blackened with rage and blistering hatred. She continued to cast the curse into the now dead body of Amycus Carrow.

Snape slowly walked towards her placing a hand on her shoulder, staring down at the corpse.

“He’s quite dead Mariah. Shhhhh... He can never hurt you again,” murmured Severus, and she slowly lowered the wand, her hand trembling heavily.

“No, he will never be dead for me. After him, I will never be fit for another person again. I am what he made me to be now something that even you, a former Deatheater cannot stomach,” Mariah whispered dully.

Severus felt the shock and agonizing pain of her words all the way down to his toes.

She was bleeding from inside and he couldn’t fix it.

He had never felt this uncomfortable before. His mind felt all jumbled together, Voldemort was finally dead and he couldn’t think at the moment. His silence was all the answer that Mariah needed though.

Mariah gasped a harsh breath and ran away from him, and she fled into the tunnels.

Snape looked bewildered at the other teenagers and they seemed to be rounding up the Deatheaters and he knew that they needed his help. Severus sighed and walked towards them, helping them.

Hermione gasped in relief seeing Draco alive and well. Draco obviously broke through Pansy’s potion. He truly loved her and everything would be okay... Hermione gratefully blacked out from exhaustion, knowing that she was safe now.

Draco turned at the sound of a gasp from Hermione and he panicked, running towards her, grasping her to him. She had just fallen unconscious. He picked her up and carried her towards the school.

Draco knew that even if Hermione forgave him, this would always be between them. He had failed her horribly. His beautiful, brilliant Gryffindor, mother of his child and owner of every good piece left in his rotten soul.

Draco felt his eyes grow wet as he surveyed the damage he and the others had done to her. He fled to his room, kicking open the door. Draco gently lowered Hermione to the bed and he closed the door and locked it behind him. Draco began to run a bath for her.

Draco caught his image in the window but it pained him to consider it. He grabbed his hair in his hands and tugged, sitting at the edge of the tub and wept. He wept for her, for his mother, for every life that had been lost, from his utter cowardice. He slipped off the edge of the tub and fell to the floor, and sobbed into his hands.

His murderous hands, nothing would ever be enough. He was not good enough for her. She deserved better, hell even Snape was better than him.

He was just like his despicable father.

He was foul, loathsome and everything that she had ever uttered about him.

Hermione awoke to the sound of sobbing. Raw, pure, unadulterated male sobbing. Draco was in the bathroom and he was gut wrenchingly sobbing into the floor. Hermione felt choked up from hearing such pain radiating off him and she stumbled to her feet wearily. She pushed her way through the door and stared down at him.

Draco Malfoy was not a pretty crier.

Obviously, he did not possess the experience that she did with it. Hermione started to smile despite the way her throat was closing up.

Draco stared hard at her and whispered, "You are okay."

"I have had better moments believe me, like a marathon Quidditch race, but I will be fine..," Hermione whispered dryly and leaned down, careful of her big belly, and she reached out to touch his hand.

Draco quickly drew back from her. "No, you're *not* going to be able to undo this with humor."

"What do you mean?" Hermione stared hard at him in shock, puzzle written onto her face.

"It means, you cannot talk me out of this. I am bad for you Hermione! I am fucking evil and our baby deserves better... and so do you," murmured Draco quietly, staring hard at the tile and he stood up.

"You are so thick," hissed Hermione, her eyes filled with tears, as she stared at the cold, icy Draco before her.

"No, Hermione, you are the one who is thick..., you are lovely, stubborn, the love of my life, but thick as a board. I am evil, and I am a Death eater, I RAPED you. Who says I wouldn't do it again? I am just like my father." His blunt matter-of-fact tone was one of disgust.

"I love you, Draco," whimpered Hermione, seeing that anger was not reaching him, instead she begged. "Please don't do this. Don't destroy our chance to be happy on pride."

"It's not pride, love, it's you and your child's safety. Something I will never jeopardize again. Mark my words. I will give your baby a name and you will never want for anything, but I cannot trust myself with you. I love you too much." His voice sounded raw, and Draco's eyes were red with determination.

Draco rose up from the ground and straightened his shoulders determinedly. "Nothing will change my mind on this."

Draco fled the room, whispering some excuse about helping Snape round up Death eaters, but Hermione could only hear the sound of her dreams shattering at her feet.

But what Draco failed to realize is that Hermione Granger never fails at anything.

Especially not her dreams.

Chapter 25

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The aftermath of the Death Eaters falling resulted in a rally of the remaining members of the Wizarding Community that had fled. Kingsley Shacklebolt, who was leading a resistance on the other side of Luxemburg, surged the Ministry upon hearing of the defeat at Hogwarts. Kingsley and George Weasley, who escaped imprisonment, began to gather forces to tear down the ministry, one corrupt wizard at a time.

Several rescue attempts resulted in the discovery of many wizard, and witches that had been assumed dead at the time of the attack. The most startling discovery was in the basements of Malfoy Manor, where they released most of the professors from Hogwarts being held prisoner by Wormtail. A most cagey witch by the name of McGonagall had managed to keep all of the injured alive and well, despite being held for such a time. It is suspected that the late Narcissa Malfoy is directly responsible for their survival and she was honored in death for the Order of Merlin, for her brave actions.

Severus Snape, Hermione Granger, and Harry Potter were also given an Order of Merlin, first class for their brave actions that led to the downfall of Voldemort, and for restoring order to the Wizarding Community of Great Britain.

Nia Bwani, Ginny Weasley, Neville Longbottom, Blaise Zabini, Mariah Higgs and Luna Lovegood were given the Order of Merlin— second class, for bravery and the protection of muggles from a threat as great as Voldemort.

Within a month, the Ministry of Magic had restabilized and Kingsley Shacklebolt was placed as a temporary Minister of Magic, began to reformulate the previous structure and this allowed for changes that had never before been possible.

Laws were reinforced, and Azkaban surged with prisoners, allying countries scouted out hidden Death Eaters with a quick brutality, and assisted Great Britain in defeating any smaller rebellions that may have popped up. Within two months, the world functioned almost to the same degree as before. Hogwarts was planning to open in two weeks to admit new students.

Headmistress McGonagall offered the esteemed Professor Snape his position back for Potions, which was warily accepted, although he took a two-week leave to an unknown destination and would not be back at Hogwarts until school began.

Most of the students who had been orphaned were given their own quarters, in honor of their protection of the school. It was decided amongst the D.A. that they would continue their education and graduate a year later, so they can qualify for the positions as Aurors.

In Ginny Weasley and Mariah Higgs case, they still had a year left of school to finish before graduation, and they accepted their re-admittance to the school despite the memories it may hold.

It was two weeks before school started and Draco Malfoy was nowhere to be found. He had not attended the ceremony, celebrating their Order of Merlin, and Hermione discovered through Bill Weasley, that a vault had been opened in her name at Gringotts.

Bill and Fleur had fled to France, due to her pregnancy and they now had two beautiful cherubs named Molly Merry Weasley and Ronald Fred Weasley. They came back when it was safe, and everyone celebrated. Now Bill was back to working at Gringotts, sorting papers and righting the misspent money and assets that had been corrupted while Voldemort was around.

Hermione still recalled the day when Bill showed up grimaced with the news of her Gringotts account. He had shoved the release papers under her nose and made her sign them, much to her dismay but Harry and Nia pointed out that her child was entitled to safety even if the father was missing in action.

Hermione spent the next few days deciding which classes she wanted to brush up on when she heard a knock at the door to her assigned room at Hogwarts.

Hermione waddled to go open the door, sighed, and heavily leaned against the doorframe.

Suddenly Hermione was embraced from both sides by her previously missing parents, and she began to cry. "Hermione, honey, Oh my stars, you are far along," whispered her mother in shock, and her father just held her against him.

"How did you find me? How did you remember?" Hermione's mouth stood open in shock. 'One of the Ministries investigators found us and retrieved our memories. You have been so brave, love,' exclaimed Jane Granger, hugging her daughter gently. "How soon are you due?"

"Oh mum!" Hermione just gasped and sobbed, crying on her mother's shoulder deeply, unable to believe that they were alive and safe after this travesty.

"Don't worry dear, Headmistress McGonagall has arranged a room for us here, and we will stay until the birth," Jane stroked Hermione's hair lightly.

"I am overdue, as it is. I used an aging potion so I am unclear as to when I burst, although I have to tell you, its bloody uncomfortable," sighed Hermione, as she waddled to the bed, sitting on the edge.

"The Father?" questioned her father gently.

"Gave me a bank account with a ridiculous amount of money," finished Hermione with a sigh. "He blames himself for everything that has happened. He thinks if he stays around me, he will hurt me."

"Is he right?" murmured her father warily, and he rubbed her hands between his own strong ones. "Tell us everything."

And Hermione did. The talk went long into the night and through to the morning, and she could tell that her parents were tired. "Why don't you go to bed," smiled Hermione suddenly, "you look exhausted."

Both of her parents protested halfheartedly and then rose up to go to their own rooms.

“Mom? Just so you know, I do love him, and I will love this baby, no matter what it is,” whispered Hermione fiercely.

“I wouldn’t have it any other way for you, sweet pea,” responded Jane and she kissed her forehead, walking to the door.

The birth happened not more than three days later.

For a birth it was remarkably fast, and efficient but Pomfrey was not surprised given the birth mother was unnaturally so. The child was a beautiful healthy boy with pale, blond hair and large amber eyes, with thick dark lashes.

Hermione fell asleep almost immediately after holding the child.

The nurse scooped the child up from the mother’s arms and brought it to the father who was standing in the next room.

“She’s not hurt, is she?” hissed Draco in a panic, almost blindly seeing the baby, sitting in her arms.

“Ms. Granger is fine,” murmured the nurse and she held the child out to Draco, and he took the baby from her, staring into his eyes. Hermione’s beautiful eyes. Draco smiled slightly as the baby blew bubbles at his face. “What did she name him?”

“Devan Phillip Malfoy,” whispered the nurse, with a wary look.

Draco nodded absently, his fingertip tracing the baby’s forehead with a finger. “He frowns just like Hermione.”

“Good sir!” exclaimed Frank Granger. “I was not aware you were familiar with our daughter, we shall have to tell her that her friend is responsible for our release and being restored to her.”

Jane watched him curiously for a moment and then her gaze darkened thoughtfully, she held out her arms to Draco and he handed the child to her.

“I have a beautiful grandson, don’t I?” Her eyes never deviated from his face.

“Yes, very handsome. He will be a troublemaker, I have no doubt of it,” replied Draco, with a thin smile as Jane stared hard at him.

“Excuse me, I have some business to attend too,” murmured Draco quietly.

He nodded to them both, casting a quick look at the child, and he turned on his heel rapidly making his way down the hospital corridor.

“Mum?” cried Hermione from her bed. “Do you have Devan?”

Her parents filled the doorway, with Devan in their arms. “Yes, sweetheart. I didn’t realize you were acquainted with our rescuer, darling,” Jane smiled and gently cradled Devan back in her arms.

“I am?” questioned Hermione bewildered.

“Actually, I am positively certain you are, He has blond hair, beautiful features, and silver eyes?”

“Oh bullocks, that were the father, weren’t it,” murmured Frank Granger.

“Yes, dear,” smiled Jane as she looked affectionately at Frank.

“Draco was here?! Why?”

“To look at the child, I would wager,” murmured Jane as she sat down.

“But he hasn’t been seen for weeks,” replied Hermione stubbornly.

“He was the one who found us, Hermione. That’s probably why he had been gone,” pointed out Jane, and she smiled down at her grandson.

“He was very handsome,” Jane said carefully, noting the color flooding into Hermione’s cheeks.

“Yeah, too bad he is a thick-head,” griped Hermione and she stroked the child’s soft blond hair.

Jane and Frank said nothing but merely offered their moral support for their daughter who obviously had a lot of work cut out for her.

Two weeks later, Hermione decided she would take a few classes and catch up to classes through private studies. It was the first day of the new school year, and she was excited to show up to the great hall and see it restored to its former glory. Her mother and father watched Devan through all of her classes and she dedicated free periods to avoid the child from getting hungry.

Without the child, her mind thought of only one thing.

She thought of Draco, of how much it hurt that he was gone, how he abandoned her, supposedly for her own good. She thought of how he had been to see their child but not to see her. Hermione felt a sorrow deep inside, almost as though her heart was fragmenting into a million pieces, and she was sure it would never be right again.

“Hermione!” exclaimed Ginny, Mariah and Luna.

Hermione felt a rush of gratitude for her friends and she hugged them back. “How are you guys?”

Mariah shrugged slightly, her eyes downcast. “Just waiting for this year to get over with. I cannot wait to graduate and get out of this place,” whispered Mariah, and Hermione felt sorry for her.

“Is Snape back?” Hermione looked at her drawn and pale face.

“Professor Snape,” declared a silky tone behind them.

Luna groaned and turned to look at Professor Severus Snape standing there in all his former glory. He obviously had been reverted to his old self, however, there were differences. His hair was not greasy, but was black as ever, and his skin was pale but not drawn and haggard. He looked younger, perhaps around twenty-five, maybe twenty-seven. His dark eyes were sparkling with malice and he no longer looked on the edge of death.

Being the owner of the Elder wand certainly helped him out.

“Five points from Gryffindor, for mere cheek,” smirked Snape and he swept past them, his robes billowing past him.

“OOOh... he is sooooo...” hissed Hermione, fisting her hands.

“Beautiful?” muttered Mariah, and she clutched her books to her side. “See you guys later, Slytherin house calls.”

“She should be resorted,” declared Ginny, with a frown. Mariah trudged off towards the opposite tables to them.

“I agree,” sighed Hermione and she took a seat at the dining hall, watching as the new students filled in.

Unlike every year, the students were not young, but some from Durmstrang, and Beauxbatons, to make up for the missing students on the roster. The schools had combined. This would be a long sorting.

While the kids began to be sorted, Ginny and Hermione caught up.

“How’s Devan?” queried Ginny with a smile, watching the students file in.

Hermione smiled. “You have to come see him later; he is devastatingly brilliant at only two weeks.”

“Did you expect any less?” grinned Ginny.

Hermione’s eyes followed the teachers up to the podium when Professor McGonagall rose up to speak after the sorting had finished.

“Good evening students. This year will obviously be different from former years, due to recent events. We have an influx of new teachers that I would like to introduce. Firstly, the new Quidditch Coach, Blaise Zabini!”

The entire Slytherin house cheered loudly this time, as well as other houses. Zabini stood up and gave a mocking smile to Ginny, and bowed to the Great Hall.

“Also new to our staff, Professor of Herbology, Neville Longbottom,” boomed McGonagall.

The Gryffindor house burst into cheers and Luna whistled through her fingers, turning Neville bright red.

“Also, last but not least, our new Defense against the Dark Arts Professor, Draco Malfoy.” The hall fell silent and then suddenly Slytherin burst into cheer, clapping and hollering, before McGonagall gave them all a death look.

Draco stood up and bowed, his pale hair had grown longer in his absence. His shoulders seemed broader and his eyes seemed colder, and more distant than before. His pale hair slide forward when he bowed all the girls in Slytherin sighed dreamily.

Snape rolled his eyes in disgust as did Hermione.

“Wow, Draco looks different almost. Especially as a teacher. Almost more forbidden and attractive,” murmured Luna, and Ginny shoved her elbow in her side.

Hermione however was completely transfixed, her mouth slightly ajar, as she stared hungrily at Draco. Draco’s eyes landed on her and he gave her a stiff nod, and turned back to Snape, who was sitting next to him.

Snape narrowed his eyes at the group of them and smiled faintly.

Hermione noticed that he still had the sparklers from his youth and had not changed them back at all.

Headmistress McGonagall finished her beginning of the year speech and the food arrived. Most of the students simply ate and talked, catching up with each other.

Hermione felt displaced without her best friends, and something felt a bit sad that Harry could not be here. Kingsley already offered him an internship and he had accepted. Nia and he were married immediately, and now he was spending time with her remaining relatives in India for the next month.

Really, the loneliness was beginning to take hold inside her.

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Hermione looked beautiful, just radiant. She was laughing with the others, almost unaware of how hard it was for him to not be next to her touching her, smelling her.

Draco cursed under his breath and stabbed a piece of turkey. Snape looked at him with amusement.

“Such colorful language from a Professor at Hogwarts,” murmured Snape silkily.

“I cannot believe I allowed you to talk me into this,” hissed Draco under his breath. “She is *right* bloody there.”

“Your wife will always be right bloody there. Isn’t that the point of one?” Snape wrinkled his nose in distaste. “Oh, by the by, does she realize what you pulled with that little stunt at Gringotts?”

“Nah, Bill says he was sure she didn’t read the fine print,” muttered Draco, forking a bit of mashed potato into his mouth, chewing thoughtfully. “Do you think she will hate me for it?”

“No, witches love it when you take away all their options,” murmured Snape sarcastically. “Who needs future happiness when you can have a lifetime of galleons?”

“It was for her own good,” Draco slammed the table with his fist and rose up, stalking away from Snape.

Snape rolled his eyes and stared out at the Great Hall, sipping his wine. His eyes caught on Mariah, who was pushing her food around her plate with a disinterested air.

“We are all fools,” grimaced Snape and he tossed down his napkin and strode from the Great Hall, in a flurry of black robes, and menace.

Mariah and Luna made their way over to the Gryffindor table after the Great Hall became more segregated. Hermione stared across at the girls, her eyes dark with thought. "I am sick of playing by the rules; all these wizards think they are so much cleverer than us," declared Hermione, her brows drawn together, thinking of Draco.

"Not Neville," chimed Luna.

"Or Blaise," replied Ginny.

Hermione quirked an eyebrow and sighed. "But you will at least help me and Mariah, then won't you?"

"Oh yes!" exclaimed the girls vehemently.

"Good. Good girl, Hermione Granger is gone forever. These men are going to pay for playing God with us. They think they know better, but they have no idea what we witches are capable of," purred Hermione, and Mariah suddenly felt better than she had for the last three months.

"I am so in," replied Mariah, with a dark smile.

Luna, Ginny and Hermione laughed.

The Ministry in the interest of preventing such blood separation and segregation between Wizarding classes, made classes more integrated. In addition, the social schedule nearly tripled.

A Homecoming dance was recommended for the second weekend of the year.

This was the first of many social events that the Quidditch Coach engineered. This seemed an odd choice of coordinator, unless you knew Blaise Zabini. The students had never had so much opportunity to get to know each other.

It was almost as if this is in promotion of the new Marriage law that was about to be passed again, to promote wellness between Muggleborn and Purebloods.

The first week back was the hardest in many ways. Hermione managed to avoid seeing Draco most of the time, since the classes she chose to continue did not involve the Dark Arts. Somehow, this did not make her feel better.

Hermione thought that the routine would be hard, flirting and driving Draco crazy, working on projects and taking care of Devan, but she discovered that everyone was interested in taking time to help her watch him. Another turn of events, allowed for students and teachers to date, if they are both of legal age.

This was something that Hermione suspected Blaise was responsible for, simply to cover his own indiscretions with a certain Ms. Weasley, who came of age, roughly a week ago. Mariah initially was cheered by this thought, but Snape still treated her as if she had the plague.

Neville and Luna revealed to the delight of the group that they had secretly married shortly after Voldemort's death and due to her desire to remain in school, had kept it a secret. Upon the revelation of new student/teacher policies, they moved in together, in his professorial quarters.

Hermione felt more alone then ever.

Mariah and her became fast friends through their mutual misery together and today was no exception.

Hermione had left Devan with Madam Pince today, who surprisingly adored babies, even though she hated children. Hermione intended to meet up with Mariah in the library when suddenly she was aware of someone watching her.

Hermione felt a prickling on the back of her neck, and suddenly from out of nowhere, Terry Boot sat down across from her.

"Hullo clever girl," smiled Terry.

Hermione smiled genuinely across at Terry. He had been held prisoner with George Weasley and had helped storm the Ministry with Shackbolt. Terry was back to finish his exams to become an Auror.

"I just had a quick question. Nothing terribly exciting, but would you go to the Dance with me?" murmured Terry with a nonchalant smile.

"Pardon, what?" exclaimed Hermione in shock. "Terry, you know I am a single mother and not the best candidate for a school dance."

Terry shrugged lazily. "I know you are beautiful and smarter then anyone in Ravenclaw. Do not discount your charms, Hermione. You are a hero and I am sure I will not be the last to ask you. Just think about it."

Terry gave an easy smile, and jumped out of the seat and sauntered off with an easy charm that almost reminded her of Blaise.

Hermione mulled over the books in front of her, her thoughts on Terry's question. She was so bloody lonely, having Draco's constant companionship, and now this... the empty lull of being companionless... and at school, with two best friends gone.

Terry was right and several more offers approached her much to her dismay and shock, but after much consideration with several girl meetings, she decided she would go alone with Mariah.

"So it's done then," Mariah grinned slightly, and took a sip of her tea.

"Yes, I told him I would not go," sighed Hermione, curling a lock of hair in her fingers. "It's pointless to get involved or even pretend to."

"Any progress with Malfoy?" questioned Mariah.

"No, he is hiding from me, the bloody coward," scowled Hermione and she fisted her hands. "Every time I go to his room, he just left or he is indisposed. What about you?"

“Oh, I haven’t bothered trying. He made it clear, we were just having fun, and now... he would rather dock points then talk to me,” murmured Mariah gloomily, as she poked her watercress sandwich.

Madam Puddifoot’s was a nice break from the school, and often the girls went there to talk about things. Hermione glared at a young couple snogging to their left.

“I miss sex,” groaned Hermione and she banged her head on the table.

Mariah laughed. “I know. You should just wait in his rooms and strip off all your clothes. If your naked he wont be able to resist you. I am pretty sure.”

“Not with my present build. I still haven’t lost my baby weight,” cried Hermione into the table.

Mariah sighed. “If only it was that easy with Snape, but I actually have to face him in the morning. Double Potions tomorrow, ugh.”

Mariah stood up with a queer look on her face, and muttered. “Just because I am miserable does not mean you need to be. Draco stared at you like a untouchable Goddess most of the time, we just need to bring you to his level. I have an idea on how to help you get Draco back. See you later tonight. I need to go get some stuff.” She dashed off.

Hermione sighed into her teacup. She must really disgust Draco now. She weighed a stone more at least.

Hermione gathered her things and made her way back to Hogwarts, silently wondering if she would have the courage to do as Mariah suggested.

Hermione decided that she would. She would do it.

Now, she just had to figure out how.

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Draco was bone deep tired. Sneaking looks at his son and hiding from Hermione, while teaching first years was mind numbing. Draco wearily made his way up the stairs to the tower room he had been given.

Slowly he opened the door and pushed his way inside, stripping off his robes, he walked to the bathroom and shut the door. He ran the shower for a few minutes and then turned off the water when he realized he had heard something. Draco wrapped a towel around his middle and stepped out into the room.

Another giggle was heard from the closet door. Draco narrowed his eyes and wrenched the door open.

Inside, sat Lucinda Padma, a seventh year Hufflepuff. She was not wearing much. Her youthful body was flushed bright red and she had nice curves, even a little on the skinny side.

“Hullo Professor. You look right as rain,” purred the young girl and his eyes got wide.

“You know, its okay if we are together the Ministry said so.” She leaned in and pressed a kiss against him as she placed her hands on his wet chest. He shoved her off him and stepped back, staring at the open door.

Hermione stood there with a look of shock, betrayal and worse, sad acceptance. Hermione was wearing a brilliant red nightdress, designed to allure, and it hugged her hips in a sexual way.

Draco felt himself get hard just looking at her loose hair, falling about her shoulders. Her luminous amber gaze grew rounded with pain.

Lucinda gasped at Hermione in disbelief. “You can’t possibly think the Professor would choose you? You are fat now and obviously loose, what with a bastard and all.”

Draco turned on Lucinda and hissed violently. “Don’t you ever speak to my wife like that! Besides, that bastard you refer to is MINE. Now leave us before I report you for sneaking into my room completely unwelcome.”

Hermione stared across at him in shock and then her face became shuttered, as Lucinda began to cry and ran from the room leaving them staring at each other.

“I thought you...”

“... No,” replied Draco clearly.

“Ah... I suppose now everyone will know,” murmured Hermione wearily.

Draco strode towards her and he shut the door behind her. He touched her upper arm and then jerked back as the softness of her flesh called to him.

Draco turned away from her and stared out the window. “The rumors will be nothing in a few days. It’s all very respectable.”

Hermione gave a pained laugh. “Yes, very respectable that you knocked me up.”

“That I knocked up my wife is to be expected,” replied Draco lightly.

“I am not really your wife,” reminded Hermione with a tight smile.

“Actually you are. You signed the marriage agreement months ago,” whispered Draco not looking at her.

Hermione gasped and pressed a hand to her mouth, remembering an insistent Bill shortly before she gave birth.

“You didn’t,” cried Hermione.

“I didn’t have any choice about it. I told you I would give the child my name. How else could I have done that?” murmured Draco with a guilty look, and he turned around to face her reluctantly.

“You condemned me to be with you forever? Untouched and unloved?” frowned Hermione, grabbing her belly.

“My apologizes, Madam. I simply wanted to guarantee you were kept safe,” Draco responded stiffly, staring at the ground now.

Hermione stepped forward and something loosened inside of her as she realized that Draco did love her and now he was her husband for better or worse.

Hermione licked her lip, studying the golden man in front of her. Everything was hers, his broad shoulders, narrow waist, elegant fingers and beautiful haunted eyes.

“Your mine,” she breathed and took another step towards him, her golden brown eyes narrowing in determination.

Draco took a step back gingerly and put his hands up. “Hermione don’t, nothings changed, we still are bad for each other. I could hurt you.”

“I could hurt you,” reasoned Hermione, stalking forward until her breasts pressed up against him and the wall stopped his backward movement.

Draco hissed a breath through his teeth with a dark sigh. “Please, I cannot trust myself with you, Mione.” His voice dropped to a husky pleading tone.

Hermione had no mercy for him.

Her eyes burned into his.

Slowly Hermione backed up.

Her tone was deadly quiet. “Fine, then be prepared to be a cuckold. I am lonely Draco. I miss you. I miss your body but since you cannot bring yourself to touch me, I may just take Terry Boot up on his offer.”

“That mangy wizard? The bloody Ravenclaw, he’s a pouf!” growled Draco, jealousy raged in his silver eyes.

“Then take me instead,” whispered Hermione. She caught his hand and pressed it up to her breasts, her mouth descending on his own fiercely. Draco resisted for a split second but the image of her kissing that pouf Boot enraged him.

Draco spun her around, pushing her up against the wall, devouring her mouth. His hands worked through her straps of the nightdress, and tugged it to the floor. Hermione gasped in pleasure at the feeling of his hands on her, and she felt the heat forming between her legs.

“Gods, I want you so fucking bad, Malfoy.” Hermione hissed in his ear, cupping his cock through his robes. Her aggressiveness surprised and aroused him to the boiling point and he spread her legs apart and found her center.

“I’m sorry love, I just need this so bad,” groaned Draco, and he shoved himself inside her tight walls, her tightness pushing him over the edge.

Hermione had such longing built up that the pressure made her orgasm and she soaked his cock suddenly. Draco gasped, and thrust inside deeper, trying to hold on.

He drove into her, repeatedly, his mouth clinging to hers as he coaxed her to orgasm repeatedly, until she was weeping from pleasure. Hermione gripped Draco’s hair, and pressed her mouth to his ear, murmuring love words, and Draco finally could not contain himself and he burst inside her, coating her in his seed.

Draco panted looking at her lovingly. “My wife, I am such a thickhead.”

“Yes, you are, and I swear, thickhead or not, I will love you until eternity.” Draco felt the old magic pour over them, and Draco looked at her horrified by her oath.

Hermione looked satisfied and she nuzzled him gently.

“You made an oath!” Draco scowled at her.

“So?”

“Don’t you expect me to make one?” Draco looked at her suspiciously.

“You already have, my love,” murmured Hermione and she slid off him. “Now, come to bed, husband. Oh, and don’t let anymore little girls in here.” Hermione gave a knowing laugh and Draco narrowed his eyes.

“Why aren’t you angrier about everything? How did that girl get in here?” frowned Draco, tugging Hermione to push up against his chest.

Hermione dimpled slightly. “Why I let her in of course.”

“You clever little chit, you set me up!” growled Draco, and he nipped her lightly on the neck.

“I am sure I don’t know what you mean, Draco.”

Hermione kissed him lightly on the mouth and slightly congratulated Mariah’s techniques.

The outfit and fit of jealousy had been pure genius.

She really owed Mariah now.

Unfortunately, Mariah’s happiness was unlikely, given that it existed in the form of Severus-Wanker-Snape.

Hermione decided to move in with Draco that day, and he spent the dance watching Devan. Hermione searched for Mariah and saw her walk in across the room.

“It worked!” exclaimed Hermione and she hugged Mariah hard. “Thank you.”

“What good are Slytherin if we can’t be devious sometimes,” replied Mariah with a twist of a smile.

Mariah had dressed up tonight, her multicolored hair was twisted into soft ringlets that fell about her face and down her backless dress.

The dress was the color of the night sky, with droplets of crystal; the material was soft and hugged her voluptuous form tightly. Her cerulean-blue eyes shined dramatically framed with dark eye makeup and her lips were a scarlet slash.

“You look fantastic Mariah.”

“Well, a whole fat lot of good it does me. Listen Hermione, I’ve given up on Severus. He doesn’t want me and I am tired of feeling used up and passed along for something better. He is just like the rest of them,” whispered Mariah.

“I know you got your prince and all but for girls like me, that just doesn’t happen.”

Hermione shook her head in disagreement but Mariah gently pushed her out of the way. "I'm going to go for a walk, okay?"

Mariah's shoulders slumped and she exited the dance hall quickly.

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Severus Snape watched Mariah flee the great hall and he sighed.

The girl was obstinate.

Instead of hating Severus for his nasty behavior towards her, it just seemed to wound her more.

Severus Snape was at a loss. He was back to being his Old, Nasty, Potions Master self. She was a *young*, beautiful, witch who deserved better.

Why didn't she understand that?

Mariah passed by Peter Nox and Teddy Bennet heading back to the dance through the maze.

"Pardon me," whispered Mariah as she moved by.

Mariah heard the other boy mutter. "Silencio."

Mariah turned towards him, and screamed as he grabbed her wrist. Not a sound emitted from her throat and she looked panicked.

"Not so fast, love. My brother told me what a good lay you were. All alone ducky? You must be looking for some of the action that you had before. I knew a girl like you couldn't go for long without," sneered Peter.

His companion came up behind her and grabbed her wand that she was tried to pull from the dress.

"The Ministry says that all unmarried witches will soon be auctioned off. I want to ask for you. I would rather have a whore than some untried Huffelpuff."

"Yeah, besides I heard you took on five at a time. I would *always* have entertainment for my friends." The other boy grabbed her and she kicked out her legs, hearing her dress rip as she did.

"You just made it easier ducky," purred Peter maliciously and he groped her breasts through the ripped clothes.

Mariah moaned, shaking her head silently as the other boy rubbed up behind her and she felt the familiar fear all over again, gripping her deep in her belly.

The boys began to close in around her, sandwiching her between them, a hand stroked between her legs, under the dress and Mariah stared down as the other unbuckled his belt. Mariah screamed soundlessly, and tried to struggle with them.

"Shhhhhhh, we will give you exactly what a witch like you is worthy of."

“Yeah, the rogering of a lifetime,” snickered the other boy, licking her bared neck.

“I *HIGHLY* doubt that,” spoke an icy, furious voice behind them.

Professor Snape and Longbottom stood there looking furious.

Suddenly with a short wave of a wand, both boys fell back against the hedges and were twisted into a full body bind.

Longbottom grimaced. “I will send for the Dementors.”

Snape nodded but said nothing; he just stared down at Mariah.

Mariah sobbed silently on the ground, tears spilled off her cheeks and she could not look up, she could not speak, she simply laid there and cried.

Severus felt his throat closing up.

He had followed her for a short distance, before he decided he was a lunatic stalker and stopped. Then he heard the boys talking and their words gave him a sickening feeling that he had confirmed when he saw Mariah in her ripped dress pushed between them on the verge of being raped.

What was worse was that they simply said all the things that Mariah had said about herself.

It was no wonder she believed that she was rubbish now.

They were dead, or going to Azkaban, Snape was still deciding.

Snape stared down at the silent Mariah, sobbing quietly on the ground.

Snape waved the wand and removed the silencing charm. The sound popped and he could hear the agony in her throat as she cried herself raw, her dark makeup stained her pale cheeks in rivulets.

Snape felt his heart ache just staring down at her.

“You just can’t catch a break can you?” he whispered in soft pitying voice, which broke through all of Mariah’s defenses.

Mariah fell silent, choking back all the sobs, until Severus was sure she had stopped breathing.

“Whore’s don’t deserve breaks,” Mariah said softly and she stared numbly at the mud that was soaking into her dress.

Severus felt a shard of pain shaft through his chest at the dull acceptance in her words. He walked to her and swiftly picked her up, and held her to his chest. She buried her face in his neck and he clutched her closer to him. Mariah wanted to stay silent and strong against Severus’s allure but she could not manage it.

Her emotions were too raw and she clung to him for dear life.

Severus carried her up to his room, and gently lowered onto the bed. He strode away, his robes billowing behind him, and he retrieved a washcloth and slowly, tenderly began to wipe

away the stains of makeup on her pale cheeks.

Mariah stared numbly at him, her eyes blank, as though she had hidden herself far away from this place.

"You will be fine Mariah. Those boys were idiots," whispered Severus, as he gently removed the makeup from her face.

"Those boys were speaking the truth. What kind of person does not have the decency to kill themselves after how I was treated by them? Have I no shame?" murmured Mariah flatly.

The words sounded rehearsed as though she had heard it said a hundred times. They struck a cold fear inside of Severus.

"It's not your shame, Mariah, it's theirs. It is bloody mine. I used you too." Severus stared down at her fragile hands as they clasped each other for warmth. Severus drew back from her and rinsed out the washcloth.

Snape's hands shook when he pressed the cloth back to her shoulder; an angry red scratch was forming on her pale flesh. Severus saw red.

How dare they mark her?

She was bloody perfect.

Mariah touched his shaking hands and pushed them down. Her eyes were remarkably clear, although red rimmed from tears.

"You never used me, Severus." Her gaze was empty but he felt the sincerity of her words. "You made me feel alive. You made me feel cherished. Never did I feel used," whispered Mariah, her mouth parting slightly.

Severus watched her take one of his fingers and press it to her mouth. "I long for your touch, but you don't want me. Doesn't that make a whore?" whispered Mariah brokenly.

"No it makes me incredibly foolish," muttered Severus and grabbed her towards him.

Mariah spilled onto his lap and he pressed his mouth hard on her own. Mariah moaned in pleasure and she pushed him down on the bed, embraced him, her legs wrapped around him.

"Careful, you might be injured still," warned Severus, his mouth trailed over her collarbone.

"I don't care; Severus Snape if you don't promise me to stay with me forever, then I will murder you. That I swear an oath too," purred Mariah, as she pushed him on the bed and crawled to sit on top of him. Severus's eyes widen as he felt the magic oath bind them together.

"That was incredibly touching, a tad stalkerish and insanely dangerous," murmured Severus as he clasped the back of her head and forced her mouth down on his own.

"I am in Slytherin after all," whispered Mariah, as she claimed him for her own.

FIN.